
COLLINS' POEMS

Alvin Raymond Schwab

165 East 92



Sincerely Yours,

W. C. Ellis



GOD SAVE IRELAND!

The Land of Saints, Sages, Poets, Patriots, Ollamhs, Warriors, Orators, Statesmen, and Mighty Men.

THE

BALLADS, SONGS, AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS.

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RAPPAREE BALLADS.

RORY THE RAPPAREE.

FIRST BALLAD.

HIS ADDRESS TO HIS MEN.

"Our rebel flag is on the hills,
And waving in the glen,
And round it stands an armed band
Of thrice a hundred men.
Brave Sarsfield's troops are on the sea,
They've sailed to France away,
And over Limerick's smoky walls
The English red holds sway.

"The Dutch and Saxon robbers rule
With strong and iron hand,
And proudly raise their blood-red flag
O'er plundered mother-land.
We're hunted, banned, and outlawed men,
By fire and sword pursued;
But yet, by Heaven! our Irish hearts
Are firm and unsubdued.

"We've met them where the Foyle's bright wave
With Finn and Mourne join;
We've met them where the Shannon rolls
At Aughrim and the Boyne;
We've met them in their banded might,
The Dutchman and the Dane,
And quailed not, though our heart's best blood
Bedewed the crimson plain.

"And once again the land is lost,
And hope and succor flown,
And none remain to guard the flag
Save us, and us alone.
But courage, comrades! While that flag
Waves free o'er glen and hill,
We'll rally round its emerald folds,
And keep it flying still.

"We've lost the fertile plains and towns,
We'll hold the hills and glens;
We've still the hillsides and the heath,
The mountain caves and fens;
And better roam the mountains free,
Like wild fox hunted down,
Than wear the hated livery
Of England's king and crown.

"There's towering rocks by Shannon's shore,
And swamps in rugged Clare;
There's dark ravines in Armagh's woods,
And many an outlaw there;

And once the sheltering groves we gain
That bloom in green Tyrone,
We'll laugh to scorn the strength and power
Of England's king and throne.

"We are not conquered! Never yet
Could England's strength subdue
One Irish heart that proudly throbbed
To Mother Ireland true;
And never yet could bribes or gold
Win us from Ireland's cause,
Or quench the hatred in our souls
To England and her laws.

"Up with our flag! 'twill bravely float
In proud defiance free,
And while we stand beneath its folds,
Brave comrades, swear with me
To dog the Saxon in his tracks,
In camp, in tower, and town,
And ever watch, with armed hand,
To strike the robber down.

"We'll couch among the heath and fern,
We'll bivouac in the swamp,
We'll muster at the midnight hour
And burst upon his camp:
While rests the drowsy sentinel,
And nods his head in sleep,
Our skeans shall reach his Saxon heart
With vengeance swift and deep.

"Upon the hills, within the woods,
By crag, and rock, and pass,
Before each startled foe shall rise
A fierce, armed gallowglass.
We'll pierce their strongest battlements
In some unguarded hour,
And strike their minions to the earth
In all their pride and power.

"And when their chief in banquet-hall
Shall drain the wassail-bowl,
Our Irish war-cry loud shall ring
And chill his very soul,
And, madly rushing in their fright,
Wild with a thousand fears,
His fierce and braggart slaves shall fall
Before our reddened spears.

"Up with our flag! and death to him
Who dares to pull it down:
We were not made by freedom's God
To crawl before a crown.
We'll keep it floating on the hills,
Fanned by an Irish breeze,
And Ireland's foes shall dread the might
Of Rory's Rapparees.

"They think we tremble, and our hearts
Must bend in abject mood,
And supplicate with tear and prayer
The bastard Saxon brood:

We bend to God, to Him alone
Our heartfelt tears are poured;
To England, and her king and throne,
We answer with the sword.

"Let them unloose their bloodhounds fierce
Through every gorge and glen,
Their wretched whinings cannot fright
The hearts of free-born men.
Our Irish wolves shall scent the pack,
Though base, ignoble game,
And send their Saxon spaniels back
Much tamer than they came.

"And here upon this sacred soil,
Which blessed Patrick trod—
Here, gallant comrades, let us kneel,
And vow to freedom's God
For Erin's glorious cause to stand
Through every changing scene,
And guard till death old mother-land
And her bright flag of Green."

They knelt upon the emerald sward,
Their weapons flashing bare,
And vowed upon their country's shrine
For her to do and dare.
And well they kept that sacred vow
In many a field and glen,
And England's flag went down before
Bold Rory and his men.

SECOND BALLAD.

THE RESCUE.

Up, up from his couch of green heather
He leaped at the dawning of day,
And called on his comrades to follow,
And mounted his steed and away—
Away over meadow and moorland
He swept with the speed of the wind,
A hundred brave pikemen beside him,
A hundred stout troopers behind.

And over the hills of Legfordum,
Past the tall peak of gray Knock-a-voe,
And down by Strabane's lovely valley,
Where the waters of dark Mourne flow,
And halted their steeds in the valley—
By Heaven! it was glorious to see
Those bearded, tall troopers in harness,
With Rory, the brave Rapparee.

Then lightly they leaped from the saddle,
And drank of the stream in the glen;
Then their leader, he boldly stept forward
And stood in the midst of his men.
A green plume danced over his shoulder,
His sabre he held in his hand,
And proud beat the heart in his bosom
As he gazed on the strength of his band.

They looked at their leader in silence,
All was quiet and tranquil around,
Save the far-distant roar of the river—
As it leaped o'er the rocks with a bound.
And bright shone the sun on their weapons,
Their green banner waved overhead,
And dark grew their faces with vengeance
As their leader stept forward and said :

"In yonder strong castle, that proudly
Towers up with its spire to the sky,
Our comrade lies helpless and fettered;
His judges have sworn he shall die.
The Saxon has signed his death-warrant—
He suffers at noontime to-day—
Alone, in the hands of the stranger,
To their bloodhounds and beagles a prey.

"But never shall Brian MacMahon
Meet death under Sassanach law,
Or swing on a scaffold, while Rory
A sabre or dagger can draw;
And the blood of the false-hearted foeman
Shall redden the streets of Strabane
Ere the friend of my bosom shall perish,
While round me there rallies a man.

"At noon, when the death-bell is tolling
From yonder old turret of gray,
Then, comrades, look well to your weapons—
Grasp bridle ! to horse ! and away !

And though bayonet and brand may surround us,
And Saxon and foreigner frown,
This day we shall rescue our comrade
Or die in the streets of the town.

"And bring forth our emerald banner,
And place it in front of the band;
It waved over Sarsfield at Limerick,
When Sarsfield had men to command;
Its green folds are blackened and blood-stained,
Well riddled by bullet and ball—
I have borne it in many a battle—
'Twill make me a shroud when I fall.

"And never has Saxon or Dutchman
Yet sullied that flag with defeat;
It bears the fierce marks of their bullets,
But not the base brand of their feet;
And far over mountain and valley
That banner in triumph has flown,
From the wild leaping waves of the Shannon
To the green hills of free Innishowen.

"Oh! tall are the spears of the Saxon,
And fierce are their weapons, and keen,
And deadly and deep is the hatred
They bear to our beautiful Green;
But 'twill flutter to-day in their faces,
'Twill gleam o'er their lances and spears,
And blaze 'mid the red glare of battle,
In the hands of our stout mountaineers.

"And here, 'mong the brown hazel bushes,
We'll rest in the shade of the glen
Till the bells in the castle are tolling,
And my bugle-note calls you again.
Then, comrades and brothers, be ready—
Our swords are our passports to-day—
Our road leans to yonder fair castle,
And Rory will show you the way!"

The rocks in the valley resounded
As they answered their chief with a cheer;
The eagle soared screaming above them,
And fled to the mountains in fear;
And under the oak and the hazel,
Right down on the greensward, they lay,
Awaiting the sound of the bugle
To summon them off to the fray.

'Tis noon—and the death-bell is tolling,
The gates of the fortress swing wide,
And out comes the lord of the castle,
With spearmen and grooms by his side;
And 'mid the bright forest of lances
That bristles so thickly around,
Appears the tall form of a captive,
Well guarded, and fettered, and bound.

And haughty and stern are his features,
And fierce is the glance of his eye,
And fearless and bold is his bearing,
Defiant, and haughty, and high.

He looked for a moment around him,
Naught but lances and spears could he see,
And he thought on the clan of bold Rory
Away on the hills of Glenlee.

And slowly they marched to the scaffold
That gloomily stood in the square:
No hope had the captive of mercy,
Nor moment to utter a prayer.
The lord-justice read the death-warrant,
And death—by the rope—was his doom;
The captive looked calm and defiant,
Though placed on the brink of the tomb.

His eyes with a bandage were shaded,
His arms and his ankles were tied,
And lances, and dark scowling faces
Were round him on every side.
He spoke not; he sued not for mercy—
No mercy the Saxon e'er gave—
And fearful and dread was the silence,
And gloomy and still as the grave.

When hark! 'mid the stillness around them
There suddenly burst on the ear
The deep, swelling note of a bugle,
O'er turret and tower ringing clear.
The heart of the captive beat faster,
The justice looked up with a frown,
As bold Rory Oge and his troopers
Like devils dashed into the town!

And up to the steps of the scaffold
They boldly and fearlessly go—
Their green banner waving above them—
And halted in front of the foe;
And green were their caps and their jackets,
And green was the plume on each head,
And dark grew the face of the Saxon
As he sternly and haughtily said:

"What troopers are those who surround me
So fiercely, with arms in their hands?
And come ye as traitors and rebels
'Gainst the king and the law of the land?
And who are those horsemen in harness
Who come thus so saucily nigh?
And why is that rebel flag flying?
By Heaven! you shall answer me why?"

"These sabres that gleam in the sunlight
Have flashed through the flames of Glenfoyne;
And these pikes that my comrades carry
Have drunk of your blood at the Boyne;
And that flag, now so torn and blackened,
Has waved over Limerick's wall;
And I am O'Hanlon the Outlaw,
And these are my merry men all.

"And I come here to-day not for pillage,
I come but to ask for my own:
Your prisoner, my comrade, I claim him,
Despite all the swords in Tyrone.

For this have I ridden since morning,
For this have I come here to-day,
And here is the guerdon I give you,
And here is the ransom I pay."

And ere the lord-justice could answer,
Or call on his minions around,
He fell with a gash in the forehead,
And rolled off his horse to the ground;
The bonds of the captive were severed
By one of the Rapparee band,
And he leaped on the steed of the Saxon
With a bright, gleaming blade in his hand.

The sabre of Rory is ringing
On breast-plate and helmet and lance,
And swift as a rock from the mountain
His troopers and pikemen advance:
Their weapons are flashing around them,
And deeply and deadly they strike,
And charge on the ranks of the Saxon
With sabre, and pistol, and pike.

The blade of young Brian MacMahon
Flies faster than midsummer rain,
The Sassanach reels in his saddle
As it crashes through helmet and brain;
His face is bespattered and ruddy,
With the blood of the foeman 'tis dyed,
And he rides like a demon of slaughter,
With bold Rory Oge by his side.

As fall the red leaves in the autumn
When shook by the rude mountain breeze,
So fall the tall ranks of the Saxon,
Struck down by the fierce Rapparees.
In vain does their leader endeavor
To stem that o'erwhelming wave,
He falls with a ball in his bosom—
He falls with a curse to his grave.

And spearmen and lancers are flying—
Are flying in fear and dismay;
The bloodhounds of Rory pursue them—
They fall to their vengeance a prey.
Their armor is battered and broken,
Their banners and standards are down,
And the flag of the outlaw is flying
O'er castle and turret and town.

And bright on that emerald banner
The sun shone resplendent and clear;
The Rapparees paused on their weapons,
And greeted its folds with a cheer
That startled the deer in the valleys
And woodlands by Mourne's dark wave—
By St. Bride! these bold troopers were freemen
No Sassanach chains could enslave!

The foeman is vanquished and beaten,
His bravest and best overthrown,
And the Sunburst of Erin is floating
Again in the breeze of Tyrone;

The bells in the castle are ringing,
And round it in triumph are seen
The troopers and pikemen of Rory,
With their jackets and sashes of green.

And rich is the spoil and the booty
And jewels that glitter and shine;
They feasted that day in the castle,
And drank of the red Spanish wine;
They rolled a huge cask from the cellar,
And placed in the midst of the band—
In front of the scaffold, where Rory
Stood up with a flag in his hand.

And Rory filled out a huge bumper,
And, waving his flag in the breeze,
Drank "Success to the cause of old Ireland
And the arms of her stout Rapparees."
Then lightly he leaped to the saddle,
And rode with the speed of the wind,
His dare-devil pikemen beside him,
His bold, dashing troopers behind.

THIRD BALLAD.

THE RIDE TO ARBOE.

He came down the glen in the morning,
As the sunbeams shone fair on the tide,
With his green rebel banner above him,
And a hundred brave men by his side.

He stopped not for greeting or parley,
But over the hills rode away,
Nor halted his band till at noontide
Before him Lough Neagh's waters lay.

Ho ! Rory, give rein to your charger,
Spur hard over mountain and ford,
And pause not for river or ravine,
And let every true man grasp his sword ;
For Lucas, the Saxon marauder,
Your darkest and deadliest foe,
Has gone with a squadron of spearmen
To ravage and foray Arboe.

Away o'er the hills of Badowny,
Through the green woods of fair Moneymore,
Where the summit of tall Dunnavara
Frowns down upon Tulla's green shore.
One sweep round the hill of Ardara,
Where the waters of Annalee flow,
And with sabre and banner uplifted
They dash into burning Arboe.

Before them the dark smoke uprises,
For Lucas has plundered the town,
And afar in the distance is streaming
The red crimsoned flag of the crown ;
And the spears of Clan-London are flashing,
They glisten and gleam in the sun,
And a smile lights the face of their leader,
Well pleased at the deed he has done.

"Steady! wheel right into column,
Look well to the grasp of each hand;
Charge! down on the Saxon marauders,
And strike for the flag of your land!"
Hurrah! with a roar like the torrent
That rolls down from dark Knock-a-voe,
They sweep through the red, burning village
And burst on the ranks of the foe.

Before them the ranks of Clan-London
Stand marshalled in gallant array,
And they sullenly look on the foemen,
Nor falter nor shrink from the fray.
They meet—and from vanguard to centre
Bursts a wild and a merciless yell,
As on rush the troopers of Rory
With the hate and the fury of hell.

There's clashing of cuirass and sabre,
And splintered is many a spear,
And the voice of the Rapparee captain
Is ringing out fearless and clear:
"Smite down the fierce robbers of Cromwell,
And death and revenge for Arboe!
Strike deep to their false-hearted bosoms
Till their black blood in rivulets flow.

"*They* spared not the helpless and feeble—
Strike home for the wrongs of the dead!
They slaughtered the babe and the mother—
Revenge for the red blood they shed!

They trampled the shrines of our fathers—
Upon them with sabre and skean;
Dash down on the Saxon marauders,
And charge home for God and the Green."

Full oft have the woods of Tyrowen
With the cry of the gallowglass rang,
When down on the red ranks of Cromwell
With hatred and fury they sprang;
But never, in breach or in battle,
In onset, in foray, or raid,
Oh! ne'er saw the hills of Tyrowen
Such a charge as the Rapparees made.

They pierced through the heart of the column,
They trampled the foe in their blood,
They swept through the ranks with their sabres,
With the might of a merciless flood,
Till, beaten and shattered and bleeding,
To earth fall the ranks of the foe,
And their leader, defeated and flying,
Is chased through the streets of Arboe.

Oh! bright shone the banner of Rory
As its folds to the breeze floated free,
And a wild cheer rang out from the troopers,
That rolled o'er the waves of Lough Neagh—
Then away o'er the hills of Badowny,
In the van of his hard-riding men,
To the shores of the fair dancing Mourne,
Where his camp-fires burn bright in the glen.

FOURTH BALLAD.

HOW THE RAPPAREES DEFENDED THE GLEN, AND DEFEATED THE ENGLISH CHIEF.

'Twas a summer's day, and the outlaws lay
'Mong the green woods of Tyrone;
Their arms shone bright in the evening light,
And their flag to the breeze upthrown;
The bright stream flowed through the leafy wood
And murmured among the trees
On that summer's day, as bold Rory lay
With all his Rapparees.

O'er Knock-a-voe with a golden glow
The sunbeams danced and fell,
And brightly shone the green vale upon,
O'er dingle, dale, and dell;
On bush and tree, right merrily,
The wild birds carolled sweet,
With gladsome strain o'er field and plain,
Where the Foyle and the Mourne meet.

In musing mood long had Rory stood
'Neath the shade of a beechen tree,
And gazed on high, where against the sky
The Sunburst fluttered free;
Then his battle brand within his hand
With eager haste he drew,
And loud and clear on the evening air,
His bugle-horn he blew.

And as the sound through the air resounds
And echoes o'er Slieve-Kine,
From brake and bush, bold troopers rush
And swiftly form in line;
With weapons bright, and in harness dight,
'Twas a goodly sight to see—
With jackets green and defiant mien,
And bearing firm and free.

On every side, outspreading wide,
Bright pike and sabre gleamed;
On every side, in all its pride,
The Sunburst banner streamed;
And muskets ring and sabres spring
Grasped firm in brawny hands,
As on they come, with beat of drum,
Bold Rory's fearless bands.

Their weapons shine as formed in line
They halted by his side,
And boldly stood within the wood
In all their strength and pride;
Then flashed his eye, and his heart beat high
As he gazed on his comrades all—
Five hundred men in that shady glen
Sprang up at his bugle-call.

"Comrades," he said, and his plumed head
He bowed with a kingly grace,
And the bright sun played on his shining blade
And shone on his glowing face,—

"Comrades, we've stood through years of blood
'Gainst Saxon wrong and ill,
And held, despite the foemen's might,
Our Green Fag flying still.

"On Limerick's wall, 'mid fire and ball,
We've stood by Sarsfield's side,
And oft we've seen our banner green
With the blood of the Saxon dyed.
We've held our own ourselves alone,
And met them man to man,
From Aughrim's side to Shannon's tide,
From Limerick to Strabane.

"And never yet could the Saxon get,
One fearless Rapparee,
In whining tone before the throne
To bend the suppliant knee;
And, comrades, ne'er shall Rory fear
To meet them blade to blade,
While around are seen, beneath the Green,
His comrades all arrayed.

"Near Dun-na-long, one thousand strong,
Fierce Calvert camps to-night;
His drums will beat, his slaves we'll meet,
At early morning light.
In brake and fen be ready then,
Each kern and gallowglass;
By heaven! my men, we'll make this glen
Another Tyrrel's Pass.

"Behind the wood, where Bressa's flood
Comes winding through the dell,
Close by Slieve-True—bold Shamus Dhu,
You know the spot right well—
There, Shamus, stand with all your band
Close by yon beetling crag,
Until appears fierce Calvert's spears
And England's blood-stained flag.

"Then, comrades mine, in battle line
Charge on the Saxon foe,
And may each slave find a bloody grave
At every freeman's blow:
Strike home and well, drive back to hell
The Saxon robbers' brood;
Charge on each rank from front to flank,
And wipe them out in blood.

"And Brian, take to the hazel brake
Threescore of your pikemen true,
And wait you there in your hidden lair
Till the foeman comes in view;
Keep watch and ward, the foe to guard
Till my bugle-horn shall ring,
Then up and strike, and let every pike
To the heart of a Saxon spring."

The horsemen ride, the pikemen glide
Away through the wavy wood,
To await the morn, when Rory's horn
Shall call to revenge and blood.

'Tis the dawn of day, and in proud array
Fierce Calvert's troopers ride,
With waving plumes his fierce dragoons
Come forth in all their pride ;
And fierce and stern each veteran form
Towers in the morning light,
In line arrayed, with flashing blade
And lances long and bright.

With jest and song they move along,
And many a boast and brag;
Hemmed in by spears, in pride appears
Their blood-stained scarlet flag—
Its crimson folds begemmed with gold ;
Above their weapons shine,
As on they go in gallant show
And form in battle line.

Beside the glen, with tenscore men,
Among the furze and broom,
With bated breath and still as death,
Bold Rory watched them come :
Nor whispered word nor sound is heard,
As 'mong the ferns they lay,
'Till Calvert's men passed through the glen,
With all his proud array.

Then to his feet with buoyant leap
Bold Rory fiercely sprung,
And loud and shrill, o'er glen and hill,
His pealing bugle rung;

And fierce and fast, as tempest blast
Sweeps through the forest trees,
Up from the ground with desperate bound
Sprang all his Rapparees.

"Ride, comrades, ride," fierce Calvert cried,
"Drive home your ready blades!
Forward! and charge for good St. George
And merry England's maids!
Ply spur and spear each cavalier,
Sweep down yon rebel horde,
Tramp down in blood the traitor brood,
And smite them with the sword!"

"There lies the road," cried Rory Oge,
"For which we toil and strive,
There lies the way—dash on! hurrah!
Leave not a slave alive.
Strike! Brian, strike, with sword and pike,
With musket, spear, and skean—
Charge in your might for Ireland's right
And Ireland's holy green!"

Then on the air one ringing cheer
Rose wildly fierce and stern,
As on the foe, with shout and blow,
Rushed gallowglass and kern;
Their weapons flash as on they dash
'Gainst Calvert's mail-clad men,
Their battle-cry rings loud and high
And echoes through the glen.

Behind the wood dark Shamus stood
With fierce and eager eye,
And 'mong the trees with joy he sees
The Saxon foe come nigh;
As on they pressed, with lance in rest,
To 'whelm him in their might,
With wild halloo bold Shamus Dhu
Plunged headlong in the fight.

Then man to man and hand to hand,
With vengeance dark and deep,
With hatred dire and hearts of fire,
The Celt and Saxon meet;
Rider and steed together bleed,
Together fall and die;
Before their steel the Saxons reel,
And loud for mercy cry.

Christ! how they fall—how blade and ball
Cleave helmet, skull, and crown;
At every blow a foreign foe
Is slain and trampled down.
In vain they try to turn and fly
From out that tangled wood,
In front and rear the pike and spear
Drink deep of English blood.

And Rory's shout rings boldly out
Amid the battle's roar,
His hand is red with life-blood shed,
His blade is drenched with gore;

From end to end throughout the glen
Lie heaps of English dead—
And proudly waves above their graves
The green flag o'er the red.

And thus they died in all their pride,
False England's hireling slaves;
They came to rob by force and fraud,
To plunder and enslave;
They came to smite with tyrant's might
And strike our banner down,
But still it flies 'neath Erin's skies,
Despite the tyrant's frown.

And ever may that banner gay
On Erin's hills be seen;
May freedom's smile soon light our isle,
And guard our holy Green;
God grant that we right soon may be
Beneath its folds again,
Brave comrades all, to stand or fall
Like Rory and his men.

FIFTH BALLAD.

THE ROUT OF DE COURCEY.

To drive the outlaw from the glen
And hunt his troopers down,
Sir John De Courcey and his men
Spurred hard from Antrim town.

Their pikes and spears shone in the sun,
And plumes and pennons gay,
And to the sound of trump and drum
They proudly rode away.

Beside the greenwood's pleasant shade
Bold Rory and his men,
Unconscious of the foeman's raid,
Reclined within the glen.

When hard and fast a messenger
Came bounding in with speed,
His face was pale, and dinged his mail
And flecked with foam his steed.

"Oh! rise up, Rory, and away,
The foe's by Mourne's shore,
And quick and fast, since dawn of day,
They've ridden hard and sore.

"De Courcey with a gallant train
Is scarce a league from here,
His banners blaze o'er Coona's plain,
And many a lance and spear."

Up from his grassy couch he sprung,
And leaped upon his feet,
His gallant comrades round him clung
To hear what he might speak.

"And so they've crossed by Mourne's shore
To hunt us from the glen!
We've beat them back full oft before;
We'll do the same again.

"Up! every man, to guard each pass,
And cliff, and rock, and crag,
And pikeman, kern, and gallowglass
Fling out our battle-flag!

"In proud defiance, fair and free,
Its folds shall flutter high;
We'll tame De Courcey's chivalry
And drive him back, or die.

"Haste, Shamus, haste to fair Rossgear
With all the speed you may,
And quickly bring young Brian here—
He must not say me nay.

"We'll hold the pass until he comes,
Or choke it up with slain!
Hark! is not that the foeman's drums
Resounding o'er the plain?"

Away rode Shamus through the trees
As fast as he could fly,
As rose upon the evening breeze
De Courcey's battle-cry.

And as he came in proud array
To gain the narrow pass,
From rock, and brush, and bank, and brae
Sprang kern and gallowglass.

The English paused, but not with fear,
Their blades were true and tried,
And oft had broken many a spear
By Bann and Foyle's side.

From out their ranks a captain came,
Who stood before the band,
And summoned, in his monarch's name,
The Rapparees to stand.

Then leaped O'Hanlon to his side,
His sabre flashing bare—
With burning eyes and scornful pride
He stood before him there.

"Saxon," he said, "for England's lord
And all his slavish brood
I've naught but scorn and this good sword,
A grave—revenge and blood.

"His base and hireling slaves we've met
Full oft in field and town,
In many a pass, and never yet
Has our brave flag gone down.

"That flag which our brave fathers bore
We'll keep afloat and free;
We've struck a blow for it before,
And—here is one for thee!"

His sabre flashed, and from the foe
Arose a fearful yell;
As fiercely stricken at a blow
To earth the Saxon fell.

Then rushed the Celt with savage force
Against their serried spears;
Like a fierce torrent in its course
Sprang Rory's mountaineers.

Axemen and spearmen rise in swarms,
And rush to block their way,
For bold De Courcey's men-at-arms
Are just as brave as they.

And man to man they fiercely fight,
And struggle hand to hand;
Their banners in the sunshine bright
Wave over either band.

In, with a cheer, through flame and smoke,
His pikemen by his side,
To break their ranks at one bold stroke
Brave Rory vainly tried.

Their solid columns firmly stand
Against that wall of steel,
And Saxon spear and Saxon brand
Make kern and pikeman reel.

"Charge home these braggart rebels all!"
De Courcey fiercely cried.
"Forward! Upon them one and all,
And sweep them from our side."

Borne down by numbers of the foe,
Yet fierce as wolf at bay,
And bravely giving blow for blow,
The Rapparees give way.

"Oh! were Black Shamus here to aid,
Or brave young Brian's sword,
Despite their spears, in blood we'd wade
Through yonder Saxon horde!"

Stand, Rory, stand! With sword and spear
Send home your blows and true!
See! yonder Brian's flag appears,
And yonder Shamus Dhu!

They've crossed the Foyle by Lifford Ford,
With desperate speed they come;
Their pennons dance, and pike and sword
Gleam brightly in the sun.

And now they gain the rocky dell
That winds past Knock-a-voe,
And now—St. Coleman speed them well!—
Their spears are on the foe.

O'Hanlon heard his comrades shout,
He heard their battle-cry,
He saw their emerald banner float,
And joy lit up his eye.

Then rose a cheer that wildly rung
O'er copse, and wood, and glen,
As on the foe his clansmen sprung
With desperate strength again.

Right through their foremost files they crush,
Through lance, and pike, and spear,
While on young Brian's comrades rush,
And smite them in the rear.

"Now, comrades! now," O'Hanlon cried,
"Strike down these foreign knaves!
Their perjured hearts with blood are dyed;
We'll find them Irish graves.

"By Heaven! not one alive shall pass
From out this glen to-day!
Ho! pikemen, kern, and gallowglass,
Charge on their ranks! Hurrah!"

St. Columb ! what a sight was there !
How fierce they looked, and grand !
How proudly fluttered in the air
The old flag of our land !

Young Brian's spears pierce targe and mail,
Dark Shamus, skull and crown,
Before O'Hanlon's arm they quail
And on the sward go down.

Around their flag the Saxon stood,
And held it long and well,
Till, stricken down in groans and blood,
Flag and defender fell !

Their chieftain sees in sore dismay
To earth his bravest borne,
Their waving plumes and pennons gay
All trampled, rent, and torn ;

Then turns to fly across the plain,
As sinks the sunlight down,
In eager hope ere morn to gain
The spires of Antrim town.

But never more did Antrim fair
Gleam bright upon his sight ;
He perished with his comrades there
Among the woods that night.

And thus may every foeman fall
Who comes from Saxon land
To bend beneath their foreign thrall
An Irish heart or hand.

And soon o'er every hill and glen
May Freedom's flag be seen,
With thrice a hundred thousand men
Arrayed beneath the Green.

SIXTH BALLAD.

RORY'S RIDE TO STRABANE, AND HOW HE SERVED THE LORD-JUSTICE.

O'er the mountains of dark Dunnamana,
Through the valleys by Mourne's fair strand,
Dashed the Rapparee, Rory O'Hanlon,
With a hundred stout men in his band.
Through the dark, frowning pass of Glenmona,
Through the woodlands of fair Cariclee,
As swift in his flight as the eagle,
As the eagle as fearless and free.

Oh! whither so swift fly these horsemen?
Why ride they so furious and fast,
With their carbines hung close to the saddle,
And their banner afloat in the blast?
But be it for feast or for wedding,
Or be it for foray or fray,
God speed you, brave Rory O'Hanlon!
And send you victorious to-day.

Young maidens looked out from their cabins,
And smiled on the bold Rapparees;
Old men felt their hearts go a-throbbing,
As they saw the green flag in the breeze;
And maiden and matron and peasant,
As they gazed on their gay, dancing plumes,
All breathed a warm blessing for Rory,
And a prayer for his dashing dragoons.

But on sped the chief and his horsemen,
Nor halted nor paused in their flight
Till they passed the tall peak of dark Croghan,
And the spires of Strabane came in sight.
Then swiftly they reined in their horses,
While their leader gazed keenly around,
And quick, at a signal from Rory,
They silently leaped to the ground.

Then swiftly they lowered the green banner
And the emerald plumes on each head,
And leader and man stood arrayed in
A jacket of scarlet and red.
And up rose the flag of the Saxon,
Emblazoned with lion and crown,
And, springing again to their saddles,
They dashed through the streets of the town.

Halt! Right at the gates of the castle
The Rapparee halted his band,
And silent and still sat each horseman,
Awaiting their leader's command.

"Ho! warder, we seek the lord-justice;
Go quickly and tell him that we
Bring hither an outlaw and rebel—
O'Hanlon, the fierce Rapparee!"

The warder leaped forth at the summons,
Nor long had the troopers to wait,
When the doors of the castle swung open,
And the justice appeared at the gate.
"Before you, lord-justice," said Rory,
"A rebel and outlaw we bring,
Whose hand has been ever uplifted
'Gainst the law and the cause of the king.

"Five hundred broad pieces of silver
You give, as the price on his head,
To him who shall capture the rebel,
And bring him here living or dead.
Count out your broad pieces, lord-justice,
In fair, current coin of the land,
And soon in the midst of your people
O'Hanlon the rebel shall stand."

"Here, here is the coin, valiant captain,"
The lord-justice joyfully said,
As he gazed with delight on the horsemen,
And their banner and trappings of red.
"The guerdon right freely I offer,
The gold and the silver are thine,
And soon on the head of the traitor
Shall vengeance and justice be mine.

"And deadly and deep is the vengeance
The hireling and traitor shall know,
Whose dark rebel heart has been ever
To the throne of our sovereign a foe.
The scaffold is ready, sir captain!
Bring forward the rebel and slave;
Brief prayer shall the Rapparee utter
Ere he measure the length of a grave."

"Your threats, my lord-justice," said Rory,
"May fall on the dastard with fear,
But O'Hanlon flings back his defiance
With scorn in the midst of you here.
'Gainst you and your merciless master,
In mountain, in valley, and cave,
He has lived a stern rebel and outlaw,
But never a hireling or slave!

"And here stands O'Hanlon before you,
The chief of the Rapparee Band,
With the flag of his country above him,
And his battle-blade firm in his hand.
He bends at the throne of no Saxon,
He comes at no foreigner's call—
Stand forward, lord-justice, and take him;
What say you, my merry-men all?"

A hundred bright swords from their scabbards
Leaped flashing and bright in the sun,
A hundred bright carbines were pointed,
A hundred brave hearts beat as one.

Up, up went the green in a moment,
And down came the Sassanach red,
And the sunlight shone fair on their banner
And the saucy green plumes on each head.

Then forward stepped Rory O'Hanlon,
And fierce was the flash of his eye :
" Why stand you thus idly, Sir Justice,
And your foeman so temptingly nigh ?
Why gaze in amazement around you,
And tremble with terror and fear ?
There stand fivescore rebels in harness,
And Rory, their leader, is here.

" False-hearted and merciless Saxon,
Your king and your laws we defy ;
Our hearts still throb free and unconquered,
And our banner floats fair to the sky.
Your silver, your threats, and your justice
Your foeman flings back in your face,
And despite all the laws of Clan-London,
By Heaven ! you shall swing in his place.

" Ho ! comrades, a rope for this craven ! "
Their leader roared out with a frown ;
And swiftly and quick from their saddles
A dozen stout troopers leaped down ;
And strongly they pinioned and bound him
Amid curses of anger and hate,
And with fierce Irish rebels around him
He swung at his own castle-gate.

Then rolled over castle and turret
A wild, ringing cheer on the breeze,
And the waters of Mourne re-echoed
The shout of the bold Rapparees;
Then their carbines they slung to their saddles,
And gave to their horses the rein,
And away went O'Hanlon the outlaw
To the hills and the mountains again.

SEVENTH BALLAD.

RORY'S RAID ON THE SAXON HERDS—HIS DEFENCE OF CLAUDY FORD.

With a band of a hundred tall troopers
Bold Rory rode out from the glen,
And gallant and proud was the bearing
Of him and his hard-riding men.
In front waved his battle-torn banner,
On the breeze of the morning out-thrown,
And mustered his troopers beside him,
The bravest and best in Tyrone.

O'er woodland and valley they bounded,
Past mountain and river they sped,
With their flag streaming bright in the sunlight,
And Rory, their chief, at their head;
And never yet marshalled for freedom,
From the woods of Ardmore to Prehen,
A band more devoted and daring
Than Rory's bold Rapparee men.

Tall Croghan looks down on the meadows
That lie by the fords of the Finn,
And many a bright, beaming valley
Which the sword of the spoiler did win.
There are herds in the green woods of Claudy,
And flocks through the rich valleys stray,
But scant are the herds which the Saxon
Shall count at the close of the day.

"Press forward! The first to the river
Shall first share the Sassanach spoil,
And we'll drive their fat beeves and sleek *copals*
To browse by the Mourne and Foyle;
And if in their wrath they attack us,
Or sally from barrack or bawn,
By the cross of Kildare! but our sabres
Shall ring their bright helmets upon."

Away at the words of their leader
They spurred with a cheer to the ford,
And loose was the strain on the bridle,
But hard was the grasp of the sword.
'Tis crossed, and the dare-devil troopers
The meadows and woodland ride o'er,
And drive the fat herds of the foemen
In couples and scores to the shore.

Loud rings the gay laugh of the raiders
As herd after herd rushes in,
Well urged by the point of their sabres
To breast the dark waves of the Finn;

And loud rang their shout of defiance,
And proudly it rose on the gale,
As they passed through the uplands of Claudy,
And hied them to Urney's green vale.

But fast through the valleys pursuing
The chief of Clan-London appears,
And the shouts of his crimson-clad riders
Ring out on the Rapparee's ears.
And nearer and nearer the foemen,
With loud shouts of vengeance, advance,
And thick as the heath on Knockmany
Gleam many a sabre and lance.

"Halt! comrades," cried Rory. "Behind us
The bloodhounds of Claverhouse ride,
And fierce is the heart of each foeman
That musters to-day by his side.
But if every foe of Clan-London
Came forward in battle array,
Not one head of these herds from the valley
Should they carry in triumph away.

"Let them come! The green vales of our fathers
We'll hold at the point of the sword;
Their bosoms shall feel our dark vengeance
Ere they cross o'er the Finn's reddened ford.
On the shore, 'mong the trees and the bushes,
And the rocks that loom up on the way,
One hundred good rifles and sabres
Might well keep a thousand at bay.

"One cheer for the green of our banner,
With its bright folds unconquered and free!
One cheer for the old cause of Brian,
Then forward, each bold Rapparee!
With hearts fierce and stern for the onset,
And hand firmly grasped on the sword,
Away! like our fathers we'll meet them
And greet them to-day at the ford!"

High streamed the green banner of Rory,
As forward he rode in the van,
And throbbed every heart fierce and daring
In the bosom of every man.
They gained the green bank of the river,
And close in the thickets lay low,
Till before them, all breathless and panting,
Appeared the first ranks of the foe.

In front of his scarlet-clad troopers,
Their leader leaps first on the strand,
And headlong spurs into the water,
Followed fast by the rest of his band.
Right bravely their steeds stem the current,
Right stoutly they struggle and strain;
Till a score of the foremost red troopers
On the green shore draw bridle and rein.

There's a flash, and a crash, as together
The Rapparee rifles ring out;
A wild cheer leaps up from the bushes—
There's terror and death in that shout.

Another red volley comes crashing,
And deep in the Finn's reddened wave;
The chief of five hundred bright sabres,
With a score of his men, finds a grave.

Fast flashes the flame of the rifle,
And faster fly bullet and ball—
Struck down by the lightning of vengeance,
The troopers of Claverhouse fall.
Deep dyed are the waves of the river
Where struggles the riderless steed,
And writhing in death on its bosom
Clan-London's red cavaliers bleed.

"Up! bonnaght and kern!" shouted Rory,
"From heather, and thicket, and shade
Leap out with your banner above you,
And greet them with bullet and blade;
Here, firm in the front, as before them
'Neath the flag of our fathers we stand,
No foot of a foreign invader
Shall peacefully press on the strand.

"Again let your rifles rain vengeance
And death to the pitiless crew,
And roll out a fearless defiance
As soldiers of freemen should do.
Now! comrades, one death-dealing volley,
One cheer for the green on the breeze!
Ho! braggarts, how like you that greeting
That comes from our bold Rapparees?

"Your flocks and fat herds, by the river,
Await you in Urney's green vale,
With naught but our bosoms between you—
A few naked breasts of the Gael.
Come on! and the foremost marauder
That reaches in safety the land
May claim every herd for his guerdon
The moment he touches the strand."

Thus spoke the bold Rapparee Rory,
Defiant in front of the foe,
While loud rang the voice of the rifle,
And fast fell the bullet and blow.
And cheer upon cheer o'er the river
Pealed high o'er the battle's rude din,
Till fled the last foe from its borders,
Or sunk in the waves of the Finn.

Fast, fast over valley and meadow
They rode at the dawning of day,
But faster rode back to Ardara
The few who escaped from the fray;
From Claudy to Castletown meadows
The waves of the river were red,
And crimson the vale of Kilcoran,
Through which the red fugitives fled.

That eve there were mirth and rejoicing,
And feasting by Mourne and Foyle,
And bonfires burned bright on the hillsides,
As Rory returned with his spoil;

And blithe was the song and the laughter
That echoed afar through the glen,
As, camped 'mong the rocks and the bushes,
He lay with his Rapparee men.

EIGHTH BALLAD.

RORY'S RIDE TO PREHEN—THE MOONLIGHT SURPRISE.

Bold Rory's men lay in the glen
At setting of the sun,
Among the trees and bushes green,
Where Mourne's waters run,
And song and jest passed freely round,
And laughter, mirth, and glee,
And tales were told of freemen bold
Beneath the greenwood tree.

As thus they lay at close of day,
The outlaw and his men,
With eager speed a horseman rode
All breathless through the glen,
And halted close by Rory's side,
Beneath a spreading tree,
Where high the emerald banner shone
And fluttered fair and free.

"What news, what news?" cried Rory Oge,
"What tidings do you bring
From Foyle's side and Derry's walls,
Where reigneth Church and King?

There must be peril looming near,
And danger in the blast,
When Shamus Dhu, my comrade true,
Comes riding thus so fast."

"Good news! good news I have to tell,"
"Good news!" cried Shamus Dhu,
"And every hand in Rory's band
Will soon find work to do.
Dutch William's hounds are on the slip,
They scent the Irish deer;
And even now their foremost lines
Are scarce two leagues from here.

"This eve, while watching in the brake
Close by St. Columb's well,
I counted thrice a hundred spears
A-winding through the dell;
To-night they rest in Prehen wood,
Encamped among the trees,
And fierce Calhoun has sworn at noon
To smite the Rapparees.

"And as I spurred through fair Clonlee,
Where Breda's waters flow,
Right plainly could I see their spears
Flash in the vale below.
Young Brian waits at Ballindrate,
His comrades by his side,
And Rory's men must leave the glen,
And mount at morn and ride."

"Now God be praised," cried Rory Oge,
"For this is news indeed;
And, God be praised, I've Irish hearts
In this my hour of need.
And blood shall flow, and blow for blow
Shall ring on casque and crown,
Ere Rory's men shall leave the glen
Or Rory's flag go down.

"The braggarts come, with trump and drum,
With pomp and goodly show—
The robber brood!—to feast on blood
And triumph in our woe.
Strong in their might, they come to smite
With spear, and axe, and brand,
To raze our homes, pollute our shrines,
And desecrate our land.

"Our blades have braved these hireling slaves
And swept their squadrons down,
And drank before of Saxon gore,
From Boyne to Limerick town.
And as this braggart Saxon churl
Seems eager for the fight,
By Heaven! we'll meet him on the way,
And test his strength to-night.

"Up! comrades, up! To horse! to horse!
Grasp sword and bridle-rein;
Our steeds shall lave in Foyla's wave
Ere morn shall dawn again.

These slaves shall feel the lightning steel
Of men who dare be free.
Up! comrades all, at Rory's call;
Arise, and follow me!"

Then up they leaped from bush and brake,
With pike and sabre bright,
In every hand a gleaming brand
Shone in the evening light.
With green plumes waving in the wind,
Their banners to the breeze,
Away went fearless Rory Oge
With all his Rapparees.

The summer moon shines down upon
The tired and sleeping foe;
'Tis still midnight, their camp-fire's light,
Is fading, faint and low.
All, all is still in vale and hill,
In camp, in town, and tower,
And mournfully the distant bells
Chime out the midnight hour.

The woods are hushed; no living sound
Falls on the listening ear;
The foemen slumber in the camp,
Nor dream of danger near,—
When, hark! a bugle's pealing note
Breaks on the silence there,
And loud and clear a ringing cheer
Swells on the midnight air.

And horsemen start from every bush;
On every side are seen
Tall, bearded men, in harness bright
And waving plumes of green.
And as the waves in anger dash
When by fierce whirlwind sped,
On rush the fearless Rapparees,
With Rory at their head.

Up from the ground the Saxons bound
And grasp their arms with speed,
And fierce Calhoun—grim Puritan—
Leaps madly on his steed;
And dark and scowling is his look,
And stern and fierce his brow,
There's deadly hatred in his heart,
And fiery vengeance now.

"Stand firm for merry England, ho!"
The Saxon chieftain cried,
As round him throng his scarlet slaves,
And muster by his side.
A moment, and with spear and brand
In serried ranks they stood;
A moment, and fierce Rory's band
Has wiped them out in blood.

Within the camp is heard the tramp
And shout of struggling men;
As green and red together meet,
And measure swords again;

And bullets bound, and blows resound
On armor-plate and mail,
And thick and fast the Saxons fall
Before the stubborn Gael.

Brave Shamus Dhu, with wild halloo,
Spurs headlong through his foes,
And laughs with glee, as fast they flee
And fall beneath his blows.
Where'er they turn, a foeman stern
Starts up before their view;
Where'er they fly, a foe is nigh,
Led on by Shamus Dhu.

Bold Rory's blade is reeking red,
And swollen is his hand;
But still his cheer rings on the air
And nerves his gallant band.
And pike and sabre well they ply,
And hard and fast they ride
Through Saxon foes and Saxon spears,
With Rory by their side.

As through the wood the foemen fly,
In fear and wild dismay,
From every point a pikeman leaps,
And fiercely blocks their way;
And thick as snow on Knock-a-voe
They fall among the trees,
While loud and high a triumph cry
Bursts from the Rapparees.

'Tis done, 'tis done; the morning sun
Shines down on field and plain—
Shines on that wood, where, bathed in blood,
Lie heaps of Saxon slain.
The vaunting churls who yesterday
Marched in such gallant show,
In all their pride now fall a prey
To wolf and carrion crow.

And Saxon horse and rider lie
All torn and strewn around,
And helmet, spear, and battle-axe
All scattered on the ground;
And swinging from a beechen-tree
The Saxon chief is seen—
"So perish all," said Rory Oge,
"Who hate the Irish green.

"So perish all who would enthrall
The souls of free-born men;
May freedom's frown strike tyrants down
As thus in fair Prehen.
And may God's blessing nerve the hand
That draws the ready blade
For native laws and native land,
'Neath freedom's flag arrayed.

Then loud he blew a bugle note;
Up leaped his comrades all,
And lightly bounded on their steeds
At Rory's signal call;

And from the wood they swiftly rode
Back to their forest home,
Where foreign knave, or hireling slave,
Or Saxon dare not come.

And Rory's name and Rory's fame
Still live on Ulster's hills,
His name the struggling patriot fires,
His fame the bosom thrills.
And still the spot is pointed out,
Among the hazels brown,
Where Rory's men in fair Prehen
Smote William's troopers down.

Old men there are in green Tyrone,
Who dwell by Mourne's strand,
Who tell with pride the glorious deeds
Of Rory and his band;
And youths and maidens gather round
To hear their grandsires tell
How Rory battled for the land
He loved so true and well;

And how he held the hills and glens
When Sarsfield sailed away,
And how in gorge and mountain pass
He held the foe at bay,
And kept his banner floating free
'Gainst law and king and crown,
And oft on many a bloody field
The Briton's flag went down.

And tears will fill the maidens' eyes,
As round their sires they stand,
When told how dauntless Rory died
Upon a foreign strand.
And young men pray, "God speed the day,
With banner to the breeze,
When we shall stand for native land,
As did the Rapparees."

THE BOLD RAPPAREE.

He came o'er the hills at the dawning of day,
With his troopers and pikemen in battle array;
'Mong his clansmen the proudest and bravest was he—
Oh! the chief of them all was the bold Rapparee.

I saw him at eve, when the battle was o'er,
And the sheen of his green was all ruddy with gore;
But I knew by his bearing unconquered was he
In the cause of his country—the bold Rapparee.

Oh! sweet was the promise he whispered me when
We mournfully parted adown in the glen;
He vowed he'd come back when the old land was free,
And claim me his bride, did the bold Rapparee.

My mother she chides when I mention his name,
And tells me to wed, for his riches and fame,
A soft Saxon lordling of noble degree;
But my heart's o'er the hills with my own Rapparee.

Oh! I wish I was back once again in my home
Among the green woodlands of sunny Tyrone;
To roam through the meadows light-hearted and free,
And bask in the smile of my bold Rapparee.

God bless his bright banner, where'er 'tis unrolled!
May victory smile on his flag as of old,
'Till the false-hearted foemen are sunk in the sea,
And freedom and love bless my bold Rapparee.

THE ROSE OF MOURNE;

OR, THE RAPPAREE'S RIDE.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF REDMOND O'HANLON.

Oh! never fear for Ireland, boys, for she has soldiers still;
For Remy's men are in the glen, and Rory's on the hill.
And God be praised that round them throng, as thick as summer bees,
The men who rode by Sarsfield's side, the faithful Rapparees.
The fearless Rapparees,
Oh! the jewel were you, Rory, and your Irish Rapparees.
C. G. Duffy.

CANTO I.—THE MEETING.

The sun has set on Knock-a-voe,
And soft and sweet the south winds blow;
No sound is heard by lake or rill,
By vale or meadow, glen or hill.

All, all is quiet, calm, and rest;
The lark has sunk into her nest
That blithely carolled all day long,
Poised in mid-air with jocund song.
Hushed are the woods, and over all
The twilight shadows softly fall.

Where Finn's fair waters sweetly smile
There stands a lone and lovely isle,
Washed by the waves of three bright streams,
And sparkling in the sun's bright beams,
Arrayed in nature's fairest sheen,
In richest robes of emerald green.
Upon its breast the wild flowers spring,
Among the trees the wild birds sing;
And there is not, a bard might own,
A fairer spot in all Tyrone.

Eastward dark Croghan's peaks arise
In towering grandeur to the skies,
Whose shadows fall, as sun goes down,
O'er Urney's wall and Lifford town;
And on the beach where maidens stray
To meet their swains at close of day,
Westward, like giant in his pride,
Dark Knock-a-voe's tall heights appear,
And Mourne's waters sweetly glide
And sparkle in the sunshine clear.

Upon that mountain's heathy crest
That darkly looms above Clonlee,
The fearless eagle builds his nest,
The red deer runs and wanders free ;
Around and far the eye can trace
The Foyle and Finn outspreading wide,
And, mingling in one long embrace,
Through groves and meadows lovely glide :
And from its lofty summit scan
The distant hills of Donegal,
The towers and spires of fair Strabane,
And Derry's old embattled wall,
And many a sweet and lovely scene
Of smiling meads and woodlands green
Begirt with skies of brightest blue,
Bedecked with woods of greenest hue,
Where man might rest from toil and care,
And angels make their dwelling there,
Nor sigh for heaven, though e'er so fair.

Alas ! that such a lovely land
Should be by foreign foemen banned ;
That those green vales, so fair and gay,
Should fade beneath the stranger's sway ;
The lofty hills, the mountains bright,
Feel not one ray of freedom's light ;
The sun shines on a land of slaves,
On hopeless hearts and famine graves.
There was a time, o'er land and sea,
When Erin's flag waved proud and free,

And kings and tyrants quailed before
The fearless flag our fathers bore,
And Virtue's star and Freedom's smile
Beamed brightly on our sea-girt isle ;
And Erin's bards her glories sung
In their own sweet and kindly tongue.
No tyrant could their souls subdue
While to themselves and country true ;
Nor despot dare their land to tread
Till discord raised its hideous head.
Disunion was the fiend accurst
Our fathers in their bosoms nurst.
Disunion !—dark and damning word,
More baneful than the foeman's sword ;
Black, bloody, treacherous, fierce, and fell,
Begotten 'mong the fiends of hell.
Cursed be the hand and cursed the tongue
That first its baleful shadows flung
Around the hearths and council-fires
Of our brave but misguided sires.
Blood, desolation, slavery, death,
Spring from its fierce, unholy breath ;
The angels hide their heads in shame,
And Freedom shudders at the name !

As slowly sinks the sun to rest
And hides behind the golden west,
As his last beams serenely smile
Upon the shores of that lone isle,
A lady sits beneath the shade
Of a tall, spreading beechen-tree.

Of noble bearing seems the maid,
As e'er a monarch's halls displayed,
Or roamed through field or greenwood shade
With heart and footstep free.
Stately and tall, and proud her look
As ever bent o'er Mourne's wave.
Hers was a spirit ill could brook
The tameness of a servile slave.
But, oh! her heart was warm and pure
As ever throbbed in woman's breast—
Chaste as the snow on brown Kippure,
And gentle as a child at rest.
Her golden hair in ringlets fell,
Sparkling and bright as summer sun;
Her eyes were like the wild blue-bell
That grows the Mourne's banks upon.
For beauty, grace, and goodness famed,
The Rose of Mourne was she named.

Her sire, the brave O'Carroll, he
Was one of Erin's chivalry,
Who drew the sword in Erin's cause
'Gainst foreign rule and tyrant laws,
And kept afloat, in freedom's name,
On many a field of blood and flame,
Old Erin's banner proud and free,
Against the hosts of tyranny,
And bravely struggled long and sore
Till even hope itself was o'er.
He saw the banner of his land
Struck down by foreign foeman's hand,

And basely planted in its place
The symbol of a foreign race.

His two brave sons—his pride—were slain
On Aughrim's gory, crimson plain;
And when the last brave fight was o'er,
And freedom fled from Erin's shore,
And gallant Sarsfield sailed away,
And Ireland groaned 'neath Saxon sway,
Wounded and weak, the brave old man,
With the last remnants of his clan
Who had not perished in the strife
For country, freedom, land, and life,
Retired into his own old home
Among the greenwoods of Tyrone,
Resolved among his own to stay
'Till God would call his soul away.

Bereft of all the ties that bind
Man to his country and his kind,
Save one, the last and only one,
That brightly beamed his heart upon,
His daughter's love, so kind and rare,
Solaced his dark declining days.
She tended him with pious care,
So bright, so beautiful and fair,
A saint from heaven might linger there
Upon her face to gaze.
She sang the songs he loved to hear,
Of bards to fame and freedom dear;

She watched his footsteps day by day,
And tried to soothe his griefs away.

And oft at summer evening's close,
By Foyla's wave or Mourne's stream,
They'd wander till the stars arose,
Of brighter days, perhaps, to dream.
And, fondly seated by his side,
She'd listen to some weird old tale—
How patriot chiefs their foes defied,
And freemen lived and freemen died
On the green hills of Innisfail—,
And sit entranced to hear him tell
How Erin rose and Erin fell;
How slaves and tyrants quailed before
The Red Branch Knights in days of yore;
Of Fion's deeds and Brian's fame,
And Con, the chief of deathless name;
How England's king, by force and fraud,
Recreant to honor and to God,
Came with his band of Saxon slaves,
And strewed our land with bloody graves;
How Roderick stood, alone, sublime,
Last of O'Connor's princely line,
Against the rude and savage horde
The tyrant in his madness poured
Upon our fair and happy land,
With traitorous heart and murderous hand;
And how, with love and holy zeal,
The minstrels sing of great O'Neill,

Of Shawn the Proud, and Owen Roe,
Who smote the base invader low;
And many a chief who bravely stood
In freedom's van, as freemen should.
And never faltered, never quailed,
Till force—brute force—at last prevailed,
And Saxon hirelings cursed the sod
That Patrick blessed and Lawrence trod.

Of all the tales she loved to hear,
None fell so pleasing on her ear
As when her sire in gladness told
Of him who spurned the Saxon's gold,
Flung back their titles, wealth, and power,
And scorned before their throne to cower,
And roamed the hills an outlaw free,
A bold and fearless Rapparee,
Whose praise was hymned from Boyne to Ban—
O'Hanlon, chief of all his clan.

He who, at gallant Sarsfield's call,
Sprang to the breach of Limerick's wall,
And met De Ginkel's fierce attack,
And hurled the foe in terror back.
The Brandenburghers quailed to hear
Upon the breeze bold Rory's cheer,
And William's squadrons fled dismayed
Before the furious charge he made;
And how false Clifford fiercely swore
His sword should drink the outlaw's gore;

And even now the murderous pack
Might be perchance upon his track,
To slay with wrath and vengeance fell
Him who had served his land so well.

At mention of the outlaw's name
Her face suffused with virgin shame ;
The lily's tinge, the rose's glow,
Upon her cheek oft come and go.
Her sire beheld, with pleased surprise,
The tell-tale tear spring to her eyes,
And drew her, trembling, to his breast,
Like wearied dove to sleep and rest,
And fondly vowed his Irish girl
Should never wed a Saxon churl.

But why sits she at twilight now
Upon the shore of that lone isle,
And eastward turns with pensive brow
To gaze on Croghan's rough defile ?
Why does she sigh, and sigh again,
And sing so sad yet sweet a strain ?

SONG.

"The sun is set, 'tis past the hour
He said he'd come to me;
The birds are mute, and closed the flower
Upon the dewy lea.

The twilight shadows sweetly fall,
The bee has ceased to hum,
And silence reigneth over all;
But yet he does not come.

"Oh! come, my love! I wait for thee
And watch beside the stream
Where oft we've wandered pleasantly
Beneath the moon's pale beam.
Without thee day is turned to night,
And peace and comfort flown;
With thee, I bask in heaven's light,
My beautiful, my own."

As the last note of that sweet lay
In mellowed cadence died away,
A boat, propelled by vigorous hand,
Comes grating on the pebbly strand;
And in the dreamy evening's light
A stately form appears in sight,
And, flinging from his hand the oar,
Springs lightly on the emerald shore.

Graceful and straight as mountain pine
That rears its head in storm or shine;
A martial look, a flashing eye,
A forehead massive, broad, and high;
His wavy hair of chestnut brown
His neck and shoulders fell adown;
His dress with shamrocks 'broidered o'er,
The sabre that he proudly bore,

His stalwart form, his princely mien,
His dancing plume of emerald green,
His manly bearing, proud and free—
By Heaven ! it is the Rapparee.
'Tis he, the outlawed one, 'tis he—
The brave and fearless Rapparee !

Fair Eily's heart with rapture beat,
By love's bright pinions fanned;
The roses burned upon her cheek
As knelt the outlaw at her feet
And kissed her lily hand.
And, oh ! what joy beamed in her breast,
What love lit up her eye,
As, hand in hand together pressed,
They sat, all loving and all blest,
As angels are on high.
A sweeter, fairer maid than she
Ne'er basked in love's bright ray ;
And purer, braver knight than he
Ne'er met the hosts of tyranny
In foray, field, or fray,
Or bravely stood in danger's breach
To guard the creed that freemen teach.

"I will not chide," the maiden said,
"Nor ask what cause thy steps delayed ;
'Tis happiness enough to know
Thou'rt safe and free from every foe.
I feared some danger might delay
Or keep thee from my side away ;

And marvelled much at set of sun,
And sighed to think you had not come."

"'Twas but last eve," the chief replied,
"As camped by Foyla's sunny side,
Among the woods of fair Prehen,
Surrounded by my merry men,
That tidings came of danger near,
Of him whom we have cause to fear.
Clifford, the false, proud Saxon lord,
Of bloody heart and faithless word,
Spurs hard from Antrim's towers amain,
With knights and spearmen in his train—
A bloody, fierce, and hireling band,
Who hate our creed, our race, and land,
With hearts of ire and murderous wrath.
Death and destruction mark their path.

A trusty messenger since dawn
Upon the foeman's track has gone,
And ere to-morrow's sun sinks low
Will tidings bring for weal or woe.
Trusting in God and right till then,
We rest in Mourne's shady glen;
But come what will, whate'er betide,
I'll watch o'er thee, my promised bride.

"And, oh! what bliss were mine, could I
But win thee from these shores to fly
To some bright place of peace and rest
Among the islands of the West;

Where Connemara's mountains soar,
Or where Loch Corrib's waters pour,
Or by the shores of fair Loch Lene,
To wander through its woodlands green,
Where yet no Saxon foe has been ;
To linger in the forest's shade,
Where no rude foeman dare invade,
And hear thee sing so sweet and low
The dear old songs of long ago,
As oft I heard with joy and pride
Ere battle called me from thy side."

"Oh ! come with me, my loved one, come ;
The greenwood's shade will be our home.
What danger canst thou dread or fear
When thy beloved, thy Rory's near ?
My bugle-horn within the glen
Can call five hundred trusty men—
Five hundred yeomen, stern and true
As e'er a Saxon foeman knew.
Their blades, full oft in battle tried
From Derry's walls to Limerick's side,
Have met the Saxon hand to hand
Beneath the banner of our land ;
And never has dishonor's stain
Fallen on the clan that bears my name.
Their hearts are true, their arms are strong,
And burn to right their country's wrong.
With them 'mong Connaught's hills and plains,
Where peaceful freedom still remains,

Afar from tumult, toil, and strife,
We'll live a pure and happy life—
A life from care and sorrow free:
Sweet Rose of Mourne, come with me."

"Oh! tempt me not," the maiden cried,
"To leave my own dear father's side;
I cannot, dare not, leave him now,
When grief and sorrow cloud his brow.
Fain would I dwell with thee and thine—
It is my father's wish and mine.
But he so old and feeble grown,
'Twere base to leave him thus alone.
Here, where his first bright days were past,
He fondly hopes to breathe his last,
And, calmly dying, find a grave
Among his own by Mourne's wave.
I know his last sad thought will be
To gaze on those loved scenes and me."

"Sweet, gentle maid, thy sire and I
Beneath the same old flag have stood,
And seen its green folds flutter high,
In proud defiance boldly fly,
When native soil was bathed in blood.
True comrades we, in many a fight
Beneath the Green for Ireland's right;
Together the same foe defied
On Limerick's wall, by Sarsfield's side,
Together toiled, and fought, and bled,
And shared the same rough soldier's bed;

And ever 'twas my fondest prayer,
When war and deadly strife were o'er,
In some green vale so bright and fair
By Loch Lene's banks or Corrib's shore
We'd rest secure from care and toil,
Nor sigh for Mourne, Finn, or Foyle.
And hope still lingers in my breast
Thy sire shall yet the thought forego,
And leave these scenes for some more blest,
Where he with us shall calmly rest
And wean his heart from care and woe."

"Nay, Rory, nay, the thought is vain ;
Love's parting ever bringeth pain.
Though green the grass by Corrib's wave,
And fair the strand its waters lave ;
Though bright the sun in beauty smiles
On Loch Lene's woods and fairy isles,
Far better loves my sire to gaze
On Mourne's flowery banks and braes,
Its shady glens and heath-clad hills,
Its wavy woods and foaming rills.
Though crushed by dire adversity,
Bowed down by care and grief, yet he
Would not exchange for England's throne
The meanest cot in green Tyrone.
Warm is his heart, and frank and free,
And beats with generous love for thee.
Oft have I heard him proudly tell
Bright tales of thee; how brave and well

O'Hanlon's banner blazed and shone
When ruthless William's slaves came on,
And ever foremost in the van
Bold Rory led his fearless clan.

"Alas! for Erin, on her breast
The Saxon foeman's foot is prest,
And her brave sons in exile stray
Or groan beneath the despot's sway;
Dark desolation stalks o'er the land;
Our name, our creed, and race are banned.
And even now I sadly fear
There's death and danger hovering near.
Of Clifford and his Saxon herd
Be wary, watchful, and prepared;
Guard well each pass by stream and ford,
And victory yet may gild thy sword,
And we, perchance, some happier day
Will meet and bask in freedom's ray."

"But hark! I hear the night-owl scream
Across the Mourne's moonlit stream;
And see, the stars with mellow light
Are twinkling in the vaults of night;
The moonbeams shine on Knock-a-voe—
Stern duty calls, and I must go.
Beneath the shade of yonder tree
My boat and guide both wait for me.
God keep thee safe and guard thee well
Until we meet again. Farewell!"

She sighed, she blushed, she hung her head;
He drew her to his heart, and then,
"Farewell! sweet Rose," he sadly said,
"In brighter days we'll meet again.
The hour is late, thy sire may chide—
'Tis time his child was by his side;
And I must to the glen repair—
My clansmen wait to meet me there."

CANTO II.

THE GREENWOOD

Hail! lovely, sweet, romantic glen,
Meet home of brave and freeborn men,
Where valor dwelt and freedom reigned
Ere native land was crushed and chained.
Here rest the ashes of the dead
Who in the cause of freedom bled
And braved the tyrant's power and might,
In honor's cause, for truth and right.
Beneath thy rude rocks' sheltering dome
The hunted outlaw found a home,
Free from surprise and fierce attack,
When bloodhounds bayed upon his track—
True to the cause, though spurned and banned,
When 'twas a crime to love our land.

Though fair the flowers upon thy breast
As e'er by foot of fairy prest;

Though sweet the summer sunbeams shine
On every nook and spot of thine;
Though grand and old thy glories are,
Thy name and fame in peace and war,
And fair and bright thy beauties be,
No bard or minstrel sings of thee.

Killarney's sweet and lovely lakes,
Her hills and glens and sunny brakes,
Old Mucross, and gray Mangerton,
That seems to soar above the sun,
Glengariff fair, Avoca's vale,
Are themes of many a minstrel tale;
Killiney's woods and green Lismore—
Well famed in fay and fairy lore—
In many a lay their charms are sung
By native bard in native tongue;
But thou, my native glen, alone
To bard and minstrel seem unknown.

Within the glen, at close of day,
Bold Rory and his comrades lay.
The feast was o'er, and round the board
The generous wine was freely poured.
And mirth and laughter, jest and song,
The echoes of the glen prolong.

Close by the chieftain's side there sat,
With braided coat and plumèd hat,
A bronzed and bearded man of war,
His visage marked with many a scar.

With eye and hair of raven hue,
A pikeman tall was Shamus Dhu;
His massive shoulders, broad and square,
Seemed made a giant's load to bear;
A king among his comrades he,
And with his comrades frank and free;
A merry, careless, roving blade,
Well fitted for the soldiering trade,
And many a fierce, false Saxon foe
Had fallen beneath his sturdy blow.
Next, seated by the chief's right hand,
His sabre resting on his knee,
Sat Brian More; in all the band
Not one more brave and gay than he.
His fearless, roving, chestnut eye,
Beaming and bright as morning star,
Presaged a spirit proud and high,
And bold in either love or war.
Of all the brave and trusty men
Who came at Rory's bugle-call,
Or met in greenwood, glade, or glen,
The boldest he among them all;
Sprung from a brave and fearless sire
Who fought and fell in Erin's cause,
His bosom burned with freedom's fire
And hatred of the tyrant's laws.

When fierce Galmoy and Hamilton
Swept through the Boyne's empurpled tide,
And charged the Saxon ranks upon,
Young Brian More rode side by side.

When coward James in terror ran
Before the base and hireling foe,
With Rory's true and fearless band
He stood, and gave them blow for blow.
The valor of his fiery race
Shone in his breast and in his face;
His heart and soul with love aglow
For vengeance on his country's foe.
His home the mountain cave or glen
With Rory and his outlawed men,
Nor sighed for more, except to see
His native land from thraldom free,
And meet upon his native heath
Beneath the Green a soldier's death—
True to the last, with blade in hand,
For comrades, faith, and fatherland.

Troopers and pikemen sat around,
Or stretched at length upon the ground,
With snowy plumes and jackets green,
In every belt a glittering skein;
While on the sward, and near at hand,
Lay musket, pike, and ready brand,
And browsing in the greenwood's shade,
Their sleek and well-fed chargers neighed.

It was a goodly sight to see
Those fearless, bold, and bearded men—
True types of Erin's chivalry—
Meet in that fair and lovely glen.

St. Bride ! no monarch ever yet
Could boast of such a gallant train,
Or such a band of freemen get
His throne and banner to maintain.
By field, and plain, and green hillside,
Their names were loved throughout the land,
And maid and matron smiled with pride
On Rory and his gallant band.
From cot, and hall, and peasant shed
Love's prayer for them ascended high,
And Saxon lordling backward fled
When kern and gallowglass were nigh.

Where'er the flag of freedom flew
In proud defiance to the breeze,
Against the treacherous tyrant's crew
There stood the fearless Rapparees;
In battle's van, or wheresoe'er
The furious, headlong charge was made,
There swelled the outlaw's ringing cheer,
There flashed the outlaw's fiery blade.
In vain with fire, and sword, and flame
Their free-born, stubborn hearts to tame—
In vain the baffled tyrant tried;
They scorned his threats, his power defied.

Tyrants and kings with sword and flame
May fill the land with bloody graves,
Till hope expires, and Freedom's name
Lies hid in mountain glens and caves.

But sure as in the heavens bright
The sun shall rise with glorious light,
Remorse the tyrant's heart shall rend,
And Freedom triumph in the end.

'Twas not for plunder, power, or fame
These daring outlaws fought and bled;
'Twas not to win a deathless name
Their dauntless chief his clansmen led;
True soldiers of the green were they,
And proved it well in many a fray;
Who braved the tyrant's boasted power,
And scorned before his throne to cower,
And ever kept, through good and ill,
Their country's banner flying still.

Their home the mountain glen and wold,
In summer's heat and winter's cold;
All ready at a moment's call
To stem a stream or breast a wall;
To climb the crags, to chase the deer,
Or meet the foe with pike and spear;
To rush to arms at beat of drum,
To fight or feast, whate'er might come;
Fearless in battle or the chase,
Brave scions of a hardy race;
Sworn foes to Saxon king and laws;
True to their country and their cause,
Beneath her flag to stand or fall;
And Rory, he was lord of all.

It is not country, soil, or clime
That raises man godlike, sublime ;
'Tis not the creed that bigots preach,
That kings and queens and tyrant teach,
No ! 'tis the bright and heavenly flame
That burns within the human heart,
That first from God's own altars came,
And of his being forms a part,
That makes man soar, erect and free—
The glorious fire of Liberty.

Though trampled, plundered, cursed, and banned,
Outlaws within their own green land,
By foreign force and power oppressed,
Hope sat enshrined in every breast,
And coward fear or dark despair
Had never found a dwelling there.
Their limbs were free from Saxon chains,
They held the valleys, glens, and plains,
And fearless roamed by stream and rill.
Their banner shone on many a hill,
Their camp-fires blazed by Foyla's shore,
From Mourne's woods to fair Donore.
They lived a free and fearless life,
Eager to rush to deadly strife
At sound of drum or bugle-horn,
And laughed the tyrant's power to scorn.

Within the greenwood's cooling shade
They laughed, and sang, and feasted free,
And toasted many a blooming maid
By Shannon, Barrow, Suir, and Lee ;

And many a hardy trooper's heart
Burned in his breast, with love aflame,
And to his eyes the tear-drops start
At mention of his true love's name.
And ever and anon he sighs
For Kathleen's lips or Nora's eyes,
And thinks how blest his life would be
Were she his bride and Ireland free.

Pensive and sad the chieftain sat,
Whose heart was wont to be so gay;
His downcast eyes betokened that
His thoughts were wandering far away.
His comrades marked his altered look,
And, wondering at his sudden grief,
The board and festive bowl forsook,
And gathered round their gallant chief.
Silent and still was every tongue,
Hushed every sound within the glen,
When to his feet bold Rory sprung,
And gazed upon his merry men,
And quickly snatched a brimming cup
That stood untasted on the board,
And, as he raised the goblet up,
His right hand grasped his flashing sword.

"Clansmen and friends," he proudly cried,
And smiled upon his gallant band,
"Let pleasure, mirth, and joy preside
While 'neath old Erin's flag we stand.

Pass round the wine; drink, comrades all,
Among the woods and hazels brown,
Who knows, perchance, what may befall
Before to-morrow's sun goes down ?
But come what may, be it joy or dole,
We'll meet it with defiant mien :
So, comrades, fill a brimming bowl,
And pledge me Erin's flag of green—
The brave old flag ! long may it float
And proudly flaunt its green and gold ;
And may dark vengeance clutch the throat
Of him who'd harm one silken fold.
Come ! hail it with a ringing cheer,
Pledge every man with sword in hand,
Let slaves and cowards bend and fear:
Here's to the banner of our land ! "

The glen re-echoed to the shout,
And from its sheath came leaping out
Each trooper's bright and ready blade,
That oft in many a border raid,
In fierce assault and stern attack,
Had drove the foeman's squadrons back,
And stood within the gap of death
When native blood stained native heath,
And back the tyrant's legions flew
Before the brave, determined few
They came to conquer and subdue.

Pikes, spears, and rifles blazed and shone,
And flashed against the evening sun;

And proudly waving o'er the scene,
With stainless folds of emerald green,
The haughty Sunburst floated fair,
And fluttered in the evening air;
And as it soars o'er rock and crag,
Five hundred voices hail the flag.

Right in the centre of the band,
His ponderous pike grasped in his hand,
Towering above his comrades all,
Stood Shamus Dhu, erect and tall;
With heaving chest and flashing eye
He pointed to the flag on high,
And in a voice loud, clear, and strong,
He thus poured forth his soul in song:

SONG.

"Come, pass it round the board, boys,
Fill up, each patriot guest,
With hand on every sword, boys,
And hatred in each breast.
We've pledged the pleasant dames, boys,
By Shannon, Suir, and Lee,
But yet one toast remains, boys,
So drink it now with me:
'Here's death to every knave, boys,
To Saxon king or queen,
Who'd trample or enslave, boys,
Old Erin's spotless green.

"'And here's success to Ireland,
We'll pledge it three times three:
Oh! here's good luck to Ireland;
God grant she'll soon be free.'

"Give me your hand, my brother,
The night is wearing late;
A soldier's grave to-morrow,
Perchance, will be our fate.
The hour at length has gone, boys,
Prayed for and wished by all;
Hark! hark! to the rolling drum, boys,
And list to the bugle-call.
The morn is slowly breaking,
'Tis near the dawn of day;
So drink this cup at parting,
And then for the strife—hurrah!

"And here's success to Ireland;
We'll pledge it three times times.
Oh! here's good luck to Ireland;
God grant she'll soon be free."

As swells the chorus loud and high,
And rolls and rings o'er rock and crag,
Each clansman turns with tear-gemmed eye
To gaze upon the dear old flag:
And to his heart dark memories throng,
While thinking on his country's wrong;
And fiercely, sternly grasps his brand,
Prepared to do for native land;

Then wipes away the patriot tear,
And smiles to think of vengeance near—
Type of his country, torn and rent,
Sunshine and shade together blent.

Man may forgive, perhaps forget,
The wrongs which he himself has borne,
And grasp the foeman's hand, while yet
His anguished soul with grief is torn.
But vengeance for a country's ill
Breathes, burns, and boils like mountain flood
Within the human breast, until
That burning flame is quenched in blood.
Mercy may plead with weeping eyes,
But vengeance, vengeance never dies.

"Come, Brian," cried a brawny kern
Who sat beneath a huge oak-tree—
With careless ease among the fern
Reclined the sunbrowned Rapparee—
"Come, Brian, chant some goodly stave
Of haughty Shawn, the proud and grand,
Who boldly stood to shield and save
From foreign thrall his native land;
Or how bold Rory stood alone
To guard the bridge of old Athlone."

With modest grace young Brian rose;
His comrades hailed him with a cheer;
And while his cheek with ardor glows,
His mellow voice rings loud and clear:

SONG.

"Ho! comrades, hurrah! ere the close of the day,
While we meet in the merry greenwood,
And above us is seen our old banner of green,
And beside us the true and the good;
We'll pledge in a bumper, and hail with a cheer,
While our souls are unfettered and free,
To the heart and the hand ever strangers to fear—
Of O'Hanlon, the bold Rapparee.

"'Twas not for Righ Shamus our chief drew the sword
When it flashed on the banks of the Boyne;
'Twas not for the cause of a false Saxon lord,
His crown, or his coffers of coin.
'Twas for Ireland and freedom alone that he stood,
Not a king nor a party to please,
And charged on the foe, as a brave chieftain should,
In the van of his bold Rapparees.

"When Sarsfield surrendered at Limerick town,
And sailed with the Wild Geese away,
In blood and disaster our banner went down,
And in bondage old motherland lay;
What hand grasped the flag ere it fell to the earth,
And waved it aloft in the breeze?
'Twas O'Hanlon's brave clan; from the Boyne to the Bann
It waved o'er the bold Rapparees!

"God bless the old flag! May its folds ever fly
Unsullied by shame or disgrace;
May it flaunt o'er the foe, in defiance wave high,
While there lives one brave man of our race.
And, comrades, fill up, while we merrily sup
And quaff every cup to the lees:
Here's success to old Ireland, the land of our love,
And hurrah for her bold Rapparees!"

Thus passed the glowing hours away
Within the greenwood, blithe and gay;
Toast, song, and jest passed freely on,
Till o'er the hills the golden sun
Had sunk to rest, and his last beam
Had kissed fair Mourne's sunny stream.
How bright, how beautiful it is
On summer eve to wander there!
Cathay, in all its loveliness,
Looks not so fairy-like and fair.
The blushing flowers in beauty grow,
And deck the fields of emerald green,
And balmy breezes softly blow
Upon the banks of Mourne's stream.

The twilight shadows softly creep,
And Mourne's waves are hushed to sleep;
And as the evening stars arise
And twinkle in the summer skies,
Leaning upon his broken blade,
A stranger nears the greenwood shade.

With haggard brow and blood-stained face,
With faltering step and feeble pace,
He gains the glen, and gladly sees
The camp-fires of the Rapparees.
And soon around the stranger stand
A score of Rory's gallant band,
Who tender him their aid and care,
And all a soldier has to share.

"No aid want I," the stranger said,
"Nor couch to rest my weary head;
I come in sorrow, grief, and fear,
To warn your chief of danger near.
Haste! comrades, haste!" he wildly cried,
"And bear me to your chieftain's side."

With kindly care the outlaws bore
The wounded stranger through the glen,
Till suddenly he stood before
O'Hanlon and his merry men.
Surrounded by his clansmen true,
Bold Rory sat within the wood,
And, as the stranger came in view,
He face to face before him stood,
And looked with wonder and surprise
Upon the weak and wounded man,
While he, with wild and bloodshot eyes,
Gazed upon Rory and his clan.

"Stranger! thy message, and be brief,"
In eager accents said the chief.

"What evil tidings do you bring?
Have the vile slaves of England's king
Come to our peaceful homes again
With blood and rapine in their train?
Last morn a clansman from the glen
Went forth to track false Clifford's men;
Has he, O stranger! quickly tell,
A prey to Saxon vengeance fell?"

"You guess aright," the stranger said,
And sadly shook his gory head;
"Your messenger since morn has lain
In Ardmore wood, by Clifford slain.
Peace to his soul; he died a man,
True to his country and his clan;
And ere he died, before his wrath
Two Saxon foemen fell to earth.

"With murderous haste false Clifford pressed
From Ardmore wood to Croghan's crest;
Then, spurring hard to Mourne's side,
O'Carroll's towers with joy espied.
Down on their prey his bloodhounds bore,
Thirsting for plunder, spoil, and gore,
And fiercely smote with fire and sword,
With ruffian jest and ribald word,
The feeble and defenceless few
Who to their chief stood ever true.

"Those towers, that rose so fair and free
When morning sun kissed hill and tree,

A smouldering heap of ruins lay
Ere that same sun had passed away ;
And she, fair Mourne's sweetest flower,
Now pines within the tyrant's power.

" Nay, do not start; I've more to tell :
Of all the fiends that people hell,
Clifford, the darkest arch-fiend he
For deeds of blood and treachery.
Pierced to the heart O'Carroll lies
A corpse beside his castle door,
Struck down by Clifford's hand; these eyes
Beheld him weltering in his gore.
His few retainers brave and well
Fought till they fell beside their lord,
And none escaped the tale to tell
Of Clifford's fierce and murderous sword,
Save I, when wounded, weak, and sore,
I crawled to where my master lay,
And vainly tried to staunch the gore
That from his bosom ebbed away.
O God ! what darkness filled the air,
What mad'ning thoughts swept through my
brain,
As, borne upon the evening air,
The daughter cried in wild despair
Her father's and her Rory's name.
I heard, but I no answer gave,
Powerless to succor or to save ;
I wounded lay among the slain,
With burning heart and frenzied brain.

All, all is blank and dark since then,
Nor know I how I reached the glen.

"In Clonlee's strong, embattled keep
False Clifford's brigands feast and sleep.
A bold man, with a band as bold,
Might crush him in his castle hold,
And, to revenge a comrade's fall,
Ere morn could scale yon castle wall.
Enough! revenge to thee belongs,
And thou must right fair Eily's wrongs."

Dark as a sullen thunder-cloud,
Ere leaps the lightning from the sky,
Grew Rory's face, so stern and proud,
And fiercely flashed his angry eye.
"God of my sires, can such things be,
And Heaven's just wrath fall not on me?
Mine is the fault, and mine the blame,
That fills my soul with burning shame.

"My trusty scout, right well I knew
Thy heart and soul were ever true,
But little did I deem so soon
Thou'dst find so sad and stern a doom.

"Curse on the Saxon dog! My blood
Leaps in my veins a burning flood;
The voices of the martyred dead
Cry vengeance on the murderer's head.
Fiend! for that dark and damning deed
Ere morn a hundred slaves shall bleed,

And thou, fair Rose, so fond and free,
When I forget thy wrongs and thee,
May dark remorse my soul pursue,
And Heaven forget me if I do !

" Up ! comrades, up ! By heaven and hell,
And all the souls that in them dwell,
The bloody, treacherous Saxon knave
Shall find a sure and bloody grave.
For, by my hopes of heaven, I swear
To track the murderer to his lair,
And man to man, and face to face,
To brand him with his deep disgrace.
Clifford, prepare ! for thou or I
Before to-morrow's dawn shall die.

" Haste ! comrades, haste ! the moonbeams streak
With mellow light old Croghan's peak,
And shine to guide us o'er the heath,
And lead us to revenge or death.
Up ! troopers, pikemen, one and all,
Up ! to revenge our comrade's fall !"

His bugle-horn rang through the glen ;
Up leaped five hundred stalwart men,
From rock, and bush, and fern, and tree ;
Their thrilling shout rose loud and free,
And off they rode in harness bright,
The fearless Rory in the van,
On past dark Croghan's frowning height,
And past the towers of old Strabane.

Ride, clansmen, ride ! spur hard and fast !
Brace every sinew firm and strong !
The wished-for hour shall bring at last
Blood and revenge for crime and wrong !
Ride ! Rory, ride ! the setting sun
Looked on a deed of treachery.
Ride ! Rory, ride ! for there is one
Who needs thy faithful sword and thee !

CANTO III.—THE ATTACK.

Within the walls of old Clonlee
There's mirth and wassail, joy and glee ;
The ruby wine is sparkling bright,
For Clifford holds his feast to-night.
A thousand tapers light the halls,
The banners hang upon the walls,
And many a Saxon song is sung
By bard and chief in Saxon tongue.

Around the board assembled there
Beams not the smile of lady fair,
Nor in the castle walls, save one,
And she in silence pines alone
Within the castle's dungeon tower,
A captive in the foeman's power.

Knights, squires, and chiefs of high degree—
Proud England's boasted chivalry—

The stern and blood-stained Puritan,
Dark, scowling, treacherous, gaunt, and grim;
The hireling slave from German land,
Who came with ruthless William's band;
The native churl of Cromwell's breed,
A plant of most unholy seed;

And many a chief of bloody fame,
Who hates poor Erin's race and name,
Their creed and text the murderer's sword,
All meet around dark Clifford's board:
Mongrels, accursed of man and God,
Who soiled the very earth they trod.

Alas! how dismal is the tale
Thy history tells, Green Innisfail!
What countless wrongs and hardships vile
Have fallen on thee, poor lonely isle!
What deeds of darkness, blood, and shame
Since first the hated Saxon came!

Cursed be the day and cursed the hour
That saw the brutal Henry's band,
His titled slaves athirst for power,
Pollute our fair and happy land!
And blasted be the breast that nursed
MacMurrough's dark and fatal crime,
And may his memory stand accursed
For ever on the page of time!

Right well the gallant Roderick stood
On many a field of death and blood,
And bravely stood—but ah ! in vain—
To win our ancient rights again.
Our glorious sires, in Erin's name,
Their hearts with freedom's fire aflame,
Sprang round the standard of their king,
And 'neath its folds of spotless green
Died for the cause of motherland,
With freedom's weapon in their hand.

On green hillside and mountain glen
They lived and died as free-born men.
Nor bribes, nor gold, nor sword could quell
The hearts that loved their land so well.
And if fair Freedom thither fled,
Oh ! blame not Erin's patriot dead.

They strove, despite the tyrant's frown,
To break the dark and galling chain
That bowed their bleeding country down
And marked her with the brand of Cain.
Their fiery hearts were stern and strong,
And never patient under wrong.

Patience ! Out on the damning word !
It tells of bondage, wrong, and shame,
Of patriot blood in torrents poured
Beneath the murderous tyrant's sword,
Of sorrow, outrage, fire, and flame.

The wretch who bends beneath the rod
His tyrant masters o'er him wave,
He stands before fair Freedom's sod
The meanest and the veriest slave
That ever bent the suppliant knee
And cursed the soil that God made free.

Swift sped the hours in Clifford's hall,
And deeply drank each bacchanal;
All, all is revelry and glee,
The sparkling wine flows fast and free,
'Till from the castle's lofty tower
The bell proclaims the midnight hour.

The watcher who at evening's close
Thought not of slumber or repose,
Unguarded now leaves fosse and keep,
And sinks into a drunken sleep.
The dark and gloomy sentinel
Who paced the ramparts long and well,
In drunken stupor reels and falls
Around the castle's inner walls.
There's not a man to raise the cry
If kern or Rapparee is nigh;
All of the maddening bowl partake,
And follow in their master's wake.

Up rose dark Clifford from the feast,
And every mirthful sound was ceased.
"Ho! knights and squires," he proudly said,
And raised aloft his haughty head,

"This day has been a joyful day;
We've driven the fierce old fox to bay,
And smote the traitor in his lair,
With all his kerns around him there,
But yet the work is scarce begun;
To-morrow, ere the set of sun,
We'll track O'Hanlon to his den,
And drive the outlaw from the glen;
'Till then drink round, let mirth hold sway,
Our revels last till break of day.

"My pretty captive! by my soul
I've drowned thy memory in the bowl,
Or else thou shouldst not pine so long
Afar from music, mirth, and song.
Fair Rose, for one short hour, at least,
'Twere meet that thou shouldst grace our feast.
Ho, warden! bring the maiden forth,
And use her with due courtesy;
By heaven! in all the beauteous North
There blooms no fairer flower than she!
And were she but an English maid,
In monarch's hall or greenwood shade,
The proudest knight might bend to her
And joy to be her worshipper."

Forth came the maiden with her guide,
The stern old warder, by her side,
And, save their footsteps' echoing sound,
All, all is still and hushed around.

But not with downcast eyes came she,
But stately, proud, erect, and tall;
Her flashing eyes looked scornfully
One moment round the banquet-hall,
And, gazing on dark Clifford's face,
She seemed the genius of her race.

"What means this outrage? Saxon, speak;
Has thy false tongue clove to thy cheek?
Why torture one too weak to fear,
And why am I a captive here?"

"Fair maid," the Saxon chief replied,
"Nor harm nor ill shall thee befall
If thou our festive queen preside,
And thy bright smile light up our hall.
A hundred knights shall homage pay
And render fealty unto thee;
Among thy train the brave and gay
Before thy shrine shall bend the knee,
And he the chief and lord of all
Shall wear thy chains and own thy thrall."

"Clifford, were I by Mourne's wave,
And my brave kinsmen gathered near,
No lying, base-born Saxon knave
Dare thus with shame pollute my ear!
And now, though lone and weak I be,
Surrounded by thy slaves and thee,
I tell thee, Saxon, to thy face,

To thee, and all those slaves of thine,
A daughter of O'Neill's proud race
Herds not with bloated Saxon swine!
Thy murderous hand is crimson red—
Red with my noble father's gore!
The heart that once could shield is dead,
Mine eyes shall meet his gaze no more!
But hearts as bold and arms as strong
Shall yet avenge his daughter's wrong!"

"By Heaven! proud maid, these words are bold
To speak in Clifford's castle-hold!
For thee, and all thy kinsmen stern,
Thy naked serfs and worthless kern,
I scorn, as does the eagle high
The meaner birds that round him fly.
But, by my knighthood and my name!
Though spurning such ignoble game,
I'd freely meet him, man to man,
The rebel chief with all his clan,
Would he but leave the hills again,
And test it on the battle-plain!"

"Out on thee, knave! Thy words soar high
When none but friends and kin are nigh.
False Saxon dog, were Rory here
Thy coward heart would blanch with fear."

Dark grew the frown on Clifford's brow,
And fiercely flashed his eyes with ire:
"What, rebel wench! and darest thou now,
Spawn of a base and rebel sire,

Thus vent thy treason 'gainst the throne,
And glory in thy sad disgrace,
And here, unfriended and alone,
Praise the base rebel to my face ?
By all the fiends beneath the skies
That roam unholy and unblest !
Before to-morrow's sun shall rise
Thy head will shelter on my breast,
And those bright eyes, with hate aflame,
Shall plead for death to hide thy shame.

"Thy naked kerns and mountaineers
Shall gorge our Saxon pikes and spears,
And that vile knave, the Rapparee,
Shall swing upon the nearest tree
That rears its head above Clonlee !
And would to heaven the mountaineer
Were face to face before me here !
A Saxon's hate, a Saxon's steel,
The treacherous Rapparee should feel !"

Scarce were the words pronounced when, lo
A deafening cheer rose from below
That startled one and all ;
And 'mid the tumult, noise, and din,
The banquet-doors came crashing in,
And burst into the hall
Tall, bearded kerns, with pike and skein,
With emerald plumes and jackets green,
Fierce, muscular, and tall ;

And 'mid the noise and tumult there
That swelled upon the midnight air,
A voice rang loud and clear:
"False Saxon dog, thou hast thy prayer,
And Rory Oge is here!

"Here, face to face, before you stand
The outlaw and his rebel band,
With freeborn hearts and blade in hand—
Despite your Saxon laws—
Who hate and fierce defiance fling
'Gainst all the knaves that England's king
And his base satellites can bring
To aid his impious cause.
And, braggart Saxon! in this hall,
Before thy knights, and squires, and all
Assembled round you here,
I tell thee, baseborn, perjured knave,
Ere morn thou'lt find a bloody grave
And deck a bloody bier.
And all those robbers round thy board
Shall meet their just desert—the sword;
And if one slave escape to-night,
May I no more behold the light.
Ho! comrades, see no coward flies;
The first man stirs, by heaven he dies!"

Bewildered, lost in doubt and awe,
Dark Clifford and his minions saw
The Rapparees appear;

And gazing on that daring band,
The chief so proud, so fierce and grand,
They quailed before his armèd hand,
And shrank in coward fear.

Surprised, fair Eily stood apart;
She could not speak, but, oh! her heart
Beat high with joy and pride;
And gazing on the Rapparee,
She murmured to herself, "'Tis he,"
And rushed to Rory's side.

As if awakening from a dream,
Dark Clifford gazed upon the scene
With visage pale and wan;
Though bloody, cold, and cruel, he
Was brave as belted knight could be,
And feared not mortal man.
With sudden start and flashing eye,
He stood with head erect and high.
Towered his tall form with haughty pride;
He dashed a dozen pikes aside,
Then bared his blade, and fiercely cried:
"Up! knights and followers all!

"Up! knights and yeomen bold and free;
Let every true man follow me,
And strike for king and throne!
Smite down the baseborn rebel foe,
Straight to the heart aim every blow;
St. George for merry England, ho!
Charge the vile rabble home!"

And fierce as lightning cleaves the west,
Or the bold eagle guards her nest,
With rage and hate at Rory's breast
He sprang with desperate bound.
But ere the murderous blow could fall,
A score of pikemen fierce and tall
Encircled him around.

"False Saxon," said the Rapparee,
"Thy call is vain; no more for thee
On field, or plain, or heath,
To aid thee shall thy minions fly
When peals thy swelling battle-cry;
For thou, false chief, to-night shall die
A bloody tyrant's death.

"Clifford, the wrongs of this poor maid
To-night with vengeance shall be paid.
I would not tarnish my good blade
With thy false English gore,
But thou, despite thy laws and king,
With all thy followers shall swing
At your own castle-door.

"Ho! comrades, seize these trembling knaves,
Proud William's fierce and titled slaves,
And bind them man to man.
The wolves and ravens throng the wood,
They scent this haughty Saxon's blood
And all his coward clan.

"Haste! comrades, haste, the morn is nigh;
The sunbeams gild the eastern sky;
I hear young Brian's battle-cry
And all his merry men.
Swing high these knights and gallants bold,
Bestained with blood and crimes untold;
Give to the flames their castle-hold,
Then haste we to the glen!

"Fair Rose of Mourne, come with me;
This is no place, sweet one, for thee.
A steed awaits by yonder tree
To bear thee far away.
The bloody scenes enacted here—
The strife, the shock of pike and spear—
Are not for thee to see or hear;
This is no place to stay."

He led her from the banquet-hall
To where his gallant comrades all
Were drawn in long array.
But, oh! what horror filled her brain:
On every side lay heaps of slain;
With skull and helmet cleft in twain
The Saxon soldiers lay.

Upon the emerald sward the blood
Flowed in a dark and reeking flood
In the pale morning light.

Where'er she turned, her eye surveyed
The mangled corpse—the bloody blade.
To such a pure and guileless maid
It was a fearful sight.

"But what has caused this blood to flow?
Why stand these troopers in a row
With bloody pikes and spears,
Their dress and plumes bespattered o'er,
Their jackets stained with spots of gore?"
She asks amid her fears.

'Twas when the midnight hour had tolled
When Rory and his pikemen bold
Had scaled the castle wall,
And forward dashed with weapons bare,
O'er rampart, fosse, and dike, to where
Proud Clifford feasted in his lair,
His knights and followers all.

'Twas then a brave determined few,
Led by young Brian and Shamus Dhu,
Sprang o'er the ramparts high,
And from amid the ferns and trees,
Thick as a swarm of summer bees,
Bursts Rory's fearless Rapparees,
And, ringing on the midnight breeze,
Peals their fierce battle-cry;
That fearless cry, so loud and deep,
Startles the Saxons from their sleep,
And some in frenzied terror leap

Right in among their foes ;
Some grasp their arms in fear and fright,
And madly rush into the fight,
While thick as grass on left and right
They fall 'neath rebel blows.

"On ! comrades, on ! Redmond aboo !"
In thunder-voice cried Shamus Dhu,
As, with his ponderous pike,
With giant stroke right through the crown
He smote a Saxon foeman down,
And hurled him in the dike.

Where'er the Saxon soldiers rise,
Fierce weapons flash before their eyes
Or crash through skull and brain.
By gate, and tower, and fosse, and wall
In tens and scores they helpless fall,
And writhe in blood and pain.
On, on the fiery pikemen go
Right through the centre of the foe;
With deadly thrust and ringing blow
They greet the robber horde,
And every shout of vengeance tells,
As out a Saxon's life-blood wells
And crimsons pike and sword.

In vain the maddened foemen strive
To gain the gate ; not one alive
E'er passed the castle wall,

But helpless, bleeding, crushed, pell-mell
The drunken troopers quickly fell
As leaves in autumn fall.
Hemmed in, begirt on every side,
Swept by a fierce, resistless tide,
Dark Clifford's troopers fell and died
With wild, despairing cry.
While high above the battle's roar,
Loud as the waves on Mourne's shore
When down the mountain torrents pour,
Rang Brian's battle-cry.

Ho! Clifford, peerless Saxon knight,
Where are thy spears and sabres bright?
Thy boasts were vain—the morning light
Shines full on fair Clonlee;
But where are all thy yeomen brave?
They fill a dark and bloody grave,
And thou thyself, false, perjured knave,
Shall grace the gallows-tree!
They come by Rory's pikemen led,
With downcast hearts, in fear and dread,
Of hope bereft, each haughty head
In terror bent and bowed;
With slow and faltering step they pass
Across the dark and gore-stained grass,
While trooper, kern, and gallowglass
Scowl on the craven crowd.

Close by the castle's outer wall,
A massive oak-tree, huge and tall,

Towered o'er the neighboring trees.
For thrice a hundred years it stood,
The haughty monarch of the wood,
Unscathed by storm or breeze ;
Its brawny arms outspreading wide,
Their shadows threw on every side,
And underneath its shade
The remnant of dark Clifford's band,
With their fall'n chief despairing stand,
Pale, trembling, and dismayed.

The signal word is given, when high,
Trembling between the earth and sky—
A wild and fearful sight—
From every limb a cord is hung,
From every cord a Saxon swung
In the pale morning light.
Then rose one wild and ringing cheer,
That rolled and echoed far and near,
And the bright sun in radiance clear
Shone down upon the scene.
As Rory and his merry men,
Fair Eily by his side again,
Sped to their home within the glen,
Among the bushes green.

Upon the banks of fair Loch Lene
The trees and flowers are budding green ;
The hawthorn's fragrance fills the gale,
The roses blossom in the vale.

All, all is peaceful, calm, and still,
The zephyrs slumber on the hill.
There's not a wave upon the lake,
The wild birds sing among the brake;
The sun shines bright, 'tis noon of day,
Cloudless the skies, 'tis balmy May.
A saint might sigh for such a scene,
Nor wish for heaven when near Loch Lene.

Slowly a stately cavalcade
Comes winding through the hazel glade,
With plumes and pennons waving bright,
And men in arms, in harness dight,
Their pikes, and spears, and sabres gleam
And sparkle in the sun's bright beam.
In front, with bearing proud and high,
Their leader rides; his chestnut eye
Lights up with joy, well pleased to see
So sweet a scene, so fair and free;
And by his side a lady fair,
With sunbright eyes and golden hair.
You'd know, to gaze upon his face,
He'd sprung from Nial's ancient race.
That form, that look, so proud and free,
'Tis Rory Oge the Rapparee!
And she who nestles by his side
Is Mourne's Rose, his peerless bride.

They come to Loch Lene's emerald shore,
Where war or strife can reach no more,

To dwell in peace, and calm, and rest,
By kinsmen, love, and friendship blest.
And peace was theirs, old legends say ;
For many a long, long summer's day,
They dwelt among the woodlands green
Upon the banks of fair Loch Lene.

HISTORICAL

AND

LEGENDARY BALLADS.

GERALD BARRY.

A STORY OF NINETY-EIGHT.

Oh! rise up, Gerald Barry, get your pike and come away,
The morning star is waning, 'tis the dawning of the day,
And the boys in green are waiting in the valley down below,
You can hear their drums a-beating and their stirring bugles blow.

Then up rose Gerald Barry, with a pike in his right hand—
A braver heart ne'er throbbed beneath the banner of our land;
With the stature of a giant, and a heart as stout and strong
As the ashen handle of the pike he gaily bore along.

And wildly leaped his Irish heart, that morn, with joy and pride,
To see five hundred boys in green, down by the Slaney's side;
To see their shining weapons, gleaming pike, and rifle brown,
As on they marched beneath the green, to Enniscorthy town.

And when they neared the ancient town, its spires and turrets gray,
Before them stood the English troops, drawn up in long array,
And scarlet soldiers hurrying came, from barrack, street, and square,
And high the red-cross banner waved, in proud defiance there.

St. Bridget! how their helmets glance, and how their bayonets shine,
And how their fiery chargers prance, and form in battle line,
And bearded veterans, battle-scarred, on many a foreign coast—
Small chance have Barry's pikemen there 'gainst such a mighty host.

But little cared that fiery heart for all their pomp and pride,
While o'er him waved the Irish green, his comrades by his side.

"Fear not," he said, "our pikes shall tame yon
braggart Saxon crew,
We'll show them ere the sun goes down what Irish
hands can do.

"What though our numbers are but small, and scant
and few our band,
We've Irish hearts within our breasts, and weapons
in our hands;
And, comrades, see where yonder spire towers up so
tall and fair,
We'll cut a way with our good pikes, and plant our
banner there."

And grasping his with both his hands, he rushed
into the town,
And fast before his furious blows both man and
horse went down.
On, on he rushed, through shot and shell, to fear
and danger blind—
A thousand savage foes before, his comrades far be-
hind.

Then from amid the English ranks outrode a fierce
dragoon,
With blazing helmet, epaulettes, and sword and
waving plume;
He reined his steed by Barry's side, with fierce and
scowling eye,
And proud and haughty was his glance, his bearing
firm and high.

"Base rebel spawn! why come you here with all this war array,
And why against our lord and king stand you in arms to-day?
Down on your knees, for mercy call, or by my father's sword
My veteran bands shall trample down you and your rebel horde."

"False Saxon! for your tyrant king scant love or fear have I;
I am a freeman, and as such I mean to live and die!
I am a soldier, and to-day for God and Ireland strike!
And his must be a stubborn skull resists an Irish pike."

Up went his blade like lightning flash, and even as he spoke
From off his neck the Saxon's head was severed at a stroke;
And at his feet—a fearful sight—the headless rider fell,
While from the English ranks there burst a wild and savage yell.

"Come on, you Saxon dogs, come on!" the Irish pikeman roared,
As through the streets, a living storm, their fierce battalions poured,
And plied his blade, until there lay around him heaps of slain,
And where a Saxon rider fell he never rose again.

Hemmed in by angry foes he stood, hemmed in by
sword and brand,
His face begrimed with smoke and blood, the red
pike in his hand,
When hark! a joyful sound is heard, exultant, shrill,
and clear,
And down five hundred pikemen dash with wild
and ringing cheer!

Before that wild and furious charge the English foe-
man flies,
And down beneath them in the dust proud Eng-
land's banner lies,
And in its place, in all its pride, "the harp without
the crown"
Is floating from the tallest spire in Enniscorthy
town.

Up where that spotless banner blazed the pikeman
cast his eye,
Its green folds streamed and fluttered fair against
the evening sky,
And from his lips his war-cry pealed, o'er tower and
town and bay:
Five hundred comrades answered him with long
and loud hurrah!

His ponderous pike from butt to point was red with
English gore;
He clasped it in his brawny arms, and kissed it o'er
and o'er,

And waved it thrice above his head, and laughed with savage glee :
" I'd like to see the knave," he said, " would part my pike and me."

Long years have passed away since then, but still the tale is told
By rebels' sons round Wexford hearths, when nights are long and cold ;
And years may pass, and flowers may fade, and summer leaves turn brown,
But Barry's fame shall never die in Enniscorthy town.

MIDSUMMER EVE.

A SCENE IN THE PENAL DAYS.

Young Maurice O'Gara
Loved Mary O'Mara;
A stout rebel he—she a blushing colleen ;
And Mary O'Mara ;
And Maurice O'Gara
Oft danced with the maidens at eve on the green.

Young Maurice O'Gara
Had fought by the Barrow,
And wielded a pike in the town of Ardee.
And Mary O'Mara
Was straight as an arrow,
And the prettiest maid on the banks of the Lee.

It was midsummer night,
The Bel-fires were alight,
And the villagers danced round the sycamore-tree;
The old piper was there,
And his music was rare—
Oh! it made their hearts flutter with pleasure and glee.

By the light of the moon,
To their favorite tune,
They danced on the green sward, light-hearted and gay.
Oh! their spirits were light,
And their eyes sparkled bright,
As they merrily tripped it to "Patrick's Day."

When, hark! on the air
Rings a cry of despair;
The music has ceased, and they tremble with fear:
For in the moon's light
There are swords flashing bright,
And the Yeomen are on them with musket and spear.

Unarmed and alone,
With death-shriek and groan,
Defenceless they fall by the Lee's sunny shore;
Their bayonets are pressed
Against Maurice's breast,
And Mary O'Mara lies stretched in her gore.

He gazed for a space
On her beautiful face,
Then wildly he leaped on the ranks of the foe;
But valor is vain,
With a ball in his brain
He falls to the earth without striking a blow.

There's weeping and wail
In Feenah's green vale,
As within the old churchyard the villagers stand,
And mutter a prayer
For the dead who lie there,
And a curse on the blood-reddened foes of our land.

No more on that night
Do the Bel-fires burn bright;
No more do the maidens dance under the tree.
Poor Mary O'Mara
And Maurice O'Gara,
Lie asleep, side by side, on the banks of the Lee.

MIKE FROM GARRYOWEN.

A.D. 1866.

When Erin called the brave and true
To strike the tyrant down,
And freedom's voice in thunder flew
Through valley, camp, and town;

When our old flag of green and gold
Was to the breeze upthrown,
The first who stepped beneath its folds
Was Mike from Garryowen.

For Ireland and her holy cause
His heart was all aglow,
And to the Saxon tyrants' laws
A firm, unflinching foe;
In manners mild, yet fierce in fight,
With muscle, blood, and bone,
To strike a blow for Ireland's right,
Brave Mike from Garryowen.

In "Forty-eight," by Meagher's side
He roamed an outlawed man,
Forced like the wolf his head to hide
On bleak old Slieve-na-mon;
And hunted down by Saxon sway
From country, love, and home,
With heavy heart he sailed away
Far, far from Garryowen.

And long he waited, watched, and prayed
That he once more might see
The "boys" in battle-line arrayed,
The Sunburst floating free:
To see poor Erin's exiles stand
Defiant, firm, alone,
And strike one blow for motherland,
And one for Garryowen.

So when O'Neill our banner raised
At Limestone Ridge that day,
Mike's Irish blood with ardor blazed
Impatient for the fray.
No slave was he to brook control,
Or bend to foreign throne :
A spotless Fenian, heart and soul,
Was Mike from Garryowen.

And when he formed in battle-line,
Dressed in his Irish green,
Firm as the rugged mountain pine,
With bold, defiant mien,
You'd think you saw Lord Edward there,
Brave Emmet, or Wolfe Tone ;
His was the heart to do and dare—
Bold Mike from Garryowen.

By heaven ! 'twas worth a brave man's life
To see our columns tread—
To see the green flag in the strife
Wave o'er the English red ;
And when our battle cry rang out
In bold and fearless tone,
The loudest cheer, the boldest shout,
Was Mike's from Garryowen.

And on the scarlet hirelings came
To crush us in their might,
Their rifles raining fire and flame,
Their bayonets fiercely bright.

Forward! with wild and savage yell
Our foremost ranks have flown,
"Charge boys! and drive them back to hell,"
Cried Mike from Garryowen.

And as he spoke, his rifle crack
Rang clear across the plain,
And down a Saxon rider dropped,
Mike's bullet through his brain.
"Hurrah! hurrah! God speed the plough
That turns such goodly loam;
There's one foe less to Ireland now,"
Cried Mike from Garryowen.

And grasping in his brawny hands
His trusty rifle strong,
Unmindful he of ball or brand,
He dashed his foes among.
Fierce is the fight, at every stroke
A foe is overthrown,
As in through fire, and flame, and smoke,
Dashed Mike from Garryowen.

I saw him stand among his foes,
Their bayonets flashing round;
I saw him in his death-grip close,
His life's blood on the ground;
I saw him stand and gasp for breath—
I heard his latest moan—
And Sarsfield died no braver death
Than Mike from Garryowen.

We wrapped him in his Irish green,
And laid him down to rest
Beside a fair Canadian stream,
The shamrock on his breast.
And brothers, comrades, ne'er forget
We've yet to claim our own,
And strike a blow for Ireland yet,
Like Mike from Garryowen.

"THE DRUM-HEAD."

'Twas evening, and the sun went down
On Antrim's glens, and Antrim's town.
The battle ceased at close of day,
The sounds of strife had died away,
And night her sable mantle spread
On mangled heaps of patriot dead.

Upon the sward, still warm and red
With blood for Erin's banner shed,
A dozen fierce and swarthy foes
Around a single prisoner close—
A stalwart youth, of gallant mien,
Arrayed in Erin's rebel green.

Throughout that day with desperate will,
With giant strength and daring skill,
Amid the battle's shock and roar,
His battle-flag he bravely bore ;

And by his comrades boldly stood
Till the last man went down in blood.

A host of foes begirt him round,
Nor aid, nor mercy there was found;
They bore him off with armèd hand,
Where stood the captain of the band,
And now, all lone and desolate,
The drum-head must decide his fate.

'Tis over now, and, basely, he
Must dangle from the nearest tree.
They led him forth with curses loud,
As hid the moon behind a cloud,
Ashamed her holy light to shed
Upon a deed so dark and dread.

Beneath an oak-tree's spreading shade
The soldiers pause; still undismayed,
With bearing bold, the rebel stood.
Calm, fearless, brave, and unsubdued,
His every look and gesture told
The heart within was stout and bold.

"Base rebel! bend your stubborn head,"
The English captain fiercely said;
"A halter is the meetest due
For such insurgent dog as you;
And may all rebels quickly swing
Who plot against our lord, the king."

With flashing eyes and burning cheek
The Irish rebel heard him speak,
But answered not; erect and tall
He firmly stood before them all,
With silent scorn and haughty pride,
And all their power and strength defied.

The English leader, fierce and rude,
A man of rough and savage mood,
His only creed the axe and sword—
Like all who serve a tyrant lord—
Scowling in hatred, wrath, and pride,
Leaped forward to the rebel's side.

"Vile cur! your neck was made to wear
The yoke which every slave must bear;
Your rebel heart shall quickly know
What 'tis to brave an English blow.
'Tis thus the swords that guard a crown
Strike Irish knaves and rebels down."

His sword leaped out, the flashing blade
A circle round his body made;
But ere the coward blow could fall,
The youth burst fetters, bonds, and all
With desperate strength; and at a bound
Dashed his fierce foeman to the ground.

Again he leaps, and from his hand
Wrenched, with a pull, the murderous brand,

And with a fierce and sudden dart
It crashes through the Saxon's heart,
And ere the foe his flight could stay,
Swift as the deer he sped away.

They follow hard, they follow fast;
Lough Neagh and Maine's bright waves are passed.
Through Braid's green groves they quickly ran,
And left behind the winding Bann.
But all in vain the headlong chase,
They ne'er again gazed on his face.

That night within the woods he lay,
That bound the shores of fair Lough Neagh.
Next eve, before the sun went down,
He saw the spires of Newry town
And many a gallant comrade, stand
Beneath the flag of motherland.

THE DEFENCE OF DUNBOY.

The flag of Beare and Bantry
Is floating fair and free
From Dunboy's rocky battlements
That overhang the sea,
And on its walls from land and wave
The English batteries play,
And shot and shell unceasingly
Come pouring night and day.

Four thousand English musketeers
Encompass it around,
With gun and mortar planted high
On every hill and mound.
But still that flag defiantly
Streams high above them all,
And flashes in the battle's glare
O'er turret, tower, and wall.

That dark and frowning fortress
Looks down on Bantry Bay,
Where, riding safe at anchor,
The foeman's shipping lay.
The red flag of the Briton
Streams out from every mast,
And rattling roundshot from their decks
Comes showering quick and fast.

Dunboy is scant of cannon,
Its walls are weak and thin,
And few the men that muster
To guard the flag within.
But while upon the ramparts
MacGeoghegan can stand,
That flag shall ne'er be sullied
By English foeman's hand.

The chieftain of Bearehaven
Has gone to fair Ardee,
To meet his Spanish allies
Who're hastening o'er the sea ;

But he has left behind him,
On Dunboy's castle wall,
As brave a band of heroes
As e'er mustered at his call.

Ten days and nights are over
Of fierce and ceaseless fight,
But still upon the ramparts
Streams out that banner bright;
Still flying and unconquered
Its brights folds are outspread,
But half its bold defenders
Are lying stark and dead.

The battered walls are crumbling,
And tower and bastion gone,
And forward to the yawning breach
The foe comes rushing on.
Alas! how weak and feeble
The few who boldly wait,
To meet that rushing onset
By Dunboy's shattered gate.

A thousand English soldiers
Sprang forward with a roar,
And down upon that Irish band
With deadly hatred bore.
There's scarce three score of pikemen
Against that serried mass,
But such their brave resistance,
The English cannot pass.

The first that gained the gateway
Went down before it slain,
The sword of brave MacGeoghegan
Deep buried in his brain.
Next through the breach sprang forward
A captain and his men,
But backward to their comrades
They ne'er returned again.

And thus from dawn of morning
Until the close of day,
Against four thousand grenadiers
They bravely stood at bay,
Till wearied, weak, and bleeding,
At length they backward fall,
Yet fighting every inch of ground
From gate to castle hall.

In through the gate in thousands
The foemen hurry fast;
And rush to where the Munster men
Still struggle to the last,
But overpowered by numbers
Still backward pressed they go,
Until by desperate fighting
They gain the vaults below.

Then rushed the savage Saxon
Upon that panting band;
Again they spring upon them,
And grapple hand to hand.

More deadly grows the conflict,
And louder roars the din,
As to the English foeman's aid
More troops come rushing in.

A volleyed peal of musketry
Comes flashing through the gloom,
And half the brave defenders
Have met a bloody doom;
McGeoghegan is wounded,
And sinks upon the floor,
Where friend and foeman stricken lie,
Full ankle-deep in gore.

But still around him rally
The remnant of his band,
Until the last man fighting falls,
Struck by a Saxon hand;
Then struggled hard MacGeoghegan
To rise and make his way
To where, within the castle vault,
The open powder lay.

He grasped a blazing pine-torch
And staggered to the wall,
With desperate will to hurl in air
Friend, foeman, tower and all;
But ere the fearless chieftain
His deadly will could do,
A Saxon sprang upon him
And pierced him through and through.

Thus fell the last defender
That guarded Old Dunboy,
The terror of the Saxon,
Brave Munster's hope and joy.
God rest their souls, they perished
To Ireland's banner true,
And kept it flying to the last,
As Irishmen should do.

THE PASS OF GLENANEE.

Glenanee signifies the "valley of the deer." The Irish form of the name is *Glean-an-fhiagh*, which is pronounced *Glen-an-ee*, and may be translated "deer's vale." It is situate in the County Waterford, adjacent to Lismore, and is one of the most beautiful and picturesque valleys in the world. The road to Clogheen passes through it, offering to the traveller a delightful view of ten thousand scenic beauties which it embosoms and reveals. Many legends and historical associations are connected with this locality; among others the following, which the writer has endeavored to weave into rhyme, and which he has heard from the lips of one who first saw the light near the fairy valley of Glenanee.

"Come, Murthough, mount your *copal bawn*, and
take the road with me,
For Remy's men are marching to-night to Glen-
anee;
And ere the stars shall twinkle on the turrets of
Lismore
A thousand men will muster upon Blackwater's
shore."

"I'll go with you," said Murthough, as he leaped
upon his steed,
And o'er the moors and meadows they flew with
headlong speed;
Nor halted they, nor bridle drew, till steed and
rider, free,
Gained the banks of the Blackwater and the pass
of Glenanee.

And mustered there before them stood a thousand
armèd men,
And a blithe and ringing chorus gave them wel-
come to the glen;
All night they watched and waited, and as morn
began to dawn
They could hear the marching columns of the
English coming on.

To guard the pass of danger sprang forward ten-
score men,
And nestled close by every tree that grew within
the glen;
There stood a stalwart pikeman, his weapon in his
hand,
And Murthough and his comrade the foremost of
the band.

Right gallantly the foemen rushed forward to the
pass,
And met and grappled with them the Munster
gallowglass;

From out the rocks and bushes a rattling volley sped,
And back in wild confusion the scarlet soldiers fled.

The Irish leader proudly looked round upon his men
As a ringing cheer of triumph resounded through the glen,
And pointing with his sabre to the red flag of the crown,
"Another charge for freedom, boys, and bring their banner down!"

"We'll do it!" roared brave Murthough, as he gained his leader's side.
"We'll do it, or we'll perish," his faithful comrade cried.
"Then forward!" yelled the leader; "while such freemen charge with me,
No English foe shall enter the Pass of Glenanee."

With lines re-formed and steady, and sullen, fierce, and grim,
Advanced the English captain, and proudly over him
His crimson banner fluttered and flamed upon the wind,
With steady bayonets braced before, with bayonets flanked behind.

One moment, and a volley and a cheer together came,
And every musket in the pass is belching death and flame,
And the roar of battle swelling rolls upward from the glen,
And the fierce, defiant voices of twice a thousand men.

Right gallantly they struggle, together, friend and foe,
And tug and battle bravely, with ringing cheer and blow;
Now towards the narrow opening the English boldly strain,
But back again are beaten, their gallant leader slain.

With maddened pain and vengeance, again they fiercely spring
Against the pass with all the strength and bayonets they can bring,
And, spurning death defiantly, they march with solid tread,
And gain the opening of the pass o'er hecatombs of dead.

"They've gained the pass!" cried Murthough, "but, by the Cross of Cong!
These dark Cromwellian robbers, they shall not keep it long!

Come, follow me, brave comrades, yon flag must
trampled be,
Or else one thousand hearts, to-night, shall sleep
in Glenanee!"

Out leaped the gallant comrades against the
serried mass
Of savage, fierce, and angry foes that stood before
the pass,
And, with a cheer, beside them sprang forward
every man,
With blade and musket charging upon the English
van.

"*Bool shios na gollav darg!*" cried Murthough,
and his blow,
Surcharged with hate and vengeance, clove down
the foremost foe.
"Well done!" cried Irish Remy, the leader of the
band,
"He fights for God and freedom who fights for
motherland."

In front the foeman's banner still floated on the
gale,
But backward from the onset its bold defenders
quail;
The grenadier who guards it is stricken through
the crown
By one fierce blow from Murthough's pike and
both are trampled down.

"Press on them, sons of Brian!" the fearless Remy cried,
And to their leader's order a ringing cheer replied;
And with reddened blade and bayonet, they down upon them bore,
Till they drove the red marauders from the borders of Lismore.

That night, as sunk the sunbeams on Blackwater and the Bride,
And the flashes of their camp-fires shone on mead and mountain side,
Brave Murthough and his comrade saw their banner waving free
With a thousand bayonets round it in the pass of Glenanee.

THE MIDNIGHT SURPRISE.

The red wine passed around the board,
And deeply drank the Norman lord;
And as he quaffed each beaker down,
More dark and deadly did he frown,
And to his knights and soldiers all
He thus addressed them in the hall:

"O'Carroll's camp-fires far and wide
Burn bright upon Slieve Donard's side,

His rugged troops to fair Iveagh
Have onward marched since dawn of day,
And now among the heath and fern
Repose to-night his rugged kern.

"Wearied and worn, in sleep repose
Our Norman master's direst foes,
And we in wassail linger here,
While thrown aside are axe and spear,
And never yet was fairer chance
For Norman knight to flesh a lance.

"Up! and to horse; the full moon's light
Shall guide us to our foes to-night;
Our ringing blades and chargers' tramp
Shall wake the sleepers in the camp;
Shall wake them, but in hate to feel
Sheathed in their breasts the Norman steel."

A shout resounded round the board,
Each chieftain fiercely grasped his sword,
And soon across the moonlit plain
A band of horsemen spur amain;
Onward they ride through wood and stream
To where O'Carroll's camp-fires gleam.

The camp is still—'tis midnight lone,
No warning bugle-blast is blown;
So soft the heath, the quickest ear
Would fail upon the wind to hear

The noiseless tread of battle steed,
Yet on they come with flying speed.

They reach the camp, and fierce and high
Rings out the Norman battle-cry ;
But louder still, an Irish cheer
Bursts on the air, in front and rear,
From every spot on heath and hill
Pealed that fierce war-cry, loud and shrill.

O'Carroll's kern and mountaineers
Dash up against the Norman spears ;
A swarm of fierce and rugged men
Start up from brake, and bush, and glen,
And, armed with pike and sabre, stand
Before that murderous Norman band.

With desperate strength the Normans strain
To spur their coursers to the plain ;
But vain the effort. Fast their foes
On every side around them close,
And pierced through helm and iron mail
They fall before the furious Gael.

Not one escaped the tale to tell—
Around their chief they fighting fell,
And ne'er again in fair Iveagh
Did Norman knight or chief hold sway,
And bold O'Carroll's banner shone
Slieve Donard's towering heights upon.

GRACE O'MALLEY.

WHERE the sunlight in its glory
Ever shines on fair Clew Bay,
And Croaghpatrick, old and hoary,
Rises o'er the ruins gray;
Where the streamlets through the meadows
In their pride come dancing down,
Nestled close among the mountains,
Stands pleasant Newport town.

Just a league from where the turrets
Of the ancient town uprise,
And the frowning peak of Nephin
Soars in grandeur to the skies,
Lie a massive heap of ruins,
In their loneliness sublime,
Though shattered and dismantled now
By tyranny and time.

'Twas a proud and stately castle
In the days of long ago,
When the dauntless Grace O'Malley
Ruled a queen in fair Mayo;
When from Bengorm's lofty summit
To the waves of Galway Bay,
And from Castlebar to Beltra
Her unconquered flag held sway.

She had strongholds on the headlands,
And brave galleys on the sea,
And no warlike chief or viking
E'er had bolder heart than she.
She unfurled her country's banner
High from battlement and mast,
And 'gainst all the might of England
Kept it flying to the last.

The armies of Elizabeth
Invaded her on land,
Her war-ships followed in her track
And watched by many a strand;
But she swept her foes before her,
On the land and on the sea,
And the flag of Grace O'Malley
Waved defiant, proud, and free.

On the walls of Carrighooley,
As the summer sun went down,
And his last bright beams were fading
On the spires of Newport town,
To the watchman on the ramparts
There appeared in long array
A band of English spearmen
By the waters of Clew Bay.

To the walls flew Grace O'Malley,
With her clansmen by her side,
Who had often met the foeman
On the land and on the tide;

And she saw the waving banners
Of the English coming on,
And the flashing of their armor
That in polished brightness shone.

Soon before the frowning battlements
Their serried columns come,
While on the walls stand many a foe
And many a bristling gun;
Then forward towards the barbican
A herald quickly came,
And demanded free admittance
In the English monarch's name.

He said: "My royal mistress sends
My men-at-arms and me,
With greeting good to all our friends
Who leal and loyal be;
Her liege-man, Sidney, Lord of Down,
With all his spears await
For you to open wide to him
Both barbican and gate."

"Go tell your royal mistress, knight,"
The fearless Grace replied,
"That she and all her men-at-arms
Are scornfully defied!
She may own the plains and valleys
Where the Foyle and Liffey flow;
But tell her Grace O'Malley's still
Unconquered in Mayo!

"Our flag upon the battlements
Is to the breeze out-thrown,
And by God's grace we'll keep it there
In spite of queen and throne;
There's many a brave O'Malley here
With me to man the walls,
And rally round their flag until
The last man of them falls!

"We want no English hirelings here,
No soldiers of the crown;
We falter not before their spears,
Nor cower beneath their frown:
Ho! clansmen, let your war-cry ring
Defiance on the gale,
And greet these braggart Saxons with
A shower of Irish hail!"

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Then sprang upon the bristling walls,
With many a loud huzza,
A swarm of fierce and rugged men
Well bronzed in many a fray.
On every tower and battlement
An Irish kern appears,
And fiercely flash their guns upon
The foe's advancing spears.

The dauntless Grace, with Spartan soul,
Stands on the outer wall,
Regardless of the storm of balls
That fast around her fall;

The English come in marshalled strength,
And, nerved with deadly hate,
They bravely dash through ditch and fosse
And gain the foremost gate.

But right before them, face to face,
The clansmen of Mayo
Start up and greet the robbers well
With thrust and sabre blow;
And, rushing fierce as mountain stream,
Through Darra's flooded glen,
Leaps to the gate the dauntless Grace
And all her fearless men.

Hurrah! their spears are backward borne,
Their blood-red flag is down,
And Sidney, vanquished and pursued,
Spurs hard to Newport town.
That charge has taught the Saxon churls
To dread a freeman's blow,
And that dauntless Grace O'Malley
Reigns queen in fair Mayo.

The walls of Carrighooley
Lie crumbling now and lone,
Its battlmeents dismantled are,
And moss-grown every stone;
But the rebel hearts in Newport
Feel their Irish bosoms glow
When they tell how Grace O'Malley
Fought and conquered in Mayo.

There's many a fearless rebel
By Westport and Clew Bay,
Who watch with longing eagerness
For freedom's dawning day;
There's many a brawny mountaineer
Prepared to strike a blow
For the old green flag of freedom
On the soil of brave Mayo.

ST. LAWRENCE O'TOOLE.

Oh! for the fire that nerved the heart
Of Ireland's soldier saint,
That heart still true to motherland,
Unknown to guile or taint;
That heart whose every life-throb beat
For Erin and her cause,
And e'er, in victory or defeat,
Spurned England and her laws.

He saw the Norman robbers come,
With red and murderous hand,
And dare to plant their robber flag
In his unconquered land.
He met their bravest front to front,
And struck their banner down,
And quailed not at the boasted might
Arrayed for England's crown.

When Strongbow's spears and banner blazed
By Liffey's fertile shore,
Down on his fierce and marshalled ranks
The brave St. Lawrence bore;
And oft in many a rushing charge
And many a bloody scene
He held his country's foes at bay
And battled for the green.

Not his to act the coward's part,
And pray in whining tone;
He feared not England's robber king,
And bent not to his throne.
Fearless and true he boldly stood
In freedom's cause arrayed,
And foremost in the battle's van
Flashed bright his Irish blade.

Brave, faithful heart, how well you stood
Against the English foe,
And fiercely dealt the robber brood
Full many a lusty blow!
Right well his boasted warriors knew
The vengeance of your steel,
When on the gale your banner flew,
Or rose your battle peal.

Spurning the coward's whining cry,
You dashed his spears aside,
And, in the name of freedom's God,
Flung out your banner wide;

You craved no aid from foreign land
To strike his legions down,
But boldly met him hand to hand,
And quailed not at his frown.

Your place was in the battle's van,
Where freemen still should be,
And bravely struggled to the last,
Unconquered, firm, and free.
Oh! did your patriot valor burn
In Irish hearts to-day,
Not long our land would groan beneath
The Saxon robbers' sway!

DWYER THE OUTLAW.

"SHAME on you, Brian Kennedy, to slumber there so long,
While in the glen the boys in green are mustering fast and strong;
Close by the ancient abbey wall your gun stands ready there,
Get up and join the gallant boys who're marching through Kildare.

"Dwyer is mustering in the glen, and hurrying to his aid
A gallant band of Wicklow men are marching through the glade;

On their arms the sunbeams glisten, and above
their ranks is seen,
Flashing out in all its beauty, their unconquered
flag of green.

"You must rise and follow, Brian, though my last
and dearest one,
Did your heart one moment falter, I would shame
to call you son;
Your brave sire, at Enniscorthy, met the foeman
face to face,
But he fell, and 'tis your duty to rise and take his
place."

Then up leaped Brian Kennedy from off the
heather green,
And rushing forward, grasped his gun, with bold
defiant mien;
He kissed his Irish mother's cheek, and bended
to his knee,
Saying, "Mother, you or Ireland shall never
blush for me."

Away o'er wood and valley marched the gallant
Wicklow men,
Till they neared the green encampment of Dwyer
within the glen,
And a ringing cheer came rolling high above the
noise and din,
From the outlaws in the greenwood as the boys
came marching in.

On the greensward, with his rifle firmly grasped
within his hand,
Stood the fearless Irish rebel in the centre of his
band;
Every man with burnished musket, gay cockade
and jacket green,
Oh! young Brian's heart beat wildly as he gazed
upon the scene.

'Twas a gallant sight, and cheering to an Irish
rebel's breast,
To see these dauntless freeman in their country's
colors dressed,
Who had borne the green triumphant in many a
fight and fray,
And, God be praised! in Ireland there are many
such to-day.

That night among the bushes they encamped
within the glen,
And Dwyer at early sunrise quickly mustered all
his men;
With a proud and beating bosom from his couch
young Brian woke,
And his Irish blood ran quicker as the rebel cap-
tain spoke.

"Boys," he said, "from Bray and Arklow George's
troops are marching on,
Maxwell leads a horde of hirelings, Scotch and
English every one;

Never yet have darker villains come across the
Channel waves,
But within the glens of Wicklow we shall find
them ready graves.

"Holt still holds the Dublin mountains: all the red
coats in Kildare,
Though they muster twice five thousand, cannot
pierce his columns there;
They have tried, and foiled, and baffled, filled
with vengeance, come to slay
Those whose freeborn Irish bosoms would not bend
beneath their sway.

"Let them come; they'll find us ready; we have met
the dogs before,
And have trampled down their banners by the
Slaney's crimsoned shore;
They can torture helpless women, drive the weak
to cave and den,
But their craven bosoms falter when they meet
with stalwart men.

"Forward! To the rocks and bushes haste, Mc-
Alister and Quinn,
Wait the coming of the troopers with firm heart
and ready gun;
When they near the tangled brushwood, let a
volley from your men
And a cheer of fierce defiance ring throughout the
rocky glen.

"We will list the warning signal and await the coming cheer
To rise and fall upon them, and to smite them front and rear;
Let the skirmishers in ambush lay in every sheltered spot
Till the red coats of the Britons come within close rifle shot.

"While the pickets on the roadside watch the coming of the foe,
To your stations, every soldier, crouch among the bushes low;
Creep by brushwood, brake and bramble, furze and fern, and rock and tree,
Till your comrades sound the onset, then for Ireland charge with me!"

With his rifle clutched and ready Brian rushed among the trees,
And beside a mass of granite lowly crept upon his knees;
With his finger on the trigger and a frown upon his face,
Thinking of his patriot mother and his country's dark disgrace.

Soon upon the breeze came swelling the loud tramp of marching men.
One by one the Irish pickets fell back slowly to the glen,

And the whispered warning quickly passed around
from man to man,
"Maxwell's grenadiers are coming with their
colonel in the van."

Proudly step the English veterans, brightly
shines their burnished steel,
As their foremost marching columns past the
ambushed rebels wheel.
Not a sound disturbed the valley save the soldiers'
measured tread;
On they came in pride and grandeur, Maxwell
riding at their head.

Faster than the lightning flashes, fiercer than
the earthquake's shock,
Leaped a ringing Irish volley out from brushwood,
tree, and rock;
And a cheer that loud resounded burst upon the
startled foe,
While another ringing volley rattled on their
ranks below.

To his feet, like hungry tiger, sprang Dwyer with
fearful yell,
Flashed his rifle fierce and deadly, down to earth
a foeman fell.
Maxwell totters in his saddle, Brian's bullet in
his brain,
Horse and rider fall before them till the glen is
heaped with slain.

Every rock sends forth a missile, every tree shoots death and flame,
Fast and faster slug and bullet on the English columns came.
"There's a shot for murdered Emmet!" said Dwyer with stifled groan;
"There's another," roared young Brian, "for my father and Wolfe Tone!"

"Here is one for Father Murphy!" roared a brawny mountaineer,
And his rifle-ball went crashing through an English grenadier.
"Mark yon Scotchman's Highland bonnet, with the dancing eagle's plume,
He came from bonnie Scotland thus to meet a hireling's doom."

"Charge them home!" Dwyer shouted. "See! their troopers turn and fly;
Not a man alive shall leave us—here their trampled bones shall lie.
Think of plundered, burning Wexford, and the blood they shed that day.
One brave charge for Mother Ireland! down upon them boys! hurrah!"

With a cheer that wildly echoed over rock and tree and glen,
Rushed the gallant Irish rebel and his band of Wicklow men.

To the front against his columns like an avalanche they go,
While in the rear McAllister comes bounding on the foe.

Out of all the vaunting troopers who had marched that morn from Bray,
From that fierce avenging slaughter not a man escaped that day.
And that night around the camp-fires as they lay within the glen,
Young Brian's name was toasted by the outlaw and his men.

THE BATTLE OF DUNDALK, A.D. 954.

The fight was fought, and the field was won,
The Danes had gained the day,
And off with the captured Irish chief
They sailed to Dundalk Bay;
But they left behind on the battle plain
Full many a gallant knight,
And many a valiant chief lay slain
In that fierce and bloody fight.

"Away! away! to Dundalgan Bay,
Oh! speed ye, hard and fast,
For there your chief on the foeman's deck
Is bound to a Danish mast;

And Sitric waits for the winds to rise
To waft him o'er the wave,
And bear to his king our gallant chief
Chained down like the meanest slave."

Mononia's troops feel their bosoms glow,
As they list to their leader's words,
And vengeance rises in every heart
As they fiercely grasp their swords;
And on, with the speed of a rushing stream,
That bursts from the hills, they go
To rescue and save the Irish chief
From the hands of the pagan foe.

And now Bellurgan's hills are passed,
And now they reach the strand;
But a wailing sigh bursts wild and high
From the midst of that Irish band;
For Sitric's sails to the breeze are spread,
And the wind is blowing fair,
And they sadly gaze on the lessening ships
In sorrow and mute despair.

When lo! as their visions seaward range,
And all hope from their hearts is gone,
A gallant fleet appears in sight,
Through the wild waves dashing on.
Nearer and nearer the Danish foe,
O'er the surging waves they bound,
And a cheer comes ringing o'er the waves,
And the shore sends back the sound.

The green flag streams from every mast,
Its folds float fair and wide,
And borne on the wings of the rushing blast
They cleave through the foaming tide.
One loud, long cheer from the troops on shore
Rings out o'er the heaving deep—
One moment more, and the Irish ships
Bear down on the Danish fleet.

In through the midst of the hostile fleet
Bold Fionn's vessel steers,
Where frowning Sitric's raven flag
From the tapering mast appears—
With a shout he leaps on the foeman's deck,
Dealing death at every blow,
And gains the mast, where the Irish chief
Is lashed by his country's foe.

One moment more, and with Fionn's blade
His bonds are severed wide,
And with Danish broadsword in his hand
He fights by his comrade's side.
But thick as the leaves in Arra's vale
The Danes around him swarm,
Yet he cuts a way through their serried ranks
By the might of his single arm.

Pierced to the heart by a Danish spear
On the deck bold Fionn lies,
Struck down at last in his bold career,
Yet fighting still, he dies ;

And backward borne by countless spears,
The Irishmen give way—
Then turn, when pressed by their savage foes,
And fighting, stand at bay.

To-night the Munster maids shall weep
In the vales by Shannon's side;
To-night shall the Irish mother wail
By Dundalk's reddened tide;
For alas! hemmed in by a hundred ships,
And theirs so weak and few,
Cut down in scores, they fall before
The swords of the pirate crew.

But who is he of the giant form
That rises so fierce and grand,
And clears a path through the Danish ranks
With the red blade in his hand?
'Tis Fingall, chief of the battle-ships,
And the Northman's direst foe,
And at every sweep of his circling sword
They fall to the deck below.

On, till he stood at Sitric's side,
Through their thickest ranks he pressed,
A hundred swords are above him raised,
And aimed at his panting breast.
One leap, one spring toward the Danish chief,
And his arms are round him thrown,
And with the foe in his fierce embrace
Leaps into the surging foam.

The Irish seamen held their breath,
And gazed on friend and foe,
As together, struggling to the last,
They sank to the waves below.
And, fired by Fingall's noble deed,
With a cheer for his glorious name,
They swear, as they leap on the foeman's deck,
To dare and to do the same.

From ship to ship came an answering cheer
That rang o'er the seething sea,
And the frightened Danes, appalled with fear,
With their vessels turn to flee.
But the Irish swords drink fast and deep
Of the Norman pagan's gore,
And the sea is choked with the Danish dead,
From the ships to the distant shore.

And strewn on the waves is every sail
That came from the Danish land,
And again the breast of fair Innisfail
Is freed from the robber's hand.
With joy the ships of the Irish fleet
Returned to Dundalk Bay,
And amid a grateful people's prayer
That night at anchor lay.

There was joy that eve in the grand old town,
And high swelled the harper's strain,
As he proudly told of the noble deeds
Of the Irish warriors slain.

And bonfires blazed on the mountain-tops,
 And flamed to the midnight skies ;
Their light illumined the distant slopes,
 Where the hills of Mourne rise.

Alas ! that the land from whose sunny shores
 Our sires made the Northman flee,
Should be ruled to-day by a tyrant power
 More cruel far than he,
And the rights they won with the freeman's sword
 Be crushed by the despot's heel,
And the slave and the hireling's whining words
 Take the place of the flashing steel !

Oh ! ye who strive for motherland
 And her rebel flag of green,
And scorn to crawl before the throne
 Of a Saxon king or queen—
As ye nerve your souls in the coming strife
 By her flag to stand or fall,
Swear to strike home to the foeman's heart,
 Like Fionn and brave Fingall.

HAMILTON'S LEAP.

HAMILTON was an Irish gentleman and soldier, who fought against the tyrant Cromwell in his Irish wars. Being defeated in battle, and the last of his followers slain, he escaped to the Glen of Strabane, situated about one mile from the town of the same name in the County of Tyrone, where for years he led the life of a hunted outlaw. Returning one evening from a friend's

house, whither he had gone to procure food, and riding along the rocky bridle-path one hundred feet above the glen, he was suddenly surprised by a band of Cromwell's troopers. The brave old soldier, scorning to surrender, flung his sword in the face of his enemies, spurred his horse over the dreadful precipice, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. The place is still pointed out by the peasantry, and the scene of the exploit is to this day called "Hamilton's Leap."

"THEY have chased the old lion away from his den,
At last he is driven to bay,
And against five hundred mail-clad men
I can't very well essay.

"On right and left I can see their spears,
And behind do their horsemen ride;
In front a yawning chasm appears—
And there's death upon every side.

"Through many a long and weary day
They have hunted me hard and fast,
And I baffled and foiled their plans alway,
But the bravest must die at last.

"My bonnie mare, you have served me well,
When weary and sore distressed;
When the Saxon bullets around me fell,
And their troopers behind me pressed:

"But never again shall we scour the plain
With banner afloat and free,
And gallop o'er heaps of Saxon slain,
For to-day you must die with me.

"So here's one prayer for the land I love
In sorrow, in joy, or dole;
One curse on the foe; and may God above
Have mercy on my poor soul!"

He spurred his horse till the ruby gore
The rocks and moss o'erspread,
Gave the fatal leap—in one moment more
Both rider and horse lay dead.

He lived the life of a soldier brave,
He died as a soldier should,
And the grass grows green on his Irish grave,
'Mong the hazels in Mourne's wood.

THE SUNBURST FLAG OF IRELAND.

The Sunburst flag of Ireland!—two thousand years have rolled
Adown the peaceful stream of time since first its green and gold
Flashed proudly in the summer's sun or 'mid the battle's glare,
With Victory perched upon its folds, and Freedom smiling there.

The Sunburst flag of Ireland!—on many a field and plain
For Truth and Right it floated fair, and never soared in vain;

King Dathi proudly bore it through Alpine pass and glen,
And tyrants quailed before it when borne by free-born men.

The Sunburst flag of Ireland!—it flashed in freedom's light,
When Gaul and Britain's naked serfs were sunk in slavery's night;
The conquering Roman legions through all earth's kingdoms poured
Save one: in ancient Ireland their eagle never soared.

The Sunburst flag of Ireland!—long, long the savage Dane
By force and fraud ignobly strove its spotless folds to stain,
Till Brian rose in all his strength, despite the tyrant's frown,
And 'neath his hand on Clontarf's plain their raven flag went down.

The Sunburst flag of Ireland!—six hundred years and more
Are gone since first a Saxon foot was planted on our shore,
And never since could bribes or gold, nor sword or fire, efface
The dark and deadly hatred we bear the Saxon race.

The Sunburst flag of Ireland!—it rose in ninety-eight,
It rose but fell in blood and gloom, crushed down by savage hate;
But not in dark disgrace or shame that peerless flag went down,
Bear witness, Oulart's blood-stained hill and Wexford's burning town.

O Sunburst flag of Ireland! are all thy glories fled;
Must thou, proud flag, still droop and pine 'neath England's pirate red?
Must thy bright folds be crushed and torn that once waved proud and free,
And not a hand to raise a brand for motherland and thee?

No, no! while throbs one Irish heart, while lives one free-born soul,
While Mourne's mountains point to heaven and Shannon's waters roll,
Brave men and true will ever rise, by mountain, hill, and crag,
To rally round our banner green and guard the dear old flag.

Unconquered flag of Ireland! long steeped in blood and tears,
Look up! look up! thy night is past, fair Freedom's dawn appears;

Look up! look up! the clouds are rent, the heavens
are glowing bright,
Thou soon shalt soar afloat and free in freedom's
blessed light.

THE WEXFORD PIKEMAN.

O'Rourke the Blacksmith forged the pike, and
better ne'er was made—
The ashen handle eight feet long and two feet
long the blade;
Brave Father Murphy blessed it one night by
Slaney's side;
And young Brian Bawn caressed it as a lover
would his bride.

'Mong the groves of grand old Wexford, when the
moon was shining bright,
Our captain came to drill us through the long,
long summer's night,
And first among his comrades, from summer's eve
till dawn,
With his pike upon his shoulder, was brave young
Brian Bawn.

Long we waited for the watchword: no "petitioners" were we,
And before the tyrant's footstool scorned to bend
the freeborn knee—

Long we waited for the time when we a goodly
blow could strike,
When our voice would be the rifle and our
pen would be the pike.

For glad and joyful tidings across the sea had
flown,
That brave and gallant allies were coming with
Wolfe Tone,
And soon the dear old flag should fly o'er every
hill and glen,
With good Lord Edward at the head of fifty
thousand men.

One night beneath the bright May moon, down
by the river side,
Oh! how our hearts were beating with joy and
manly pride,
For our captain gave the order that we long had
wished to hear,
And thrice three hundred pikemen all answered
with a cheer.

"Now God be praised," he proudly said, "the hour
has come at last,
And soon our brave old flag shall fly afloat in
freedom's blast;
So, boys, be up and ready, with your pikes in
proud array,
For we march to Enniscorthy by the dawning of
the day."

'Twas then a wild and ringing cheer o'er Slaney's
waters rolled,
And fluttered in the moonlight clear our flag of
green and gold,
And on our knees to Heaven we vowed the tyrants
to destroy,
While Brian fiercely grasped his pike, and cried
for very joy.

It is noon in Enniscorthy, and the town is all
aflame,
The dead and dying block the streets, and blood
flows fast as rain;
And, hemmed around on every side, their weapons
reeking red,
Stand a band of gallant pikemen, young Brian
at their head.

Right well and nobly had he fought, with his
brave comrades all,
Through Enniscorthy's blazing streets right to
the barrack wall;
But when he gained the barrack square in sad
dismay he found
A thousand ruthless foemen encircle him
around.

Scant hope of mercy or escape, scant hope of suc-
cor there;
A thousand rifles round him gape, a thousand
bayonets glare;

But never for one moment quailed his heart in fear or woe,
He fiercely grasped his blood-stained pike, and pointed to the foe.

"One charge, my gallant comrades, for God and fatherland,
And if we fall amid their ranks, 'twill be with pike in hand.
The Saxon dogs! we'll meet them with defiance firm and high,
And if we cannot beat them, we will show them how to die."

Right up against the levelled tubes they rushed like tempest blast—
The famished tiger in the woods springs not so fierce and fast;
With wild and desperate strength they leap against that bristling wall,
But vain is valor, vain is hope—they struggle but to fall.

One fatal volley from behind the coward yeomen pour,
And Brian, wounded to the heart, falls weltering in his gore.
His faithful pike with dying grasp clutched firm in both his hands,
And sadly weeping by his side a bleeding comrade stands.

With sudden start he looked around, a smile lit up
his eye,
For, writhing on the bloody ground, a score of
yeomen lie;
Death's icy fingers pressed his heart, but, ere his
spirit fled,
He grasped his comrade by the hand and mourn-
fully he said:

"Maurice, farewell! Take thou my pike; 'tis
weapon meet for thee;
When next for fatherland you strike, strike one
good blow for me.
I die as my brave fathers died, with freedom's
blade in hand;
Do thou the same; God guard the Green, and
bless the dear old land."

He closed his eyes, and back to earth the gallant
pikeman fell
As rose upon the evening air a wild and fearful
yell,
And pikemen rush and leap and push, with cheer
and wild hurrah!
Brave Maurice grasped the blood-stained pike and
sprang into the fray.

That pike is yet in Wexford; there is blood upon
it still—
Dark blood that flowed at Gorey town and eke at
Oulart hill—

And old men say, on winter nights, when round
the hearthstone met,
'Twill help to drive the Saxon dogs from holy Ire-
land yet.

THE SIEGE OF CLONMEL.

THE MUSTER.

HURRAH ! above the ramparts thrown
Our gallant flag appears,
And bravely marching to our aid
Come Desmond's Mountaineers.
On Ormond's stormy plain is heard
The sound of marching men,
And fast the clans are mustering
By every field and glen.

Oh ! how the blood like lightning leaps
And flashes through my veins
To see our clansmen's ordered lines
And hear their martial strains :
Upon the rampart's towering height,
Brave Maurice, comrade mine,
We'll stand and watch our bold allies
Come forth in battle line.

Hark ! hear you not upon the breeze
The war-cry of O'Neill ?
St. Bridget ! mark yon war-torn flag
And lines of bristling steel !

I see their columns winding through
The woods of fair Gurteen ;
'Twill tax Clan London's utmost strength
To pierce these ranks of Green.

They come with banners waving free,
The victors of Benburb,
Whose fiery hearts and free-born arms
No Saxon chain could curb.
The fierce and dark-souled Puritan
May well beware their frown,
For oft before their rushing charge
His robber-flag went down.

The Munster chiefs are marshalling
Their kerns by Anner's shore,
And many a grim O'Mahony
From Cashel and Kincore ;
And many a fierce O'Callaghan,
Whose hearts with vengeance swell,
Are mustering by the Commerahs,
And marching to Clonmel.

See ! close by yonder skirt of woods
That overhangs the Suir,
With firm-set ranks, they bravely come,
The spearmen of O'Moore ;
And fast behind O'Brien rides,
His heart lit up with glee,
Well pleased before his wondering eyes
So brave a sight to see.

How grandly look these Munster chiefs,
How fierce their war-steeds neigh,
How bravely march their gallant troops
In firm and proud array!
Upon their banner's wavy folds
The summer sunshine falls,
And loud and high a welcome cheer
Comes booming from the walls.

Hurrah! old Tipperary's hills
With bonfires bright shall blaze,
Their light the English may discern
At morning's dawning rays.
To-morrow's sun shall see our flag
In pride and beauty wave,
And every spot around Clonmel
Shall be a foeman's grave.

Now let the vaunting Puritan,
The butcher, Cromwell, come—
We'll meet the shock with hearts as strong
And firm as Slievenamon.
They come, a fierce and murderous horde,
Their hands with blood imbrued,
But, God be praised! we've blades enough
To give them greeting good.

Hurrah! hurrah! send out a shout,
Until the hills reply—
Our grand old hills that proudly soar
Like giants to the sky.

Our fathers died to keep them free,
By many a stream and glen;
We struggle for the same good cause,
To win or die like them.

THE BATTLE.

The roll of the drum gives warning
That the foe is advancing near,
And bright in the sun gleams many a gun
And the glimmer of many a spear.
As thick as the leaves in the summer
That cluster in Carric's dell,
The soldiers of Cromwell have come in their wrath
To batter the walls of Clonmel.

With waving banners advancing
In their pride and their strength they come,
All is silent and still within the gates,
And hushed is the city's hum;
Ten thousand troopers in harness
Are around the walls outspread,
And the merciless butcher, Cromwell,
Rides grimly at their head.

The roar of his mighty cannon
Rings fiercely upon the breeze,
And rolls afar o'er Rathronan's vale,
And o'er the tall Galtees.

And from the beleaguered city
There bursts a deafening shout,
And from every tower and turret
A tempest of flame leaps out.

Stand true to the flag, Tipperary,
And guard the old banner well,
And smite to the earth with vengeance
The vultures before Clonmel.
Strike home for your brave old banner,
The emblem of motherland,
And show to the canting Puritan
The strength of a freeman's hand.

As fast as the rain-drops patter,
As fast as the snow-flakes fall,
Comes a crashing shower of bullets
From the guns on the outer wall ;
And down to the dust for ever,
Like leaves strewn by the gale,
Go the foremost files of his red dragoons,
Struck down by that deadly hail.

And dark grew the frown of Cromwell
As he looked on the slaughter done,
And fiercely ordered each cannoneer
To stand by his blazing gun :
"Cursed be their souls !" he shouted,
"Who guard yon old Popish town,
But on to the walls and trample
The hosts of Belial down."

They rush to the gate ; 'tis opened,
And "Forward !" their captain calls,
And thrice ten score of his bravest men
Leap madly within the walls.
But fast swung the massive gate around
And shut upon those without,
And high from the midst of the Irish town
Burst a wild, triumphant shout :

"Remember the streets of Tredah,
And the cross of Wexford town,
When the ruthless sword of Cromwell
Struck maid and matron down.
Charge home to their hearts, Tipperary !
On the blood-dyed spawn of hell,
Until every canting Puritan
Is trampled in red Clonmel !"

The kern from the Galtee mountains
With a yell leaps on the foe,
The hardy trooper from fair Macroom
Strikes deeper at every blow.
The streets of the maddened city
Are choked with the English dead,
And the blade of the Irish gallowglass
With their blood is dripping red.

Without roared the angry cannon,
And fast flew the shot and shell—
It swept over wall and rampart,
Into street and square it fell,

Till the walls were torn and shattered
And the foremost gate was gone,
And five thousand dark-browed Puritans
To the breach came rushing on.

As fierce as the waves in winter,
And wild with revenge and hate,
Fast rush the dauntless Irish
To guard the imperilled gate.
The sword of a fierce O'Mahony
Falls down on the foremost foe,
And he reels to earth—from head to chine
Cut down by that furious blow.

Body to body they tug and strive,
And breast to breast they strain,
Till breach and wall with blood are dyed
And choked with mangled slain.
The musket's flash and sabre's crash,
The shriek, and the dying yell,
The dark, red gore and the maddening roar,
Of death and dark vengeance tell.

"Push back these canting hypocrites,"
Loud roared the fierce O'Neill;
"Strike, Desmond, Ormond, till their hearts
Shall writhe 'neath your reddened steel;
Hurrah! dash down on their yielding ranks!
Dash down on the dark-souled crew,
And show to the blood-stained Puritans
What the Munster kerns can do!"

With a shout that echoed above the din
And noise of the battle's roar,
The fiery kern and the mountaineer
On the ranks of dark Cromwell bore.
They pierce through the heart of that serried mass,
They trample their bravest down,
Till the ruthless robbers in terror fly
From the walls of the Irish town.

A thousand foes are lying
And writhing in street and square;
A thousand more by the outer gate
In blood are buried there;
And hundreds more in the blackened breach
By the sword of the Irish fell—
Oh! never was fought a fiercer fight
Than that of brave Clonmel.

Hurrah! for our grand old banner,
The flag that the Saxon banned;
May its folds soon flutter o'er us
On the hills of our native land!
Oh! there's many a heart in Munster
That sighs for the coming fray,
Would leap with joy to see its folds
Wave over our ranks to-day.

And there's many a rebel rifle
By Limerick and Clonmel,
And men by the Suir and Shannon
That know how to use them well;

And the old land yet shall glisten,
From the Galtees to the sea,
With the sheen of our rebel bayonets,
As we march to make her free.

With the spirit that nerved our fathers
In the breach of Clonmel town,
To battle against the Briton
And strike his red banner down,
We will strike for the right and freedom
With the will and the weapons of men,
And beneath our old rebel banner
We'll fight the old fight again.

ORANMORE.

O'Conor's clan, from Corrib's shore,
Is speeding fast to Oranmore;
Their foamy steeds across the plain
Are urged with spur and bridle-rein;
And dark the frown, and fraught with care
The gloomy look his clansmen wear.

From Annaghdown to Athenry
Onward with furious speed they fly,
Till, looming up before their sight,
Arise the towers and turrets bright
That in the sunshine proudly soar
Above the walls of Oranmore.

Upon its walls the sunlight gleams,
And high the red-cross banner streams—
The emblem of that foreign band
Who came from rugged Saxon-land—
And rampart, battlement, and tower
Proclaim the Norman's strength and power.

But little recks the fearless Gael
For Norman sword or Norman mail;
Scant love or fear does Connaught know
For Saxon knight or foreign foe.
Their swords have braved their might before
And stormed the walls of Oranmore.

The hearts and hands who're wont to guard
Each pass and plain round Oughterard—
The hearts that throb by Corrib's shore,
And Ardrahan and free Dunmore—
Care little for the foeman's might
When armed for Erin's cause of right.

The breeze that sweeps across the bay
Brings on its wings the fierce hurrah
That bursts from Galway's mountaineers
As on the walls De Burgo's spears,
Gleaming in marshalled ranks, are seen
Bidding defiance to the Green.

Hate and revenge nerves every man,
And forward leaps O'Conor's clan;

A shower of arrows wing their flight
From the tall ramparts' bristling height;
A thousand missiles from the wall
Headlong among his clansmen fall.

But forward press the dauntless Gael
With naked breasts 'gainst iron mail—
With dark resolve and deadly hate,
They rush to gain the guarded gate,
Where, fierce as she-wolf in her den,
Stands dark De Burgo and his men.

In front O'Conor's flashing brand
Gleams like a meteor in his hand,
And rings on Norman casque and crown,
As man by man he tramples down
The iron swordsmen, stern and rude,
Who there oppose his desperate mood.

Fast from the walls the Norman foe
Rush to the gate with shout and blow,
But faster 'gainst their bows and spears
The saffron-shirted mountaineers
Rush on to meet them undismayed,
With breast to breast, and blade to blade.

Bravely De Burgo heads his band,
And loudly swells his stern command:
"Drive with your swords these mountain kern
Back to their dens among the fern,

Or trample in their sluggish gore
These caitiff knaves in Oranmore!"

"Base Norman dog!" O'Conor cried,
As, leaping to De Burgo's side
Through his deep ranks with desperate pace,
He stood before him face to face—
"Base Norman dog! 'tis thus our swords
Give answer to your braggart words!"

And with one fierce and desperate blow
He hurled him headlong on his foe,
Swift as the waves of Arran leap
When from the north the breezes sweep,
And to the earth De Burgo smote
Through helmet, skull, and brain, and throat.

His fearless clan, with axe and blade,
A circle round O'Conor made,
As, panting from that dreadful blow,
He stood before the maddened foe,
Who toward him rushed with frenzied yell,
As down to earth their leader fell.

But from Iar-Connaught's clan leaped out
A triumph and a vengeance shout,
That echoed o'er Clare-Galway's plain
And proud Kinvarra's fair domain;
That shout foretold each foeman's fate
Who stood before the embattled gate.

Onward! ere died that cheer away
Sprang the fierce clansmen to the fray;
Pike, skein, and reddened broadsword flash.
As up against their lines they dash,
And with resistless valor strain
The guarded wall and gate to gain.

Scant courtesy has Norman knight
For Irish kern in fray or fight;
Nor less does kern for Norman feel
When flashes in his hand the steel;
Valor alone can turn the tide
Of victory to either side.

Fierce was the charge; their lines were set,
And man to man the dark foes met;
No craven fear, no base despair,
Nor coward thought nor cry was there:
Each to the last his weapon plied,
Till in his blood he sank and died.

'Tis done—before that tempest's breath
The bold defenders sink in death;
Their useless blades are broken now,
The death-damp sits on every brow;
Not one of all that Norman band
Bears back the news to Saxon-land.

The sun that morn o'er Athenry
Beheld the Norman banner fly;

But ere he sank upon the shore
The Sunburst streamed o'er Oranmore,
And from Kilkerrin to the sea
It waved o'er all broad Connaught free.

THE CROPPY'S GRAVE.

. . . The mounds are there, the old moat is there, still traced by the unbroken mound whereby the "Banquet Hall," three hundred and sixty feet long by forty feet in width, was formed, and in which the kings of Ireland entertained their chieftains, their royal dames, and their guests, in high revelry. Beyond this no vestige remains. But there, within the moat—in the very midst of the ruins—there, perhaps on the very spot where Ireland's ancient throne was raised—there is a long, grass-grown mound; the earth is raised; it is covered with a verdant sod; the shamrock blooms upon it; and the old peasants will tell you this is the "Croppy's Grave." In the year 1798, the "year of the troubles," as we may well call it, some ninety Wexford men, or thereabouts, after the news came "that the cause was lost," fought their way, every inch, from Wexford until they came to the Hill of Tara, and made their last stand on the banks of the river Boyne. There, pursued by a great number of the king's dragoons, they fought their way over those two miles of intervening country, their faces to the foe. These ninety heroes, surrounded, fired upon, still fought and would not yield, until slowly, like the Spartan band at Thermopylæ, they gained the Hill of Tara, and stood there like lions at bay. Surrounded on all sides by the soldiers, the officer in command offered them their lives if they would only lay down their arms. One of these "shelmaliers" had that morning sent the colonel of the dragoons to take a cold bath in the Boyne. In an evil hour the Wexford men, trusting to the plighted faith of this British officer, laid down their arms, and, as soon as their guns were out of their hands, every one of them was fired

upon, and, to the last man, they perished upon the Hill of Tara. And there they were enshrined among the ancient glories of Ireland, and laid in the "Croppy's Grave." And they tell how in 1843, when O'Connell was holding his monster meetings throughout the land, in the early morning, he stood upon the Hill of Tara, with a hundred thousand brave, strong Irishmen around him. There was a tent pitched upon the hill-top, there was an altar erected, and an aged priest went to offer up the Mass for the people. But the old women — the women with the gray heads — who were blooming maidens in '98 — came from every side; and they all knelt round the "Croppy's Grave"; and just as the priest began the Mass, and the one hundred thousand on the hill-sides and in the vales below were uniting in adoration, a loud cry of wailing pierced the air. It was the Irish brothers and the Irish maidens pouring out their souls in sorrow, and wetting with their tears the shamrock that grew out of the "Croppy's Grave."—*Works of Father Burke.*

From Wexford town to where the tide
 Of Boyne's bright water flows,
Throughout the long, long summer day,
 They stood against their foes.
Though few in numbers, faint and weak,
 That young and gallant band
Kept proudly flying to the last
 The flag of motherland.

In Enniscorthy's blazing streets
 And Gorey's crimson town,
Before their wild and rushing charge
 The red-cross flag went down.
And when at last the cause was lost,
 And hope of succor o'er,
They fought their way from Slaney's side
 To Boyne's far-distant shore.

Wearie and worn at length they stand
Upon the ancient hill,
Once graced by Ireland's warlike chiefs
And blessed by Columbkille.
Around them fiercely roar and surge
In serried, close platoons,
The hireling slaves of royalty,
King George's fierce dragoons.

O God ! it is a fearful sight,
Beneath the blessed sky,
To see these dark and scowling men
And hear their savage cry,
As up the green hill-side they rush,
Against the faithful few
Who stand alone beneath their flag
To God and Ireland true.

Alone, and few, and faint and weak,
But oh ! defiant still,
To meet that fierce and savage charge,
They form upon the hill.
Nor craven heart, nor faltering hand,
Nor fawning lip was there,
Fearless and free they proudly stand
With pike and bayonet bare.

They meet—and from that rugged shock
King George's troops recoil,
Their ranks are thinned and shattered wide,
And gory is the soil.

Again they form one living mass,
And up the hill-side go,
Again are dashed by rebel hands
Down to the vale below.

Thus singly and alone throughout
That long, long summer day,
Against a host of savage foes
They proudly stood at bay.
Until one-half of that brave band
Lay on the hill-side dead;
Yet still the remnant proudly kept
"The Green above the Red."

'Tis evening, and the summer sun
Is sinking in the west:
His last beams linger on the hill
And gild its heathy crest;
And as his parting light recedes,
And twilight settles down,
Their flag still floats upon the hill,
Their pikes its summit crown.

Then spoke the English leader thus,
And raised his hand on high:
"Your fight is vain, and pity 'tis
That such brave men should die.
Throw down your arms, and freely here—
I pledge a soldier's word—
Free and unscathed may you depart,
Unharmed by fire or sword."

One moment looked they on their flag
That waved so proudly there,
Then on the foe—to pierce his ranks
'Twere instant death to dare.
Trusting a soldier's plighted word,
Their guns to earth are thrown,
And stand unarmed before the foe,
Defenceless and alone.

But opened not the English ranks
Nor turned their blades aside—
Alas! brave, trusting Irish hearts,
Far better ye had died.
Far better fall beneath your flag,
Armed with the freeman's sword,
Than trust the pirate's plighted faith,
False England's perjured word.

A thousand levelled rifles flash,
And scatter death around,
Till the last man of that brave band
Lies stretched upon the ground.
Where England's might and England's power
And England's valor failed,
Dark fraud and hellish treachery
Against them had prevailed.

Above their tombs the shamrocks blow
On Tara's ancient hill,
And on that holy, sacred mount
They slumber, calm and still.

And old men say, when comes the day
Our country's flag shall wave,
'Twill proudly float on Tara's Hill
Above the "Croppy's Grave."

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

A BALLAD OF THE BLACKWATER, A.D. 1599.

MARIE was the name of the Miller's daughter,
The sweetest flower in the glen was she,
Her cottage stood by the bright Blackwater,
And lovers many had fair Marie.

Brave youths and swains all in vain had sought her,
Of graceful bearing and gallant mien,
But her heart was far from the bright Blackwater,
Away with Maurice of the Flag of Green.

A rebel he on the hills of Mourne,
He roamed an outlaw o'er dale and down;
His heart with anguish and sorrow torn,
His couch at night 'mong the wild heath brown.

But Marie sighed for her absent lover,
His image dwelt in her heart alone,
And he had vowed ere the year was over
He'd come and make her his bride—his own.

But still he came not—the year was waning,
And a Saxon sued her, so dark and grim ;
And despite her prayers and her sad complaining,
Her father swore she should wed with him.

With sighs and tears she in vain besought him
To shield her heart from such cruel woe,
And her cheek, once red as the peach in autumn,
Was now as pale as the falling snow.

Her sire was stern, and in scowling anger
He fiercely swore that whate'er betide
His child should wed with the Saxon stranger,
And named the day she should be his bride.

'Twas then in sorrow, in grief, and mourning
She thought of Maurice so sad and lone,
And fondly prayed for his quick returning,
But still he came not to claim his own.

'Twas the bridal morn—and in beauty beaming
The sun shone bright over field and plain,
When with stately pomp and with banners streaming
Came the Saxon stranger with all his train.

The hour has come, but, alas ! the maiden
With sighs and tears at the altar stands,
Her heart with sorrow and grief o'erladen,
And meekly bows to her sire's commands.

When, lo ! adown through the glen advancing
A troop of horsemen in haste are seen,
Their pikes and spears in the sunlight glancing,
And plumes and pennons of emerald green.

And hard and fast in the vanguard pushing
Their fiery leader rides like the wind,
And on like a mountain torrent rushing
Full ten-score horsemen press close behind.

Then paused the priest ere the rite was over,
And paused the maid ere the vows were said,
And darkly frowning, her Saxon lover
Looked round in anger, in fear and dread.

And quickly entered with gallant bearing
A band of freemen in harness dight,
Their youthful leader so proud and daring
Stepped boldly forward in armor bright.

One look towards Marie—half joy, half sadness—
One moment more and their glances meet,
Then wildly shrieking with hope and gladness,
She fainting fell at her father's feet.

Out spoke the Saxon in tones of anger,
While round him gather his hireling band :
"Who's he who comes with such noise and clangor
Before God's altar with armed hand ?"

"One who for Erin braved death and danger,
And never faltered," the youth replied,
"Who comes to wrest from a Saxon stranger,
Even at the altar, his promised bride.

"One who has watched on the mountain heather
To hear our war-cry ring on the blast;
And praised be God and his Virgin Mother,
The wished-for moment has come at last!

"Clan London's bravest met sore disaster,
Their legions fled from O'Neill's brave sword,
And fell their hopes with their Saxon master
But yester eve at the Yellow Ford.

"Tyrowen's clans from the hills are springing,
Their slogans peal through green Ulster wide,
And Red Hugh's war-cry is wildly ringing
From Swilly's shore to Blackwater's side.

"And hard and fast from the field I've ridden
Since early morn without stop or pause
To meet thee here, and to claim this maiden,
With ten-score horsemen to aid my cause.

"Their blades are bare, and their hearts are yearning
Since morn to meet with thy slaves and thee;
They wait without for my quick returning,
And thou, proud Saxon, must come with me.

"No foreign flag shall our land dishonor
While Ulster's clans are in line arrayed;
No Saxon foeman's foot press on her,
Nor Saxon churl wed an Irish maid."

He paused, with head erect and daring,
And gazed around with a glance of pride,
And past the Saxon with martial bearing
He boldly stepped to the maiden's side.

Then rose a shout from the joyous people
That echoed far through the stilly glen,
And flashed on high over tower and steeple
Old Erin's Sunburst in pride again.

The bells ring out on the bright Blackwater,
The bride stands forth in her silken sheen—
The bride is Marie the Miller's daughter,
The bridegroom, Maurice of the Flag of Green.

MARY OF CAPPOQUIN.

THE bright Blackwater sweetly flows
In beauty past the ancient town,
And on its banks the shamrock grows,
The wild ash and the hazel brown.
When last I gazed upon its tide,
'Twas evening, just at set of sun,
And she—brave girl—was by my side,
Sweet Mary White of Cappoquin.

The flowers that grew beside the stream,
And blushed to be reflected there,
When brightened by the sun's warm beam,
Were not so sweet, so pure, so fair.
Her sunny smile and laughing eye,
Her rosy cheek and dimpled chin,
Her Irish heart so proud and high—
Sweet Mary White of Cappoquin.

We met to part, for on that day
The scarlet soldiers thither came,
And I was forced to flee away,
With branded and with outlawed name.
Because to Ireland's banner true
My brothers perished one by one,
And I was forced to bid adieu
To Ireland and to Cappoquin.

Sweet girl! how fair she looked and bright,
With downcast eyes and modest mien;
Her warm heart throbbed for Ireland's right,
And dearly loved the jacket green.
"Farewell!" she said, "we'll meet again
When brighter days perhaps shall come,
When hearts that now are dark with pain
Shall beat with hope in Cappoquin.

"But come not with the hireling slave,
Who bends before the foeman's rod,
Who panders to the tyrant knave,
And fears to raise his soul to God:

Come not to stain your country's name,
As traitorous hireling slaves have done,
Such wretches blot the honest fame
Of Ireland and of Cappoquin.

"But come when on our Irish hills
Fair freedom's beacon-fires are seen,
When vengeance every bosom thrills,
And freedom stands beneath the green.
Come with the noble and the brave,
With bayonets flashing in the sun,
And by my father's holy grave,
I'll welcome you to Cappoquin!

"Come when o'er every tower and town
Our fearless war-cry loud shall peal,
And our brave clansmen rally round
The Sunburst banner of O'Neill:
Come when is heard the rifle's crack,
The rushing charge, the rolling drum—
Oh! then, with pride and joy come back,
And wear the green in Cappoquin!"

By Heaven! my heart beat high with pride
While gazing on her glowing cheek;
I felt I proudly could have died,
And laid my life's blood at her feet.
And deep within my heart I swore
Our country's rights shall yet be won,
And Freedom's flag shall flutter o'er
The tallest spire in Cappoquin.

We parted, and across the wave
From home and country far I sped,
Because I would not live a slave
Beneath proud England's haughty red ;
Because I spurned their Saxon queen,
And braved her as my sires had done ;
Because I wore the Shamrock Green,
They banished me from Cappoquin.

O Erin dear, old motherland !
They could not win my heart from thee ;
I've still a willing heart and hand
To strike a blow to make thee free ;
And hope still burns within my breast
That yet, amid the battle's din,
On every hill and mountain crest
Our flag shall fly round Cappoquin.

Our Fenian rifles yet shall ring,
Our Emerald banner proudly float,
And Erin's sons shall fiercely spring
To grasp the Saxon tyrant's throat.
And by the bright Blackwater's side
Our banner yet shall greet the sun,
And I'll return to claim my bride
And wear the Green in Cappoquin.

MYLES THE SLASHER AT THE BRIDGE OF FINEA.

Castlehaven has forded the Shannon
With the soldiers of brave Owen Roe,
And hurriedly marching to meet him
Press forward the troops of Monroe.
With Scots from the Clyde and Loch Lomond
And Puritan spears from the Tweed,
O'er the hills of Stradone and Benvara
And the meadows of Arva they speed.

Fierce rievers and raiders full many
Are ranged 'neath the flag of the Scot,
And their pathway is marked by the burning
Of rafter in castle and cot.
They reined not their steeds till before them
Fair Granard loomed up on their way,
Then, with bright-shining banners and bayonets,
They halt at the Bridge of Finea.

'Twas a fair sight to see them all marching,
And gallant and fair to behold
Their spears in the bright sunlight shining,
And the red flag of Britain unrolled.
And braver ne'er harnessed for battle,
Nor mustered for foray or fray,
Than the clans that the Scottish chief rallied
That day on the Bridge of Finea.

But there on the bridge stood O'Reilly
The Slasher from Cavan's green side;
Around him blazed many a sabre,
And above him his banner spread wide.
Scant greeting had he for a Scotsman
Who came in the garb of a foe,
And full stout was the foeman who'd brave him—
They knew well the weight of his blow.

Benburb heard the cry of his troopers,
And the Blackwater rang to his shout,
When the arm of Red Owen, in vengeance,
Put the Scot and the Saxon to rout.
From the shores of the Foyle to the Shannon,
From Adare to the towering Galtees,
He swept through the ranks of the foemen
With his flag floating free in the breeze.

Stout Phelim came down from the mountain,
O'Reilly rode close by his side;
And wherever their slogan resounded
Away the false foreigner hied.
He scattered their legions at Limerick,
And stood in the breach at Clonmel,
Till a score of their iron-clad troopers
And psalm-singing Puritans fell.

And now, ever foremost in battle,
He braves the stout hosts of Monroe,
And stands in the vanguard of danger
With his troopers all ranged in a row.

Out rode from the ranks of the foemen
The chief of a far Lowland glen,
And proudly demanded O'Reilly
To surrender the bridge and his men.

But out leaped the sword of the Slasher,
And thus to the foe did he say:
"You must trample the heart of O'Reilly
Ere you cross o'er the Bridge of Finea.
There are weapons and men to defend it;
And tell your fierce leader, Monroe,
That we'll hold it 'gainst him and his robbers
While one stout hand can give him a blow.

"Come on with your kilts and your claymores—
Our sabres have met you before,
And trampled in blood and dishonor
Your flag by the Blackwater's shore.
Our blades are a-thirsting for vengeance—
The blood in our bosoms is hot—
Come on! and the eagles of Granard
Shall gorge them to-night on the Scot.

"We reck not the forest of bayonets
That gleam round the flag of Monroe—
The freeman bends not to a tyrant,
And the eagle stoops not to the crow.
If you long for a grave, it is ready—
Our bright sabres beckon the way.
Come on! and, by Heaven! you shall find it
Right soon on the Bridge of Finea."

Then on moved the ranks of the foemen,
With a rush and a roar they came on,
And the tall, towering plume of their leader
In the front of his followers shone.
With the strength and the speed of a torrent
On O'Reilly he fiercely bore down,
But the bright, gleaming sword of the Slasher
Crashed headlong through helmet and crown.

He fell, and another sprang forward
To break through the ranks of the Gael—
A grenadier swarthy and frowning,
With buckler and armor of mail;
He leaped to the side of the Slasher,
One moment he stood there alone,
Then downward he rolled from the saddle
And fell to the earth with a groan.

His comrades press forward in anger,
They rush to the bridge with a yell,
And down on its gallant defenders
In fury and vengeance they fell.
But fierce are the troopers of Cavan
When for freedom and motherland led;
And they fight till in furrows before them
Towers a breastwork of foreigner dead.

But weakened and scant are their numbers—
The Slasher is fighting on foot;
Still, 'gainst Scotchman and Saxon and bayonet,
Every inch of the bridge they dispute.

'Tis blocked with the dead and the dying,
And clansman and foeman lie low,
Till scarce half a score of the troopers
Are left by the swords of Monroe.

Leaps a shout from the throats of Clan London,
And again to the bridge they have flown,
But forward one pace stepped the Slasher,
And stood in the centre alone.
"Come on! ye fierce hell-hounds of Cromwell,
We'll meet your false swords undismayed;
We promised you graves, and you'll get them
While O'Reilly can handle a blade."

Then fast flashed his weapon around him,
It pierced through the breast of a foe,
It rang on their bucklers and helmets,
It shattered their mail at a blow.
He fought till the red lines before him
Heaped high as the battlements lay;
He fell! but the foot of a foeman
Pressed not on the Bridge of Finea.

For the flag of the brave Castlehaven
Pressing on to the combat is seen,
And ten thousand bright bayonets are flashing
Round his standard of emerald green.
They rush to the bridge, where the Slasher,
So bravely his banner unrolled,
But, alas for the cause of green Erin!
The heart of the hero is cold.

He died, as a freeman should ever,
With his flag floating free in the blast,
With his hand on the grasp of his sabre,
Defiant and true to the last.
And would to kind Heaven that old Ireland
Had ten thousand brave soldiers to-day
As true and as bold as the Slasher
Who guarded the Bridge of Finea.

AN IRISH REBEL'S STORY.

A.D. 1848–1866.

TWENTY years have gone and over—twenty years have passed to-day
Since I sailed, nigh broken-hearted, from poor Ireland far away.
I was then a goodly stripling, stout and strong, and just eighteen,
And but few could dance or wrestle with me on the village green.

'Twas the "year of revolutions," in the spring of "Forty-eight,"
Despots trembled in their strongholds, tyrants met a tyrant's fate;
Patriot men were up and doing, hope illumined every heart—
In the glorious cause of freedom I, too, yearned to take a part.

Ah! what glorious hopes we cherished, how our
bounding bosoms beat;
Little dreamed we of the coming of disaster or de-
feat;
Freedom's voice was gaily singing by a thousand
gushing rills,
And Meagher and O'Mahony were out upon the hills.

So I shouldered my old rifle, and with more than
forty round
Of as good and true ball-cartridge as e'er shot
tyrant down,
Early left one Sunday morning, took my way across
the glen,
And I joined the gallant Meagher with his band of
free-born men.

How it ended in disaster, how the flag of freedom
fell
'Neath the bayonets of the tyrant, it is bootless now
to tell.
I, an outlaw, roamed the mountain, with the heather
for my bed,
England's scarlet troopers after and a price upon
my head.

After months of toil and struggle I at last a refuge
found
On the good ship *Daniel Webster*, for the land of
freedom bound;

Sailed away from Galway Harbor by the setting of the sun,
O'er the bounding billows dashing, 'neath the flag of Washington.

As I saw the shores of Ireland fading in the evening's glow,
How I blessed the dear old country, how I cursed her ruthless foe!
And I prayed that Heaven would spare me till upon her hills again
I would see her banner floating, borne by fifty thousand men.

One by one the years I reckoned, wearily the time flew on,
Waiting, watching, longing, praying for that glorious day to dawn.
Hope still lingered in my bosom, whispered in my darkest woes,
That my country yet should triumph o'er her dark and bitter foes.

Friendless and alone I wandered, heart and brain with care oppressed,
From the waters of the Hudson to the prairies of the West.
Twenty years thus glided over, till at last I settled down
On the shores of pleasant Erie, in fair Cleveland's goodly town.

'Twas a lovely summer evening—I was sitting by the door,
Gazing on the golden sunset as it fringed Lake Erie's shore,
Suddenly my ear was startled by a noise upon the street,
With the sound of many voices and the tramp of many feet.

Up I leaped, and gazed around me on a dense and swelling crowd
That adown the street came rushing, people cheering long and loud.
How my Irish blood went leaping as I gazed upon the scene,
Heavens! how my heart went throbbing when I saw the boys in green!

On they came, the gallant fellows, with their banner floating high,
Every head erect and daring, proud defiance in each eye;
At their leader's whispered order, halted on Lake Erie's banks;
Quick as thought I grasped a rifle, and I sprang into the ranks.

Two days after, our bright banner proudly waved before the foe,
Its green folds in beauty beaming where Niagara's waters flow;

Where the fierce and bounding torrent in its savage
grandeur rolls ;
But its torrent was no darker than the hatred in our
souls.

Right before us, strong in numbers, England's scar-
let hirelings stood;
Well we knew the slaves were waiting, thirsting,
panting for our blood ;
But we looked upon our banner as it proudly waved
on high,
Trusted in the God of battles, and prepared like
men to die.

Forward stepped our gallant leader, few and stern
the words he said :
"Boys, to-day the green shall triumph, triumph
o'er the English red.
Forward ! Fenians, friends of freedom, trample
down the Union Jack !
Now ! boys, now, for holy Ireland, charge and drive
the demons back !"

Quickly rattled every rifle with a shower of leaden
hail,
Up against the Saxon foemen rushed the children
of the Gael ;
With one cheer for Mother Ireland, on their serried
ranks we pressed,
Sprang upon their massed battalions, with our bayo-
nets at their breasts.

From our fierce and stormy onset they recoiled in terror dread,
Panic-stricken, in disorder, through the field and greenwood fled.
England's proud and haughty standard in that furious charge went down,
And the green flag waved in triumph o'er the minions of the crown.

I have still the same old rifle that I used upon that day,
Lock and barrel brightly shining in a corner stowed away;
And I'm ready now as ever, with a willing heart and hand,
To shoulder that old rifle in the cause of Motherland.

HOW THEY KEPT THE BRIDGE OF ATHLONE.

RIGHT well Horatius guarded
The Roman bridge of old,
And well was he rewarded
In riches, land, and gold.
And Freedom points for ever
To thy pass, Thermopylæ,
To teach mankind that tyrants
Cannot subjugate the free.

Bright are their names in story,
 Their fame the bosom thrills,
Who poured a flood of glory
 On Rome's eternal hills;
But there were men as dauntless,
 And hearts as true and brave,
By Shannon's gushing waters,
 As e'er by Tiber's wave.

Unknown, unnamed, unspoken,
 Their praise no minstrels sing;
For them no chord is woken,
 No glories round them cling.
But never yet has freedom
 Such brave defenders known,
As those bold hearts who guarded
 The old bridge of Athlone.

De Ginkle's Brandenburgers
 Lay by the Shannon's side,
His haughty banner blazed and shone
 In all its strength and pride.
To storm the bridge before him
 He summoned one and all,
And fifteen thousand veterans
 Responded to his call.

In dread and solemn silence
 The Irish watched him come;
His solid columns proudly tread
 To roll of trump and drum;

A hundred guns in anger
Their fatal volleys pour,
And loudly echo o'er the hills
Beyond the Shannon's shore.

Ah ! who will stem that torrent
Or block his stormy way ?
In vain, brave hearts, ye labor,
Strive e'er so well ye may.
Not so, by Heaven ! for yonder
Against his foremost line—
A fierce and deadly rampart—
The Irish weapons shine.

Upon his massed battalions
They leap with ringing cheer,
The foemen fall before them,
Borne down by pike and spear.
But numbers more succeeding,
Their foremost stricken down,
The Irish, weak and bleeding,
Reel backward towards the town.

"Ho ! comrades," cried their leader,
As on the bridge he stood,
His helmet dinged and battered
And soiled with dust and blood :
"One charge for Mother Ireland—
Up with her banner high !
And if we cannot beat them back,
We'll teach them how to die."

"We'll hold the bridge against them,
Or sleep in Irish graves;
But who will dare its planks to tear
And cast into the waves?
Already to our breastworks
Their foremost lines have crossed,
Quick, quick with axe, and sledge, and bar,
Or Athlone town is lost."

Then out leaped Sergeant Custume
And his brave comrades ten,
Their hearts athirst for vengeance,
With souls of free-born men:
"If you will man the breastworks
Against the hireling crew,
We'll do for holy Ireland
What Irishmen should do."

With axe, and sledge, and hammer
They leaped into the wave,
But ere one massive timber cracked
They met a bloody grave.
Ten more brave hearts sprang forward,
But soon the iron hail
In deadly shower belched fire and death
Through corselet, jack, and mail.

Ten more their comrades followed,
And leaped into the stream,
Ten more by death were stricken
Ere tumbled plank or beam.

But see ! it yields, it totters,
With fearful crash they fall
In one rude mass—bridge, guns, and horse,
And Brandenburgers all.

Foiled, beaten, and defeated,
The fierce De Ginkle fled,
His army broken, shattered,
The Shannon choked with dead.
Across the foaming waters
Came wafted to his ear :
"We want no German hirelings,
No Saxon brigands here."

'Twas thus our fathers battled
'Gainst England's king and throne ;
'Twas thus they bravely guarded
The old bridge of Athlone ;
And, God be praised ! in Ireland,
By every hill and glen,
There's many a gallant Custume
To dare the same again !

ST. PATRICK'S EVE.

Ho ! Maurice, get your musket, and come along with me,
The fires are blazing on the hills from Finn to Carricklee,

And men and maids dance round them, and blithe
the pipers play,
To welcome in the blessed sun that shines on
Patrick's Day.

Sweet Mabel Blake and Kitty Kane and Nora
will be there,
And many a blue-eyed, merry girl, in ribbons fine
and fair ;
'Twill glad your heart to see them by the turf-fire's
blazing light,
And well I know there's some one there you'd like
to meet to-night.

But bring your musket with you, for should the
yeomen know
That we hold a merry meeting, some bitter blood
would flow ;
And if by chance we meet them as we journey
through the glen,
With a volley we will greet them, as is meet for
free-born men.

On sped the faithful comrades to join the merry
scene,
To Urney's grove, where men and maids were
dancing on the green ;
And seated round the blazing fire, while brightly
shone the moon,
The gray-haired piper sat and played a pleasant
Irish tune.

Right joyously and merrily they danced the hours away,
And little dreamed that death was near or danger round them lay;
But even then full five-score men were crossing Claudy Ford—
The bloodhounds of the foreigner, whose gospel was the sword.

Through Urney's wood they hurried fast, and on to Castletown,
Where Finn in all its beauty to the Mourne rushes down,
Nor halted they until they came close by the bonfire bright
That shone upon the meadows fair and filled them with its light.

Around the fire the merry group their jests and gambols made,
Their laughter rose upon the breeze, and loud the piper played,
But closely hid, where English foe no movement could discern,
Lay Maurice and his comrades brave among the brush and fern.

On with a rush the yeomen came, false Clifford and his band,
But right before them face to face two dauntless rebels stand,

And from their muskets quickly leaped a sheet of
molten flame,
And from their throats a ringing cheer of fierce
defiance came.

One moment and the dance was done, the pipes
were thrown aside,
And with a yell of vengeance each Irishman re-
plied,
And rushed until they gained the spot where their
brave comrades stood,
And soon a hundred stalwart men were mustered
in the wood.

"Down with the foreign bandits!" the dauntless
Maurice cried—
"Down with them all, until the last is sunk in
Finn's deep tide!
Come on! With darkest vengeance their savage
ranks we'll greet,
And smite the fierce despoilers down when man to
man we meet!"

Pierced to the heart upon the sward the English
leader fell,
And on the yeomen's foremost ranks their ringing
volleys fell;
The musket-shot and dying cry ring out upon the
air,
And man to man and breast to breast they strain
and struggle there.

By desperate hate and valor nerved, the Irish
fiercely fought
Till the last foe was vanquished there and down
to earth was brought;
And tales and hoary legends tell, and old men
proudly say,
How bravely Maurice raised the Green as dawned
that Patrick's Day.

O'LOUGHLAN'S TRIUMPH.

De Lacey and Fleming held the castle of Slane, and with a band of five hundred soldiers made frequent incursions into the territories of their neighbors, plundering and slaying all who opposed them. MacLoughlan, or O'Loughlan, the Hy-Niall chief, with the men of Kinel-Owen and Oriel, marched from the North to the banks of the Boyne, attacked the castle, slew Fleming, who was in command, De Lacey being at this time in Dublin, and put the garrison to the sword. Not one of the five hundred Normans who guarded the castle escaped. The castle was given to the flames, and Meath was freed from the invader. This happened in 1176.

The stout Norman trooper, De Lacey,
Rode out from his castle of Slane,
Five hundred brave troopers in armor
His banner unrolled on the plain.
He forayed the lands of Clan-Reilly
And fortress and castle laid low,
Till roof-tree and rafter were blazing
From the Boyne to the banks of the Roe.

Maguire with his Hobilars met him
One eve by the shore of the Erne,
But never again to Kinawley
Did the chief of Fermanagh return.
O'Cahan came down from the hillside
With troopers and hard-riding men,
But the sword of De Lacey pursued him
And he perished in Rostrevor glen.

The boasting and pitiless Norman,
As he stood on the hill of Donore,
Looked round on his steel-clad marauders,
And deadly and deeply he swore
To harry the lands of O'Loughlan,
And march through the glens of Tyrone,
Till the last Irish soldier was vanquished
And the last Irish chief overthrown.

O'Loughlan gave heed to the tidings,
As he lay on the shores of the Bann,
Then quickly he sprang to the saddle,
And mustered and marshalled his clan;
And onward he hurriedly dashes
Through valley and meadow and plain,
Till Boyne and Blackwater are forded
And he halts at the Castle of Slane.

Five hundred stout Normans before him
Are drawn up in battle array,
Fierce allies of wrong and oppression
And foes of O'Loughlan are they.

A shout from their ranks gives a greeting
Of hatred and wrath to the Gael
As, led on by the sword of De Lacey,
The lines of the foe they assail.

Fierce and rude is the shock and the struggle
As in death-dealing grapple they join,
And wild is the loud cry of vengeance
That rolls o'er the waves of the Boyne.
From noon till the last tinge of sunlight
Had faded and died in the west,
'Gainst the breasts of the foreign marauders
The swords of O'Loughlan were pressed.

'Tis night, and the valley is lighted
With the flames that shoot up to the sky
From the roof of that proud Norman castle,
That towered up so stately and high.
And of all the stout spearmen who guarded
Its gates at the rise of the sun,
Not one has escaped from the slaughter
To tell what O'Loughlan has done.

A STORY OF THE PENAL DAYS.

The huntsmen in the woods halloo
And hard and fast the chase pursue,
But 'tis not wolf nor is it deer
That runs before the ready spear,

Nor is it band of mountain kern
That flies before them through the fern.

Away through brake and bush there ran
Before their spears a single man;
Panting and bleeding, weak and sore,
Through broom and brake and brier he tore,
And fiercely, on the evening wind,
He hears their savage shouts behind.

With fearful hate they urge the chase
And spur their coursers in the race,
From Ballycolman's hillock brown
Through Urney's glade to Castletown,
With shout and yell and fiendish cry,
Upon his track the troopers fly.

His only crime—to love the creed
For which his sires were doomed to bleed;
For this his life was sought and banned.
And he a slave in his own land
Who dare not at the sunlight gaze—
For this was in the penal days.

Panting, he sees the sunlight gleam,
Upon the waves of Finn's bright stream.
Ah! could he reach the further shore,
Near Croghan's side, the chase were o'er,
For never yet did horseman go
Among the crags that frown below.

One look behind he quickly cast:
On, on the troops were speeding fast.
He gains the river's side, and now,
With deep resolve stamped on his brow,
With desperate leap he plunges in
To the dark waters of the Finn.

Fiercely through foam and leaping wave
Struggled the swimmer bold and brave—
Now borne aloft, now sunk below
The bounding waves that o'er him flow;
Onward through all he bravely bore,
Until he gained the farther shore.

Across the stream a yell arose
Of baffled vengeance from his foes;
He heeded not nor turned his head,
But onward towards the hill he sped,
And 'neath the tall cliff's towering height
He soon had vanished from their sight.

The heather blooms on Croghan's crest,
As soft as e'er by footstep pressed,
And hid among the heather green
Full thrice two-score of men are seen,
Who welcome him with glance of pride
Soon as he gains the mountain's side.

Surprised, they gaze upon his face,
His tattered garb and weary pace,

But ere they question ask of him
A smile lights up his features grim,
And, pointing to the stream below,
He said, in accents fierce and low:

"Comrades, they've chased me hard and sore
From Urney to the river's shore;
They heard my charger loudly neigh
As 'mong the brush I watching lay,
And long ere I could gain his back
The bloodhounds were upon my track.

"O'er rock and brush I headlong sped,
A score of balls flew round my head;
Their cries rung loudly in my ear,
And fierce behind flashed many a spear;
But onward towards the stream I hied,
And headlong plunged into the tide.

"I heard their cries of hatred rise,
Their shouts of fury and surprise,
As safely on the bank I stood
By Croghan's thick and friendly wood.
And, comrades, as the sun sinks low,
Their shouts shall change to cries of woe.

"Their steeds are weary, they have run
Through Urney's woods since rise of sun,
And chased the deer on Carrick-Lee,
Until by chance they met with me,

And steed and rider well since then
Have hunted me o'er rock and fen.

"As homeward, wearied from the chase,
They slowly move with halting pace,
Amid the woods we'll watch and wait
That line the shores of Ballindrate,
And wreak upon that Saxon band
Revenge for blood, and motherland.

"Up! comrades, up! Right well I know
You burn to meet your country's foe;
And never yet was braver sight
Than Lifford's woods shall see to-night.
Up! comrades, ere the sun goes down
We'll tame these braggarts of the crown."

Up from each clump of heather there,
With joyous shout and weapon bare,
From rock and bush, sprang firm and fleet
A band of freemen to their feet,
And with their leader at their head
Away with bounding hearts they sped.

They reach the woods; among the trees
Crouch low the daring Rapparees;
Nor long they wait until they hear
Loud voices rising shrill and clear,
And jest and song and shout and cry
Proclaim the English foe is nigh.

Onward they come, a murderous brood
Of foreign robbers, fierce and rude,
Whose perjured souls are crimsoned o'er
With priest and patriot's reeking gore;
A hundred spears and muskets shone
As towards the wood they journeyed on.

In front their leader rides; 'tis he
Who, hard and fast o'er hill and lea,
Spurred foremost in the desperate chase
And urged with deadly hate the race;
The foam still flecks the panting steed
He spurred with such unholy speed.

Within the wood, bent to his knee,
With musket raised, each Rapparee,
Fierce and impatient, waits to hear
The signal-word—his leader's cheer,
And watches close with eager eye
As comes the foremost foeman nigh.

Their shouts disturb the solitude
That reigned within the silent wood—
Unconscious of the danger near,
Their ribald song and reckless cheer
Ring o'er the woods and through the trees
Where, watching, lie the Rapparees.

"Now!" and as quick as earthquake shock
A volley leaped from tree and rock,

A fiery sheet of smoke and flame
From rock and brush and thicket came,
And ere the smoke had rolled away
Burst from the wood a wild hurrah !

" Charge ! until every scarlet slave
Finds at your feet an Irish grave,
And strike the foreign robbers down,
The hireling slaves of England's crown !
Forward ! and charge them, hand to hand,
For vengeance and for motherland !"

A ringing shout rose high and free
As spoke the fearless Rapparee,
And bursting from the greenwood's shade,
With thrilling cheer and naked blade
They leaped upon the English foe
With furious thrust and deadly blow.

Rider and horse in one rude mass
Lie writhing on the bloody grass ;
The English strive, but strive in vain,
To spur their coursers to the plain.
Surprised, surrounded, and dismayed,
They bleeding fall before each blade.

The English leader bleeding lies,
He hears the foeman's triumph-cries ;
He writhes in pain, and on his breast
An Irish foot is firmly pressed,

And o'er him stands, with blood-stained face,
He whom he followed in the chase.

"Slave of a king whose murderous hand
Is ever raised against our land!
Dog of a fierce and perjured race,
Stained with dishonor and disgrace!
Thus do we greet each foreign slave
Who dares to trample on the brave.

"The howling wolves within the wood
Shall feast to-night on English blood,
And your proud towers, so strong and high,
Shall flame ere morning to the sky,
And while remains one Irish hand
No Saxon king shall rule our land."

Thus spoke the free-born Rapparee
With fierce indignant scorn, as he
Bent o'er the servile English lord,
And smote the tyrant with his sword,
And with his band of fearless men
He burst out from the woods again.

Such is the tale the people tell
Who by Clonleigh and Lifford dwell,
And sons of rebel sires relate
How flamed the towers of Ballindrate,
And how, till death, the Rapparees
Unrolled their banner to the breeze.

CARROLL O'DALY.

A STORY OF TROUBLED TIMES.

"Up! up! the Saxon dogs are out, the hounds are on your track,
And on the morning breeze is heard the yelling of the pack.
Fierce Randall's yeomen scour the hills—hark! to their demon cry—
Up and away, or on the heath a rebel's death you die."

Young Carroll Daly, on the hills an outlawed man was he:
His only crime to love his land, and strive to set her free.
A price was on the outlaw's head, disgrace upon his name,
His lands, his home, and heritage a prey to sword and flame.

Against King George's hireling brood and 'gainst his tyrant laws
He stood, as freeborn soldier should, true to his country's cause;
His young heart throbbed with freedom's fire, nor feared the tyrant's frown,
He bore a pike in Ninety-eight at Ross and Gorey town.

From hill to hill they hunted him, they chased
him far and wide,
They tracked him to his lonely cave upon the
bleak hillside ;
But for his comrade's warning voice, who watched
at that lone hour,
O'Carroll's head that morn had frowned on An-
trim's bloody tower.

Away ! away ! with desperate speed the faithful
comrades ran,
Behind them yelled their savage foes, before them
rolled the Bann,
Nor paused they as they neared its brink, but
leaped into the tide,
And breathless, panting, faint, and weak, they gain
the other side.

A savage yell behind them rings, away again they
fly ;
The Saxon hounds are drawing near, nor aid nor
succor nigh.
Tottering and faint, at length they gain Glen-
darra's ancient wood,
Where, hid among the beechen trees, an humble
chapel stood.

They enter, and before the cross in adoration
kneel,
And in their fervent hearts they pray, with pure
and holy zeal,

That Heaven would bless their righteous cause, and He on high would show
That mercy to their suffering land which man denied below.

'Tis Easter morn. Within the shrine the holy Mass is sung,
And on the humble earthen floor are kneeling old and young;
The priest upon the altar stands, he lifts the Host on high,
When on the startled ear there bursts a wild despairing cry.

And on the air is loudly borne the sound of hurrying feet,
And oath and curse and blasphemy are uttered loud and deep.
Then shrank the brave and quailed with fear the fair, the young, the old—
O God! the hounds are on the flock, the wolf is in the fold.

Upon the altar kneeling there the holy priest is slain,
And men and maids for mercy pray, but crave and pray in vain.
The ruthless yoemen fiercely laugh, nor prayer nor sigh is heard;
The helpless ones are stricken all, nor age nor sex is spared.

Young Carroll to the window rushed, and cleared
it at a bound,
With one wild, fierce, and desperate spring he
leaped unto the ground;
Up, and away, with headlong speed, through
furze and brush and broom,
And from the yeomen's sight was lost amid the
thicket's gloom.

The chapel roof is in a blaze, the inmates in their
gore,
And cross and chalice are profaned and trampled
on the floor.
Homeward the yeomen wend their way, and joy-
ful anthems sing,
And song and jest and savage laugh make wood
and valley ring.

Ay, laugh, ye brigands, fiercely laugh, you've done
your very worst;
But soon upon your blood-stained hearts a thun-
derbolt will burst;
There's one who watches on your path and will
your steps pursue,
One who in blood shall fiercely wreak a dark re-
venge on you.

'Tis summer now. O'er Antrim's town the sun is
shining fair,
And there is joy and revelry in every street and
square,

The Orange yeomen hand-in-hand together fondly join
To celebrate the victories of Aughrim and the Boyne.

In pomp and pride they gaily march, dark Randall at their head,
Their orange banner proudly waves beside the English red;
Bravely they shout, their war-drums roll, their flags and pennons fly,
The startled peasants quail with fear when Randall's troop comes nigh.

The pageant o'er, the yeomen halt within the barrack-square,
And at their leader's quick command they stack their arms with care;
The feast is spread, and round the board the wine flows fast and free,
And song and toast are sung and quaffed with noisy mirth and glee.

Amid the group dark Randall stood, with bearing bold and high,
And smiled with pride, for such a scene well pleased his heart and eye.
He filled a goblet to the brim, then raised his haughty head,
And smiling on his comrades all, in pride of power he said:

"Brothers, fill up, pass round the bowl, true, faithful comrades we,
And every loyal heart to-day will drink this toast with me:
Here's death to every Irish churl, and may each rebel swing
Who'd lift a hand with naked brand 'gainst England's church and king."

He raised the beaker to his lips, but ere he drank it down
A ringing cheer burst on the air that startled Antrim town;
And hard and fast came rushing on a band of armèd men,
And in the van, with sword in hand, O'Daly of the Glen.

Right through the yeomen's foremost ranks a rattling volley rings,
And swift as eagle on his prey each Irish rebel springs;
With all the strength that hatred gives and dark revenge and wrong,
Savage ands tern, they fiercely dash the English ranks among.

The yeomen leap to grasp their arms, but soon to earth they fall,
In blood and vengeance stricken down by pike and musket-ball;

They reel before that headlong shock, and fly in
sad dismay,
The pikemen, firm as granite rock, press on in
proud array.

Some desperate yeomen vainly strive, grown strong
by dark despair,
To reach the barrack wall alive—they fall and
perish there.
Their ranks are thinned, their banners torn, their
leader sorely pressed,
O'Daly's hand is on his throat, his foot upon his
breast.

"Dog of a Saxon churl!" he cried, "slave of a king
and throne!
Remember Bann's dark rolling tide, Glendarra's
chapel lone—
The murdered priest, the murdered flock, by thy
false heart betrayed—
The hour is come to pay thee back the vengeance
long delayed."

He fiercely smote him to the heart, then spurned
him with his feet—
'Twas a fair death for such a fiend, for such a
tyrant meet.
He fell, as hireling slave should fall who aids his
country's foe,
Struck down in all his pride and power by an
avenging blow.

'Tis evening now in Antrim town, but oh! how
changed the scene—
The pikemen homeward proudly march, and gaily
floats the Green.
That night beside the Bann's clear tide O'Daly
and his men
Lay camped amid the bushes green, in Darra's
shady glen.

THE RIDE OF SHAWN RHU.

Shawn Rhu started up in the morning
From his soft, heathy lair on Cairnmore,
And warily gazed all around him
From the hill to the Blackwater's shore;
His hand sought the hilt of his sabre,
And mantling his face was a frown
As he muttered, "De Lacey's marauders
Are marching to Monaghan town.

"Through the greenwoods that skirt the Black-
water
The van of his squadron appears,
And bright is the gleam of their helmets
And bright is the glint of their spears.
His banner flaunts gaily above him,
And proudly his followers ride;
But few 'neath that banner shall muster
When the sun sets on Blackwater's tide.

"MacMahon! look out from the bushes
That blossom in Trough's green vale;
MacKenna! come down from the mountain,
Well backed by the swords of the Gael!
The Norman rides fast to your borders
With banner, and faggot, and brand,
To raid the green valleys of Farney
And plunder and harry the land.

"Ha! neigh, my good steed in the heather:
You sniff on the breath of the gale
The tramp of MacKenna's tall troopers
As they muster in fair Emyvale;
And now over togher and meadow,
Brave steed, to the hosting away;
When muster the swords of MacMahon,
Shawn Rhu won't be last to the fray."

Adown the green slope of the mountain,
With the speed of an arrow he flew,
Away over meadow and moorland
Sped the black, foaming steed of Shawn Rhu;
Nor paused his bold rider for river,
Or rapid, or rock, till he stood
In front of MacMahon's green banner
That streamed over Trough's green wood.

"Thrice welcome, brave Shawn, from the mountain,
Right blithesome and fast was your speed,

To judge by the flush on your forehead
And the foam-flakes that fall from your steed.
What news from the bawns of the Normans,
What news from the towers of the Pale,
That so fast in the gray of the morning
You spur to the camp of the Gael?"

"Brave tidings!" cried Shawn. "Fierce De Lacey
Has left the Blackwater behind,
And onward his spearmen are spurring
With banner and plume on the wind.
I saw from Cairnmore in the morning,
Ere the sun on its summit looked down,
Five hundred stout troopers in harness
All marching to Monaghan town.

"Right plainly from Cairnmore's summit
The van of their spears I espied,
And rank upon rank of stout bowmen
A-winding by Blackwater's side.
A scout has spurred hard to MacKenna,
To warn him in Emyvale glen,
And fast over togher and meadow
He rides with a hundred brave men.

"To harry the lands of MacMahon,
The black-hearted foes of the Gael,
Led on by the ruthless De Lacey,
Ride forth from the bawns of the Pale.

The flame leaps from rafter and roof-tree,
And rises o'er valley and down
In the track of the foreign marauders,
From the Mourne to Monaghan town."

"Brave Shawn!" cried the chief, "for these tidings
A thousand warm thanks unto thee,
And to-day in the vanguard of battle
Your post with MacMahon shall be;
And when like a storm from the mountain
On the ranks of the Norman we ride,
With vengeance and death on our sabres,
Your chieftain shall charge by your side.

"Go, muster the men in the greenwood—
'Neath the flag of Clan-Mahon arrayed—
And tell them the troops of MacKenna
Are hurrying fast to our aid.
Quick! speed every man to the saddle—
The foremost has entered the glen,
And there rides the chieftain MacKenna,
The first in the front of his men."

From heather and thicket and hazel
Leap up to their feet with a cheer
Twice ten-score tall kerns in harness,
As MacKenna's stout troopers appear;
And loud through the greenwood resounding
Rang cheer upon cheer as they sped
Away through the depths of the valley,
Shawn Rhu and his chief at their head.

The sunbeams shone bright on the mountains,
The sun in his glory looked down,
And flashed on the waves of Lough Erne
And the tall spires of Monaghan town ;
And bright shone the spears of the Norman,
And gaily danced banner and plume,
As onward his long, serried columns
Came winding through heather and broom.

Half a league from the towers that, uprising,
Frown down upon barrack and square,
Crouched low 'mong the rocks and the bushes,
Lay Shawn, like a wolf in his lair ;
And silent and panting beside him,
All eager for battle and blood,
Awaiting the spears of the foemen
A hundred tall mountaineers stood.

MacMahon's bright banner rose proudly,
And shone o'er his ranks on the right,
And high beat the heart of MacKenna
As De Lacey's tall spears came in sight.
With a rush and a push from the thicket,
Shawn Rhu leaped in front of the foe,
And the first Norman rider fell backward,
Struck down by the weight of his blow.

On press the stout kerns of green Trough,
And the troopers of fair Emyvale ;
And fiercely the lines of De Lacey
With vengeance and wrath they assail.

Ha! Norman, ere blazes your banner
To-day over turret or street,
The hearts and the hands of Clan-Mahon
You must trample in death at your feet.

Now, boasters and chiefs of Clan-London;
Ho! bowmen and knights of the Pale,
Look well to the grasp of your weapons,
For rude is the shock of the Gael.
And fierce is the blow of a freeman
When given for God and his land—
Full stout must be helmet and buckler,
That the might of that blow can withstand.

Fast, fast as the torrent comes bounding
And leaps over wild Assaroe,
Spur on the fierce ranks of the Norman
To grapple in death with the foe.
With vengeance they meet, and together
Their blades ring on buckler and crown,
And thick on the blood-reddened heather
The Celt and the Norman go down.

De Lacey's red pennon is shining
The foremost and proudest of all,
And the sword of MacMahon is gleaming
Where bow-shaft and battle-axe fall.
His blows rain on helmet and harness;
Beside him rides dauntless Shawn Rhu;
And MacKenna leads on his tall clansmen
As a chieftain of Farney should do.

But stubborn and fierce is the foeman
Encased in his armor of mail;
Scant hope have the kern of the mountain
'Gainst the steel-guarded arms of the Pale.
Borne back by that pitiless onset,
One-half of his ranks trampled down,
But fiercely and sullenly fighting,
MacMahon retreats to the town.

Behind him De Lacey comes rushing,
And leaps o'er the ranks of the dead;
There's sword-dints and blood on his armor,
And drooping his pennon of red;
But onward he spurs, and beside him
A hundred brave followers ride,
And braver in foray or onset,
Never breasted the battle's red tide.

But rallied and halted before him,
With banner and blade on the street,
Still firm and undaunted, MacMahon
Stands forth his rude greeting to meet.
"Now, comrades, for Erin and vengeance,
On the ranks of the Norman burst down,
And trample these foreign marauders
In their hearts' blood in Monaghan town!"

Sprang forward the chief to the onset,
Sprang forward Shawn Rhu with a roar,
Leaped out the bright blades of MacKenna,
And down like a tempest they bore.

Hard struggled De Lacey's stout troopers,
But struggled and battled in vain,
Till, torn and battered and beaten,
A remnant escape o'er the plain.

Spur hard ! brave De Lacey, for fleetly
MacMahons your footsteps pursue;
Spur hard ! for with vengeance behind you
Is heard the wild cry of Shawn Rhu;
Speed onward, and reach the Blackwater
Ere sets the red sun on its shore,
Or the last of your conquests is ended,
The last of your battles is o'er.

On, swift as the flight of the eagle
When borne on the breath of the gale,
Sped onward the fugitive Norman
Till he reached the safe bawns of the Pale.
'Twas well : ere across the Blackwater
His charger had breasted the tide,
Shawn Rhu and a score of his clansmen
All breathless appeared on its side.

From the river's green shore to Slievebeagh,
From Erne to fair Emyvale,
From the crown of Cairnmore to green Trough,
Glad tidings are borne on the gale ;
And a shout of rejoicing uprises
From hearts that are loyal and true,
As they hear of the deeds of MacMahon
And the ride of his clansman Shawn Rhu.

And never across the Blackwater
 Again did the foreigner come,
With his bowmen and spearmen beside him
 And his banner afloat in the sun.
Pent up in Portmore lay the Norman,
 Whose towers o'er the Blackwater frown,
While free waved the flag of MacMahon
 From Mourne to Monaghan town.

OULART HILL, 1798.

"Great hearts! how faithful ye were. How ye bristled up when the foe came on, how you set your teeth to die as his shells and round-shot fell steadily; and with how firm cheer ye dashed at him, if he gave you any chance at all of a grapple. From the wild burst with which ye triumphed at Oulart Hill, down to the faint grasp wherewith the last of your column died in the corn-fields of Meath, there is nothing to shame your valor, your faith, or your patriotism. You wanted arms, and you wanted leaders. Had you had them, you would have guarded a green flag in Dublin Castle a week after you beat Walpole. Isolated, unorganized, unofficered, half-armed, girt by a swarm of foes, you ceased to fight, but you neither betrayed nor repented. Your sons need not fear to speak of Ninety-eight."—THOMAS DAVIS.

HURRAH! the drums are beating,
 'Tis the signal for the fight,
And a thousand pikes are flashing
 In the blessed morning light;

And man and boy are wild with joy,
 And stirring through the camp,
And the rattling drum beats music
 To the pikeman's steady tramp—
As on they come, with beat of drum,
 By river, rock, and rill,
And the Green is proudly floating
 To-day on Oulart Hill.

From Ferns, New Ross, and Gory
 Brave men come trooping in,
The old men gray and hoary,
 And young men lithe of limb;
And scythe and pike and pitchfork
 In every hand are seen
As on the hill they muster
 And rally round the Green.

Below them in the valley
 Stand George's hireling slaves,
Hemmed in by bristling bayonets
 The red-cross banner waves;
And round it throng the "yeomen,"
 Fierce Cromwell's cruel brood,
With ready hand and naked brand,
 Athirst for spoil and blood.

From line to line their banners
 Wave in the morning light,
From line to line their weapons
 Are flashing fierce and bright—

As up the hill they clamber
Their rifles roar and flash,
And furiously from rock to rock
With headlong speed they dash.

No sound comes from the hill-top,
Nor pike nor foe is seen,
All silently they watch and wait,
These brothers of the Green ;
Nor whispered word is spoken,
Nor sound is heard, until
The foremost English soldier
Gains the summit of the hill.

"Now," cried the rebel leader,
"Strike for God and fatherland !
Up leaped a thousand pikemen,
Their weapons in their hands,
And fierce as heaven's lightning
Smites down the forest oak,
With dreadful shock that thunder-cloud
In deadly fury broke.

Right up against their bayonets
They sprang with wild hurrah,
Their war-cry thundered o'er the hill,
And echoed far away :
With naked breasts they madly leap
Against their savage foes,
And mingled in one living mass
In deadly hatred close :

And scythe and pike together strike
'Gainst bayonet, brand, and ball,
And man to man they grapple
And struggle, strain, and fall.
"Hurrah for gallant Wexford!",
Cried a pikeman tall and brown,
And as he spoke a sabre-stroke
Fell headlong on his crown;

He staggered for a moment,
Then swung his pike around,
And, stooping low, with one fierce blow
He smote his foeman down.
And thus they fought as brave men ought
Who fear no tyrant's will;
Oh! a glorious day for vengeance
Was that day on Oulart Hill.

See where the royal standard
Still flutters in the sun:
How furiously the rebels rush,
How fierce and fast they run.
Hurrah! their pikes are ringing
Through helmet, head, and brain,
And grenadier and yeoman
Are stricken down amain.
The British flag, emblazoned
With royal arms and crown,
Before the Irish peasants' might
Is torn and trampled down.

Their fierce and haughty veterans
Who spurned the rebel horde,
Lie writhing on the hillside,
On broken blade and sword.
Above the English banner,
Like meteor fair and bright,
The Green is proudly streaming
In freedom's holy light.

And freemen throng around it
With free and fearless tread,
And every blade is reeking,
And every pike is red.
Hurrah ! for gallant Wexford ;
Hurrah ! for Oulart Hill ;
Hurrah ! for those who met their foes
Nor feared their blood to spill.

'Neath Freedom's sacred banner
They fought as brave men should ;
On Freedom's holy altar
They poured their patriot blood.
The memory of their glorious deeds
Thrills through our hearts to-day,
Their ardor burns within our breasts
And nerves us for the fray.

Like them, we hate the tyrant,
And curse the hireling slave ;
Like them, we've hands for motherland,
And hearts as true and brave ;

Like them, we wait the moment
To smite the tyrant down,
And raise aloft our banner green
O'er every field and town.
And while we watch and while we wait,
And pray with right good will,
God speed the day, and send us soon
Another Oulart Hill.

TERENCE MACKEOWN: 1798.

"What! shrink from the strife when the foe is in sight,
And bare down our necks for the tyrant to smite,
And leave to the hireling, the coward and slave,
The homes that our fathers have perished to save?
Who talks of surrender, who speaks of retreat
With a pike in his hand and a grave at his feet?
As freemen we'll meet them, our flag to the sky,
And if we can't beat them at least we can die.
We bow to no tyrants; our souls are our own,"
Thus spoke the bold rebel, young Terence MacKeown.

Before him the bloodhounds of Claverhouse stood.
With sabre and bayonet a-thirsting for blood;
Behind him the waves of the Blackwater rolled.
And above him his banner, right fair to behold;

Beside him his comrades, though feeble and few,
Yet firm and unconquered, defiant and true,
And braver ne'er battled 'gainst tyranny's might,
Or died for the cause of truth, freedom, and right.

With a cheer for the Green, the old flag of our land,
They rushed on the foe, pike and pistol in hand,
And stern was the onset and fierce was the fray
As bayonet and pike met in battle array;
And wild was the tumult, the struggle, and yell
As together they grappled, together they fell;
And high amid war-cry and death-shriek and moan
Rose the voice of their leader, still cheering them on;
And round him they rallied, beside him they stood,
And fought till the last of them sank in his blood;
And wounded and bleeding, surrounded, alone,
In the midst of his foes stood brave Terence Mackeown.

One look to the flag that still fluttered above,
Then wrapped it around him with patriot love,
And kissed its green folds as a lover his bride,
And smiled on the foe in defiance and pride,
Unconquered by might and unshaken by fear,
And, when asked to surrender, replied with a cheer—
"Surrender! no, never while life's in my veins!
I spurn ye, your mercy, your gyves and your chains.

Hurrah for old Ireland!"—that cry was his last,
For swift sped the balls like a hurricane blast;
And he fell to the earth with his flag round his breast
And his foot on the neck of a foreigner pressed,
And he died, as a soldier of Erin should die,
With his face to the foe and his head to the sky.
He fell as a soldier of freedom should fall,
With weapon in hand 'gainst oppression and thrall;
And he sleeps his last sleep on the hills of Tyrone.
Peace, peace to the soul of brave Terence Mackeown!

THE YELLOW FORD: A.D. 1598.

Their banners blazed in the morning light
And their spears in the sunlight shone,
With waving plumes and armor bright,
With stately pomp, each squire and knight
With eager haste press on.
In front the haughty Bagnal's plume
In towering pride appears;
A smile lights up his brow of gloom
As, winding through the furze and broom,
He scans his host of spears.

Before him stretched on the green hillside
The Irish host is seen;
Their lines extending far and wide,
From the mountain's peak to the river side,

Display in all its strength and pride
Their haughty flag of green,
And the sun's bright beams and the Avon's tide
Reflect back its emerald sheen.

Ho! Bagnal, pause in your headlong speed,
Ere your spears yon hilltop crown;
There's many a knight and many a steed,
And many a Saxon heart shall bleed,
And many a plume go down.
And see! o'er yonder wooded knoll
O'Donnell's legions run,
With lance and spear and with bannerol—
Oh! 'twould kindle fire in a helot's soul
To hear their shout and their war-drums roll,
So gallantly they come.

Now! Erin, now the long-wished-for hour
Has come the rude foe to greet;
Down on their ranks in your strength and power,
Strike home to the heart and deep!
Tyrowen! strike for the sacred shrines
Which on Ulster's soil remain;
O'Donnell! charge on the Saxon lines,
And think of their gyve and chain;
MacSweeney! up with the harp of gold,
Long hid amid blood and tears;
O'Hagan! leap with your clansmen bold
In the van of O'Connor's spears,
Till the Saxon churls lie stark and cold
At the feet of your mountaineers.

One deafening shout like a thunder-peal,
 One leap like the lightning's flash,
And up 'gainst their serried ranks of steel
 The Irish columns dash.
Corselet and helmet, spear and plume,
 Are shivered, rent, and torn.
By the fiery breath of that fierce simoom,
Rider and horse, knight, squire, and groom,
 To earth are rudely borne.

The Celtic pike and the Saxon spear
 In deadly hatred meet,
And the mingled sounds of groan and cheer,
The cannon's crash and the bugle clear,
Unheeded fall on the soldier's ear,
As the Irish rush in their wild career
 Like a whirlwind swift and fleet,
And the Saxon dogs, like frightened deer,
 Fall writhing at their feet.

Right through the midst of the English ranks
 The Irish columns tore,
And the meadows green and the Avon's banks
 Are red with the foeman's gore.
Oh! rude was the shock of the Bloody Hand
 And proudly his banner soared,
And wild was the cry of his warriors grand
As their axes smote down the robber band,
And fierce was the flash of Tyrconnell's brand
 And the might of O'Connor's sword.
'Twas a glorious day for the dear old land,
 That day at the Yellow Ford.

Bright are the names of the chieftains true
 Who wielded the freeman's blade
In Freedom's van, 'gainst the tyrant crew,
 Oh ! their fame shall never fade.
The deathless fame of the dauntless Hugh
Shall kindle the fire in our hearts anew
When we rise to strike as brave men should do,
 And our troops are in line arrayed,
And with vengeance stern strike home and true
 For the dear old land betrayed.

DONAL DUN.

A STORY OF GALWAY.

Over the hills came Donal Dun
One summer morn at rise of sun;
Across his shoulders, broad and strong,
A ponderous pike, full ten feet long,
He carried as if 'twere a wand,
So light it seemed in Donal's hand;
And in his hat a sprig of broom
Danced gaily as an eagle's plume.

Within the woods an outlaw's son
And rebel bold was Donal Dun;
He feared not Saxon, Scot, nor Dane
In wood or wold or battle plain.

His hand was strong, his blow was sure,
His limbs could charge or chase endure,
And never yet, 'neath sky or sun,
Lived braver man than Donal Dun.

Over the hills he took his way
And onward sped to bright Lough Rea,
O'er brake and fern and heather brown,
Till, as the sun was sinking down,
He gained the shore, and stood beside
The dark-green woods outspreading wide,
Where outlawed kern might shelter get
When hard by Saxon foe beset.

Upon the strand he stooped to lave
His thirsty lips within the wave,
But ere his hand the draught supplied
With sudden start he leaped aside,
And saw upon him bearing down
Six Saxon soldiers, bronzed and brown,
All fierce and dark-browed men of war,
And rough and rude with sun and scar.

But not once faltered Donal Dun—
With savage joy he saw them come;
He saw them grasp the ready spear,
Yet trembled not with coward fear;
He saw them towards their quarry fly,
With hate and vengeance in each eye;
But firm he stood before them there,
With ponderous weapon bright and bare.

The leader of the Saxon band
Halted before him on the strand,
And summoned him, with sullen frown,
Before him cast his weapon down,
And looked with glance of haughty pride
Upon the comrades by his side,
Who now beside their leader stood,
Between the outlaw and the wood.

"Stand back, ye dogs!" roared Donal Dun;
"If one short pace ye nearer come,
By Heaven! the foremost man shall see
What strength lies in my pike and me;
Were my brave comrades near me now,
Down to the dust your plumes would bow,
And even now, though six to one,
I scorn you all!" roared Donal Dun.

Swift as the lightning, fierce and dread,
Swung Donal's pike around his head;
Before the English leader's eye
It flashed one moment broad and high,
And down with fierce and desperate strain
It crashing fell through blood and brain;
He fell, and sunk upon the shore
From skull to shoulder gashed and tore.

Short pause made Donal—ere a foe
Could aim at him one deadly blow,
Again his fearful weapon swung
And on a Saxon's helmet rung;

Its owner falls, by Donal smote
With his good pike from crown to throat ;
And as his comrade gained his side,
He too by Donal's weapon died.

"Come on, ye knaves !" roared Donal Dun.
As gleamed his red blade in the sun ;
"Come on ! and see how well you like
The temper of a Galway pike.
The road lies clear 'twixt you and me.
Braggarts ! we still are one to three,
And surely three armed Saxons can
Prove match for one weak Irishman."

With pike in hand rushed Donal Dun,
Against the three he fiercely run,
And charged upon the maddened foe
With shout and thrust and ringing blow.
They flung the spear—he leaped aside ;
Together charged, their claymores tried ;
And backward, forward, surged the fray
As set the sun on fair Lough Rea.

The blood flows fast from Donal Dun,
Adown his cheeks the red drops run ;
Again the savage foe come nigh,
There's death and danger in his eye ;
With sudden flash his weapon gleams,
Swift as the lightning dart it seems,
And as descends the desperate blow
Rolls to the earth another foe.

But with that fierce and frantic stroke
His pike-staff good in splinters broke
And useless fell upon the strand,
The butt still clasped within his hand.
Then sprang the foemen at his breast,
And toward the lake the outlaw pressed;
But with one blow the stout ash gave
He hurled the foremost in the wave.

"Now, man to man!" cried Donal Dun,
"I well may count the battle won;
For never yet could Saxon spear
Meet blow of Galway mountaineer;
And now, to prove my boasting true,
Here, Saxon churl, is one for you!"
He stooped, and from the gory strand
His shattered pike grasped in his hand.

And with one wild and savage blow
He hurled it at his panting foe,
Who fell to earth with dying groan,
Where lay his comrades crushed and strewn;
Then stooped the victor on the shore,
Washed from his brow the dust and gore,
And to the woods he sped away
That fringe the shore of bright Lough Rea.

Brave tales are told of Donal Dun,
Of many a fight his valor won;
How oft he chased the foreign foe
From Galway's glens to fair Mayo,

And kept the hills and valleys free
From Oughterard to Athenry,
Till foe and stranger quailed or run
Before the arm of Donal Dun.

And oft around the turf-fire's light,
By Galway hearth, on winter night,
Old men with pride the story tell
How Donal loved the old land well,
And how his comrades, bold and brave,
From Arran's shore to Corrib's wave
Around him rallied every one,
And fought to death for Donal Dun.

THE O'DONOGHUE'S CHARGE.

A STORY OF KERRY.

Up from the valley of green Ahadoe
And over the hill of Dunkerron,
The spearmen are marching to fair Templenoe,
To fall or to conquer for Erin.
From Ardfert and Tralee and the waves of Rossmore,
And the green woods that border Lough Lene.
From Cahir, Kinnaird, and Lough Cearnan's green shore,
Blaze upward their banners of green.

O'Donoghue rides in the front of his clan,
MacCaura rides close by his side,
With many a bonaght and many a man
In battle and foray well tried.
The woods of Cloghreen and Killarney ring out
To the tread of the gallowglass free,
And the hills echo back the fierce mountaineer's shout
As it rings from Kenmare to the sea.

Templenoe, on thy plain, marshalled close in array,
The Norman invaders appear,
And beaming in beauty the bright sunbeams play
On helmet, and pennon, and spear.
The tramp of the trooper, the neigh of the steed,
Presage not of victory's frown;
Yet their bravest and best on the green sward shall bleed
Ere the sun in the sea shall go down.

With his banner out-thrown and his blade flashing bare
O'Donoghue charged on the foe;
His war-cry rang out o'er the waves of Kenmare
And the mountains of green Templenoe;
And deadly and fierce as the hurricane's breath
MacCaura pressed on with a cheer,
And down on their ranks, flashing vengeance and death,
Sprang his clansmen, with broadsword and spear.

Stout battles the Normans; their shafts thick as hail
Fly upward and darken the sun;
Their heart's-blood shall flow ere the flag of the Gael
Shall triumph o'er victory won.
And stubborn and stout are the bowmen who stand
To guard their proud banner of red:
Ere the spears of Clan-Kerry shall pierce through that band
It must be over furrows of dead.

On, on pressed the Gael in their fiery career
'Gainst bowmen, and spearmen, and all;
What reck they of danger, of death, or of fear,
When Freedom and Motherland call!
By the shock of that onset, impetuous and rude,
The first gleam of victory is won,
But out from the thicket and out from the wood
A thousand spears leap to the sun.

They flash for a moment o'er helmet and plume
And blaze o'er their chief in the van;
And fierce as the torrents leap down from Slieve Bloom,
They burst on O'Donoghue's clan.
O chieftain of Erin! pierce deep with the sword
Through the close, serried ranks of the foe,
And trample the power of the fierce Norman lord
In the valley of red Templenoe.

In fury they grapple, with vengeance they meet,
And high swells the battle's loud roar;
Clan-Kerry the spears of the foreigner greet,
And trample them down in their gore.
Hurled backward in blood from the Inny's green banks
They fall 'mong the fern and the broom,
While pressed on their rear, cutting deep through their ranks,
The swords of Clan-Caura make room.

Dark vengeance and death gleam on every blade,
And flash too from every eye,
Nor falter the lines of the foe, undismayed
They struggle and sullenly die;
Till, trampled and strewn by the might of the Gael,
The last Norman raider lies low.
Deep, deep was the vengeance of wronged Innisfail
In the valley of red Templenoe.

Where the sun sweetly shines on Lough Cearnan's green shore;
Where Cappa soars stately and fair;
Where the summer winds sigh o'er the vales of Rossmore,
Or sweep o'er the waves of Kenmare,
The story is told by the people with pride,
How O'Donoghue vanquished the foe,
And how bravely his clansmen for liberty died
In the valley of red Templenoe.

A LEGEND OF THE MOURNE.

A.D. 1177.

THE day is declining
On Mourne's green shore,
The last sunbeam's shining
On fair Avonmore,
And mountains and meadows
Are tinged with the shadows
That softly come falling
When daylight is o'er.

Along the green border
That fringes the tide,
The grim-visaged warder
From the tower has espied
A youth and a maiden,
With love's sunshine laden,
Who gracefully wander
Adown its green side.

He sees from the turrets
The truants who roam
Beside the bright waters
That flow past their home.
The youth is O'Donnell,
The pride of Tryconnel,
The maid is the brightest
In sunny Tyrone.

As darken the shadows
 On Mourne's fair strand,
'Mong the woods on its border
 There musters a band
 Of horsemen and bowmen,
 Fierce raiders and foemen,
Who in the dense thicket
 All silently stand.

They rush to the river
 Where wanders the pair—
A scream from the maiden
 Rings out on the air.
 Another—'tis over—
 The maid and her lover
Are held by the Norman,
 And off to Kinnair.

The warder who watches
 Has witnessed their flight,
And quickly gives warning
 To spearman and knight
 Who follow the banner
 Of Calvah O'Connor—
 A chieftain ne'er vanquished
 In foray or fight.

Fast, fast o'er the meadows
 They fleetly career—
The moonlight is shining
 On armor and spear;

On rough togher crashing
Their chargers are dashing,
Till before them at sunrise
The foemen appear.

De Courcey the Norman
Flies on like the wind,
He hears the rude clatter
Of horsemen behind;
And faster and faster
Ride vassal and master,
Till at length in his castle
Protection they find.

'Tis noon by the Oonagh,
And thick are the spears
That cluster round Calvah
And his mountaineers;
His banner is streaming,
His weapons are gleaming,
As before the fierce Norman
In wrath he appears.

'Gainst rampart and turret
And bastion they rush,
Over fosse, fence, and breastwork
They steadily push;
Dark, stormy, and rude
As the waves of the flood
That down from the mountains
In mid-winter gush.

Right stoutly DeCourcey
His banner displayed,
And fierce was the slaughter
His Norman sword made.
His white plume appears
Over lances and spears,
And death follows fast
Every sweep of his blade.

But on speeds fierce Calvah,
And on speeds his band,
Till he reaches the hall
Where the pale captives stand;
One moment—and then
In the front of his men
The chief of Tryconnel
Towers fearless and grand.

Back, back to the ramparts,
And back to the wall
With their sabres they rush,
On the foemen they fall;
And helmets are riven,
And broadswords are driven
Through cuirass and buckler
And armor and all.

De Courcey is flying
From burning Kinnair,
His spearmen are lying
In death stricken there;

And high floats the banner
Of Calvah O'Connor,
And the wolf of the mountain
Is chased from his lair.

The summer sun shines on
The Mourne again,
As it wimples and wanders
Through meadow and glen;
And gaily the bells
On the summer air swell,
And joy's in the bosoms
Of women and men.

The priest at the altar
Weds bridegroom and bride—
A youth and a maiden
Who kneel by his side;
The youth is O'Donnell,
The pride of Tyrconnel,
The maid is the fairest
By Mourne's green side.

STRONGBOW'S MARCH.

In the year 1171 Strongbow, leaving the government of Dublin in the hands of Miles De Cogan, set out for Imbher Slaine [Wexford], to relieve the fort of Carrig, then besieged by the Irish. On his march through Waterford he was met by O'Regan, the chieftain of Idrone, and a terrible battle ensued,

in which great numbers on both sides fell. O'Regan, by a desperate charge, drove back Strongbow and his Normans, and would have utterly annihilated them had he not fallen in the charge. He was killed by a Norman archer in the very moment of victory. His men, discouraged by his fall, withdrew from the field, and Strongbow resumed his march to Wexford. He arrived too late, however; Carrig was in possession of the Irish, and Strongbow was obliged to retreat to Dublin.

From Dublin's frowning castle hold,
Fierce Strongbow and his train
Of steel-clad knights and archers bold
Marched on to Imbher Slaine.

O'er many a Norman spear and plume
His haughty banner shone,
As winding through the heath and broom
He gallantly pressed on.

Nor chief nor kern opposed his way,
Nor blast of war was blown,
Until, as closed that summer day,
He halted at Idrone.

But there drawn up before him stand
O'Regan's clansmen tall—
As brave as e'er bore lance in hand
On field or castle wall.

Arrayed in ordered lines of green,
With banner broad outspread,
Their marshalled ranks are proudly seen,
Their chieftain at their head.

And lance and battle-axe and spear
Gleamed in the setting sun,
And fierce and warlike mountaineer
And archers many a one.

And hardy kern and gallowglass
Stood round their banner there,
From crag and glen and mountain pass,
And Munster valley fair.

The haughty Strongbow reined his steed—
Right well the Norman knew
That many a gallant heart would bleed
Ere sunk the sun from view.

Ere he could gain fair Wexford's side,
And rest within his hall,
The foeman should be scattered wide
And kern and chieftain fall.

Then proudly he his flag unrolled,
And, in the front alone,
Thus spake he to O'Regan bold,
The chieftain of Idrone·

"My pathway lies towards Slaney's wave,
And why thus block my way
With bow and buckler, axe and glaive,
And men in war array?

"Withdraw your rugged mountain hordes
And swarthy kern from view,
Or else our Norman spears and swords
Will cleave a pathway through."

"Sir knight," O'Reagan proud replied,
"Scant courtesy have I
When Norman banners flutter wide,
And Norman foemen nigh.

"And stout Clan-Regan little fears
A Norman braggart's word;
Come on! To him and all his spears
Our answer is—the sword.

"Our Irish eagles scent the pack
That muster in the wood,
Our blades shall send the braggarts back,
Or drink their swinish blood.

"Draw, archers! let your arrows fly
And pierce their iron mail;
These Norman churls to-night shall lie
Beneath the Irish Gael."

A shower of arrows winged their flight
And toward the Normans sped;
The hostile ranks from left to right
Move on with solid tread;

And as they near, each bended bow
Sent home its arrow well—
Till on the sward both friend and foe
In heaps together fell.

They meet, and battle-axe and spear
Ring on their iron mail,
And loudly swells O'Regan's cheer
And fiercely charge the Gael.

Dark Strongbow's backward borne with speed,
De Lacey's plume is down,
De Courcey lies beside his steed
Well gashed from chin to crown.

"Strike home!" O'Regan fiercely roared,
And towered his haughty crest,
But as he spoke a foeman's sword
Was buried in his breast.

He reeled, but ere his savage foe
His weapon could regain,
He turned, and with a dying blow
Clove him through skull and brain.

They sank together in their blood
That dyed the greensward red,
While hushed and mute the foemen stood
And gazed upon the dead.

Then Celtic chief and Norman knight
The fearful strife gave o'er,
As sunk the last faint ray of light
On Carrig's reddened shore.

The Normans mourned their fallen brave
That night with woe and wail,
Who found a dark and bloody grave
Beside the Irish Gael.

But not with tears the Irish chief
Was mourned in fair Idrone;
For tears could not assuage the grief
His clansmen's hearts had known.

But thrust of pike and sabre blow,
And ring of freemen's spears,
Flashed back dark vengeance on the foe
In place of sighs and tears,

Till every valley echoed free
A Norman's dying groan,
And well avenged in blood was he,
O'Regan of Idrone.

THE WELCOME.

THE beacons burn upon the steep,
The steed is in the stall,
And watch and ward the warriors keep
Upon the castle wall.
They wait to hear O'Donnell's drums
And hear his trumpets bray,
As winding through the wood he comes
That girdle fair Lough Neagh.

Last eve he crossed the Saimer's ford,
This morn Blackwater's side,
And marched to aid Dungannon's lord
With clansmen true and tried.
"Ho! warder, watch from turret high,
And pierce yon murky haze,
And see if in the northern sky
O'Donnell's banners blaze."

"I hear the tramp of marching men
And sound of trumpet too;
The mist falls thick on vale and glen—
I cannot pierce it through.
It may be Clifford's hireling spears,
Or fierce De Burgo's band—
Hark! to their loud and ringing cheers,
They must be near at hand.

"And now the thick mist rolls away
That hid them from my view;
I see long lines in proud array,
The greenwood winding through.
I mark their banners' silken sheen
As onward they advance—
I see O'Donnell's plume of green
Blaze over spear and lance.

'I see O'Hagan's axes gleam—
Stout kerns from Knock-a-voe;
MacSweeney from the Saimer's stream,
O'Cahan from the Roe.
They come with banners spreading wide,
And shout and bugle-call,
And now, St. Bride! they halt beside
The castle's outer wall."

"Now, warder, for this timely boon
Let song of minstrel swell,
And greet the chief with cannon's boom,
And clang of blithesome bell;
Ring out your welcome to the sky,
And let the red wine flow,
And give a greeting loud and high
To brave O'Donnell Roe!

"Let Clifford and De Burgo come—
We'll find them Irish graves;
For fierce Clan-London there is room
In Neagh's and Saimer's waves.

Ring out ! let bell and bugle peal
In loud and joyous tone,
And tell the Saxon that O'Neill
Still rules in green Tyrone !"

O'NEILL'S WOOING.

The echoes in Slievedarragh's glen
Wake to the tramp of marching men,
And trumpet blast and bugle peal
And neigh of steed and ring of steel
Are plainly heard upon the shore
Where rise the spires of fair Portmore.

Surrounded by his stalwart clan,
With spears from Erne and the Bann,
And troopers stout from Esseroe,
And spearmen from the winding Roe,
In armor clad from head to heel,
And in the van rides Hugh O'Neill.

They reach Portmore, the drawbridge swings,
And foremost on the bridge he springs ;
His kinsman, he of Antrim's glen,
Gives greeting to the chieftain's men,
And welcomes proud Dungannon's lord
With generous heart and blithesome word.

That night within O'Cahan's hall,
When sleep had sealed the eyes of all,

The two brave chieftains sat alone,
And held debate in muffled tone;
But whether 'twas of war or fray
It bodes not now for me to say.

As rose the sunlight on the shore
And morning dawned on fair Portmore,
A harper o'er the drawbridge passed,
His harp across his shoulder cast,
And through the broom and heather brown
He took his way towards Newry town.

Two summer days have come and gone,
And on the spires of Newry shone,
And as the third in twilight dies
And the bright moon lights up the skies,
From a proud castle tall and fair
Ring sounds of mirth upon the air.

In Bagnal's castle stout and strong
There's gleesome wassail, mirth, and song,
And haughty dames from Saxon land,
And knights of birth and lineage grand,
And high-born ladies, fair and tall,
In youth and beauty grace the hall.

Amid the throng assembled there,
For stately mien and beauty rare,
The sister of the English lord,
To her both knight and bard accord

Within the hall the foremost place
For beauty, innocence, and grace.

She moves with such a queenly air
So sweet the smile her features wear,
So bright the blush upon her cheek,
Her glance so artless, mild and meek—
Ah ! never did such beauty beam
Upon the brow of England's queen.

Her haughty brother smiles with pride
As on the dais, by his side,
He seats her in the honored place
Befitting one of noble race;
And knight and squire with courtly air
Pay fitting homage to her there.

'Twas then a harper, lithe and tall,
Was led into the banquet hall.
The warder told that he was one
Who travelled far since rise of sun,
And wished, though weak, to strike a chord
In praise of Newry's English lord.

Permission given, across the strings
With careless grace his hand he flings,
And sings a blithesome roundelay
Of English lords and ladies gay,
And how their sires in days of yore.
To Palestine their banner bore.

Again he strikes the trembling strings,
And now of war he grandly sings.
The dulcet notes in measured swell
Of war, defeat, and triumph tell,
Until from lords and ladies all
A loud applause rings through the hall.

Anon, in sweet and plaintive lay,
His fingers o'er the harp-strings stray ;
The lady lists, in pleased surprise,
And brighter beam her sparkling eyes ;
The harper's glance is o'er her cast,
And high her bosom heaves and fast.

The song has ceased—the stranger now
Retires with meek, yet graceful bow.
The warder leads him from the hall
Unto the castle's outer wall,
Then points to where the minstrel may
Repose his limbs till dawn of day.

But 'tis not couch nor silken bed
The harper seeks to rest his head ;
'Twas not for largesse, rest, or pay
He sang to-night that plaintive lay–
A richer guerdon his shall be
Ere dawns the sun on fair Loch Neagh.

Close by the castle's outmost gate
Two coal-black steeds all harnessed wait ;

Towards them the harper takes his way,
As swift as if 'twere light of day;
His harp and cloak aside are thrown,
And in the shade he stands alone.

Nor long he stood without the walls
When on the path a shadow falls,
And in the pale moon's lingering light
A muffled form appears in sight,
With lithesome step and graceful air
Of youthful page or lady fair.

The harper watched with eager eye
As came the muffled stranger nigh;
One moment, and before him stood,
Her face half hid by silken hood,
The lady who at close of day
Had listened to the minstrel's lay.

With timid, bashful glance she came,
Her face suffused with maiden shame,
O'er neck and cheek the blushes steal
"Fear not, 'tis I, your own O'Neill,
And bold of heart and hand were he
Who'd dare to wrest thee now from me."

One kiss upon her forehead pressed,
She hides her blushes on his breast;
One moment thus the lovers stood,
Then pointing to the distant wood,

The chieftain said, with glowing pride:
"Now, lady, we must mount and ride.

"Our steeds shall bear us far away
From Newry's towers ere dawn of day;
And let your brother, Bagnal, fume,
O'Cahan waits amid the broom,
And my brave clansmen by Loch Neagh
Are watching every pass for me."

The lights within the castle flash
As off with bounding speed they dash,
And mid the clash and clank of steel
The bells ring out the alarm peal,
And loudly on the midnight wind
They hear the tramp of steeds behind.

"Now speed thee on, my gallant steed,
For freedom, love, and beauty speed!
Dark are the woods we journey through,
And fierce the foemen who pursue;
But rugged road or foeman's steel
Was never feared by the O'Neill."

Away! away through brake and dell—
May good St. Colman speed them well;
For braver knight ne'er lived than he,
And brave as beautiful is she.
Away! away they bounding go,
But fast behind rides on the foe.

Through pass and plain with headlong speed
And blown and weak each panting steed,
As rose the sun on ford and plain
Blackwater's side with joy they gain;
But as in front the stream appears,
Right close behind are Bagnal's spears.

Spur quick and fast, ply spur and rein,
For hard the foemen tug and strain—
And nearer, nearer still they come—
Hark! to that fierce and mingled hum
Of angry yell and deadly vow—
God help thee and the lady now!

The gallant chieftain, brought to bay,
Brushed from his brow the damp away,
And twixt the lady and her foes
His towering form on high uprose;
Before him gleamed dark Bagnal's steel,
But all undaunted stood O'Neill.

As down the furious Bagnal bore,
And rushed his troopers to the shore,
Eager to wage the unequal strife,
As if by magic brought to life,
From brush and broom, and fern and grass,
Leaped to his feet a gallowglass.

O'Cahan's war-cry loudly rings
As on the foremost foe he springs,

And swift as eagle in his flight
When soaring o'er Slieve Donard's height,
O'Neill's clansmen to his aid
Rush on with axe and battle-blade.

Fast did the English troopers ride
From Newry to Blackwater's side ;
But faster far through brake and glen
They rode to Newry back again,
And more than half of that fierce band
Lay crushed and mangled on the strand.

That eve as sunk the sunlight down,
And darkness tinged the mountains brown,
The chieftain and his blushing bride,
With many a clansman by their side,
Pursuit and strife and danger o'er,
Held bridal feast in old Portmore.

THE RAID TO BALLYRONAN.

A LEGEND OF THE COUNTY DERRY.

Bellingham from Garva's glen,
With fifty steeds, and fifty men
Harnessed well in iron mail,
Came to Ballyronan's vale—
Came to plunder and despoil
Those who owned that fertile soil,

And where'er his troopers passed
Shriek and groan rose on the blast.

Ballyronan's woods are green,
Bright the lakes that slumber there;
Never yet on earth was seen
Vale so beautiful and fair.
Hardy are the men who dwell
By the borders of Lough Neagh,
Freemen born, and long and well
They have kept their valleys free.
Never yet has Saxon band
Come within their native vale
Save to fall before the hand
Of the brave, unconquered Gael.

Long the English chief had tried,
In his haughty power and pride,
To possess the lands that lay
By the shores of fair Lough Neagh;
But as often as he came
He was met with sword and flame;
And O'Hagan's clansmen sallied
Out from every vale and glen,
And together bravely rallied
And drove back the Saxon men.
Often did the Saxon lord
Press O'Hagan with the sword—
Often had their forces met
In the strife, but never yet

Could their iron ranks prevail
O'er the prowess of the Gael.

From his stronghold bursting out,
With his troopers tall and stout,
Raiding hamlet, town, and glen,
Marched the chieftain with his men,
Till by Ballyronan's side
He his ancient foe espied.
Brief the space to think or rest—
On the bold O'Hagan pressed;
He had seen the smoke arise
From the valleys to the skies,
And had guessed some raiding bands
Of the Saxon foe were near,
And to drive them from his lands
Summoned every ready spear.

Spurring hard upon the shore,
As they saw the foemen halt,
On the Irish fiercely tore,
Headlong rushed to the assault;
Rude the charge the clansmen made,
As they spurred against the foe,
And with fierce and flashing blade
Up against the troopers go.
Rolled together on the strand
Horse and rider, quick and fast,
And full half that robber band
Fell before that tempest blast.

Bellingham, with desperate rage,
Spurred to reach O'Hagan's side—
Fiercely they the battle wage,
Swiftly flows the ruddy tide.
Heavy rain the iron blows,
Hard and fast they tug and strain—
Never yet have fiercer foes
Met in breach or battle's plain.

Falls a desperate, daring blow
From O'Hagan's reddened hand,
And the Saxon chief sinks low,
Writhing on the bloody strand;
And a deafening cheer resounds
From the clansmen of the Gael
As the last red foe goes down,
Shook and shattered in his mail.

Ballyronan's sky is red
With the blazing bonfire's light,
And from Neagh to Malin Head
Spread the tidings of the fight;
And the song of praise is sung
Out from every vale and glen,
From the hearts of old and young
For O'Hagan and his men.

THE DEFENCE OF GALWAY.

To subdue the ancient city,
With ten thousand horse and foot,
By the orders of fierce Cromwell,
Marched the English butcher, Coote.
With the blood of God's anointed
Dripping from their ruffian blades,
From the Liffey's shore to Galway
Marched his Puritan brigades.

There was tumult in the city
As his troops in proud array
Neared the rising towers of Menlough
And the waters of the bay.
There was mustering of soldiery
And burnishing of arms,
And the crowded streets resounded
With a thousand dread alarms.

Off in haste, o'er hill and moorland,
Sped the flying Habilar,
To arouse the distant chieftains
With the tidings of the war.
And that eve from cot and castle,
Ere the summer sun went down,
Came the gallowglasses pouring
Through the streets of Galway town.

From the Claddagh's strand to Barna,
From around Lough Corrib's shore—
From Cashla bay and Menlough,
And the Isle of Innismore—
Where St. Ibar and St. Brandan
Preached the Gospel to our sires,
And the teaching of the Christian
Quenched the Druid's pagan fires;

From the stormy shores of Arran;
From the towers of Terrileen,
Which had often braved the vengeance
And the might of England's queen;
From the vale of fair Kilcorman,
From the moors of Derrynay,
And from Oran, where the banner
Of Clanricarde once held sway—

They are mustering in their manhood,
They are rushing to the walls,
And the piercing voice of Freedom
Not in vain on Connaught calls.
Oh! many a vaunting Puritan
Shall slumber with the dead
Ere above yon bristling rampart
Floats their English flag of red.

In long, serried lines extending
From Lough Corrib to the bay,
A goodly sight, at morning light,
The English army lay;

Their burnished helmets glistened fair
As rose the morning sun
And shone on pike and musketoon,
On banner, spear, and waving plume,
And steel-clad knight and bold dragoon,
And many a bristling gun,
And loudly swelled the cannon's boom
And roll of rattling drum.

There was silence in the city
As the Puritans came on,
But flashing eyes with deadly glare
Gazed in the foremost columns, where
The English banner shone.
The kern from Merview's moorland drear
Rushed with the Galway mountaineer
To meet the advancing foe;
And marshalled on the walls they stand
With firm resolve and ready hand,
For the old cause of motherland
To strike another blow.

The kern can note the burnished gun
And glancing sheen of spear
As on in proud array they come
And louder swells the mingled hum
Of cannon, musket, trump, and drum,
And bugle ringing clear.
Against the walls the English leap,
But meet a storm of hail,
That through their dense battalions creep

Fierce as the tempest on the deep
When sinks the laboring sail,
And backward to their batteries creep
These braggarts of the Pale.

The dead and dying strew the sward,
Their crimson flag is down,
And bounding o'er the waters clear
And on the beaten foeman's ear
A wild and ringing Irish cheer
Bursts from the brave old town,
That never yet had bowed in fear
To England's throne or crown.

The baffled foeman, fierce with wrath,
Up to the ramparts gazed,
And, darkly frowning on his men,
He led them to the walls again,
While all his batteries blazed;
And from his polished lines of steel
Roared the loud rattling musket peal
As on they boldly came,
From front to flank of every rank
Leaps death and fire and flame.

O'Connor Cong stood on the wall
And smiled to see them come:
He saw their steel-clad grenadiers,
Their flaunting flag, their marshalled spears,
Well flanked by many a gun.

And as they gain the nearest gate,
Where his bold kerns all silent wait
With battle-axe and brand,
Right to the front he forward springs,
And o'er the din the order rings,
"Charge home for motherland!
Let every gun and petronel
Upon their foremost columns tell,
Then charge them on the plain—
And smite the spawn of Cromwell's brood
Until your blades are drunk with blood,
And the lean wolves of Menlough Wood
Shall feast on Saxon slain.

"Let all the hatred of the Gael
And all the wrongs of Innisfail
Fall in each deadly blow.
Forward! their close-pressed lines assail,
Pierce armor, helmet, jack, and mail,
Until their ranks before you quail
And vanquished falls the foe.

"Charge! till yon pirate flag of red
So proudly to the breeze outspread,
Shall float o'er heaps of robber dead
Entombed in one red grave!
And bathed in blood the foemen fall,
Struck down by sabre, axe, and ball,
While proudly from the unconquered wall
The Irish Green shall wave."

Fast from the guns a storm of hail
 Right through their columns ran,
And forward dashed the fiery Gael
'Gainst cuirass, plate, and Milan mail,
 O'Connor in the van.
They pierce the Saxon's wavering lines
 Ere rolls the smoke on high,
They reach the bristling ridge where shines
 The red flag to the sky.
'Tis down! and now with frenzied yell,
 'Gainst England's veteran spears,
With mingled hate and wrath they fell,
Fierce as the rolling waves of hell,
 Stern Connaught's mountaineers.
The dark and canting Puritans
 Crave not for mercy there,
But round their leader fight with all
 The fury of despair,
Till, torn and shattered, crushed and slain,
 Their best and bravest lie,
And far away beyond the plain
 Their scattered remnants fly.

And hard and fast O'Connor's men
 The robber knaves pursue,
And hundreds fall in field and glen
 From Menlough to Merview.
Of all the thousand spears at morn
 That glistened to the sun,
But few to Liffey's side return
 To tell of battle done.

They perished in their power and pride,
These braggarts of the crown,
Like fierce and hunted wolves they died
From Barna's wood to Corrib's side,
By freemen's hands struck down,
And basely perished by the tide
That laves the ancient town.

And soon again o'er hill and dale
Throughout old Motherland,
May Erin's flag float on the gale,
From Galway Bay to fair Kinsale,
And may the freeman's hand
Strike down the foes of Innisfail
And crush them on her strand!

GRANARD MOAT.

Down through Sheelin's vale at sunset, fierce as demons in their wrath,
Sped a band of English foemen; fire and carnage marked their path,
Plundered shrine and blazing roof-tree lit the darkness of the night
From the shores of fair Lough Gowna to the slopes of Granard height.

From the aged and hoary grandsire to the helpless prattling babe,
All in blood and death were stricken by the foeman's ruthless blade—
Maid and mother fell before them, all in wrath and vengeance smote,
And in pride the foeman's legions onward sped to Granard Moat.

We had marched that morn from Keenah to oppose them on their way,
And by river, lake, or mountain made we neither stop nor stay,
'Till a band of English troopers crossed our path at Edgeworthtown,
And we piked the last red foeman as the evening sun went down.

Early in the dewy morning, as the sun began to dawn,
Towards the ancient Moat of Granard we were proudly marching on,
High our banner proudly floated, in its beauty fair and free,
Borne by men from Carrickmira and the vale of Killashee.

From the banks of Cloonart River and from Cleena's village green,
Hastening onward to the onset, many a gallant youth was seen.

As we neared the heights of Granard, right before
us, formed in line,
We could see the English legions, and their spears
and banners shine.

For one moment's space we halted, as we came
before their view,
And a deadly thirst for vengeance filled our
bosoms through and through;
With a shout that loudly echoed to the far-off
Shannon's shore,
Through the red ranks of the foeman in our
furious wrath we tore.

With a rush our gallant pikemen leaped against
their foremost line,
And their blades drank deep of vengeance for
many a bloody crime;
Fast and deadly every weapon found a Saxon foe-
man's breast,
As our fierce and maddened comrades through
their columns quickly pressed.

Granard's ancient moat is reddened with the blood
of friend and foe—
Well we met them with the bayonet, thrust of
pike, and sabre blow;
Backward pressed, again they rally, bravely fight-
ing to the last,
But again our gallant pikemen gather round them
fierce and fast.

Morning saw their haughty standard in its pride and glory wave—
Evening saw their scarlet legions crushed and sunk in one red grave;
And where stood the ranks of Britain by the light of morning dawn,
O'er their graves, in proud defiance, Erin's rebel banner shone.

Longford long shall tell the story how her children bravely stood
In the fight for Erin's glory, true and stern, as freemen should;
And their deeds shall nerve our brothers when they grasp the freeman's brand,
To go forth to fall or conquer for the rights of motherland.

ROUT OF THE DANES.

Harold the Dane o'er hill and glen
Marched on to harry the Munster men;
From Tramore Bay to Clonmel town
Fort and castle he tumbled down,
Crossed the Shannon and swept Adare,
And planted his flag on the plains of Clare.

The Fergus rolls past Ennis town,
To Shannon's waves it rushes down,

And on its banks, with blade in hand,
The clans of Clare and Thomond stand—
From Dromore heights and vales they came
To measure weapons with the Dane.

Harold with fearless eye surveyed
The Munster troops in line arrayed,
Flung out his raven banner high,
While sounded fierce his battle-cry—
Loud and high it boldly rang
As on the Irish foe he sprang.

Fierce and rude the clans of Clare—
Fierce the strife enacted there—
Bold and strong of heart and hand
Fights the Celt for native land;
Breast to breast they tug and strain,
Worthy foemen of the Dane.

Loudly ring the clanging blows,
Red the soil where Fergus flows;
Madly press the Northmen on—
Erin's foremost lines are gone!
Backward to the river's banks
Reel the bleeding Irish ranks.

Fast from out the Irish band
Rushed the chief of Thomond's land—
Chief of Dysert and Noaghvale,
Worthy son of noble Gael;

And, through helmet, brain, and crown,
Smote the Northman Harold down.

Forming round their chief again
Rushed the gallant Munster men—
'Gainst the foemen with a roar
That resounded past Dromore,
And with maddened shriek and yell
On the Danish warriors fell.

Fierce and rude the charge they made,
Spurning Danish blow and blade,
Dashing spear and sword aside,
Battle-axe and brand they plied,
Till the foe in sore dismay
Fled towards Shannon's shore away.

Ennis, in thy blood-stained streets,
Where thy stream with Shannon meets—
Where Bunratty's headlands frown,
On to Limerick's ancient town,
Erin's foes are crushed and slain,
Foiled and routed is the Dane.

Denmark long in woe and grief
Shall bewail her dauntless chief;
But from Munster's vales shall rise
Hymns of freedom to the skies.
Ne'er again shall Northman dare
Plant his raven flag in Clare.

THE RAID OF RED HUGH.

A.D. 1593.

"Upon the eastern border of O'Donnell's country, where the two old rivers Finn and Mourne, which the deluge left behind, mingle their waters, dwelt Tirlough Lynnogh O'Neill, in the town and castle of Strabane, holding such poor state as the Dungannon chief still permitted him. This foolish old Tirlough kept certain English troops in his country under the command of one Captain Willis—perilous auxiliaries for an Irish chief. And 'it was a heart-break,' says the chronicler, 'to Hugh O'Donnell, that the English of Dublin should obtain a knowledge of the country.' He fiercely attacked Strabane, drove back Tirlough and his Englishmen as far as Glengiven (Dungiven), and besieged them in O'Cahan's castle, on the banks of Roa river. O'Cahan came forth to treat with O'Donnell, reminded him that he had been his foster-son, and that the fugitives were his guests, and so persuaded the young chief to refrain from violating the hospitality of a friendly roof. For that time O'Donnell retired; but he never rested, nor suffered Tirlough to rest, while those detested English were on his borders. The old chief was soon obliged to banish his outlandish allies, and accept the powerful friendship of O'Donnell in their place; and this is the last we hear of Tirlough. He died the next year."—*Mitchel's Life of Hugh O'Neill*, p. 96.

From dark Tyrconnel's castle-hold to Tirlough's
fair abode,
With ten-score troopers in his train, the fierce
O'Donnell rode;
Through Kilmacrennan's fertile groves so fast they
bear away
You scarce can catch a passing glance of all their
bright array.

'Tis but one league from Claudy ford to Mourne's swelling tide,
And soon upon its mossy banks O'Donnell's troopers ride;
Across the stream their steeds they urge with spur and bridle-rein,
Nor halt until the farther shore in eager haste they gain.

'Tis noontide now. With murmuring sound the peaceful river flows,
And all around the leafy woods are hushed in calm repose.
On Croghan's peak and Lifford's spires the summer sun shines down
And gilds the towers and turrets fair of Owen's ancient town.

'Tis noon. Through Tirlough's castle gate a band of horsemen pour,
Their pennons flutter in the breeze, their leader rides before;
But not of Irish blood are they, or clansmen of the Gael:
Their foreign flag and arms proclaim the soldiers of the Pale.

With stately pomp and martial pride they march through street and square—
Their banners blaze, their bugles ring clear in the stilly air;

Secure in all their strength and pride they march
in gallant show
Until they gain the river's bank, unconscious of
a foe.

Is that a herd of mountain deer crouched low by
Mourne's stream ?
What stirs amid the thicket there ? Was that
an eagle's scream ?
They move—they start—they leap to life with
cheer and wild halloo !
By Heaven ! it is O'Donnell's men ! hark to that
fierce aboo !

Down on the Saxon ranks they rush with battle-
axe and spear,
And high above the strife and din rings out
O'Donnell's cheer.
St. Colman ! how their axes ring on breast-
plate, jack, and mail,
And horse and rider fall before the fierce and fiery
Gael !

Strong is the rush of Shannon's flood when
swol'n by mountain rain—
Fierce is the stormy hurricane that sweeps
Roscommon's plain ;
But fiercer far than Shannon's wave when tossed
by wind and foam,
Is the rude shock of Erin's spears when Beal-
dearg charges home.

The dotard Tirlough hopelessly sees from his
castle wall
In tens and scores, cut down in blood, his Saxon
allies fall;
Their banners torn, their armor rent, their ranks
in disarray,
And roof and rafter, friend and kin, to fire and
sword a prey.

Baffled and foiled at every point, with wild de-
spairing cry
The remnant of that Saxon band in frenzied
terror fly;
With reckless haste they onward push through
brake and bush away,
Behind their startled leader hears O'Donnell's
bloodhounds bay.

Ho! Tirlough, rend thy hoary hair, and hang thy
drooping head—
Thy castle-hall is wrapped in flames, unnumbered
are thy dead.
Ho! Willis, loose thy bridle free, and spur with
might and main,
O'Donnell's kerns are on thy track, at every stride
they gain.

Away! away, o'er bank and brae, with wild de-
spairing speed—
And never yet was Saxon churl than he in sorer
need.

The Foyle is crossed—Ardmore is passed—Dungiven's heights appear,
And close beside O'Cahan's tower they halt in dread and fear.

Tyrconnel's kerns spur hard and fast, Tyrconnell's steeds are fleet—
In battle's brunt or headlong chase 'twere hard their match to meet;
And as the Saxon horsemen halt before O'Cahan's gate,
O'Donnell's troops came riding in with fierce and deadly hate.

One moment's pause—with bated breath the foemen fiercely glare;
Each heart is nerved for blood and strife, and every weapon bare.
O'Donnell's ready blade leaps out, his spears and axes gleam,
But ere one deadly blow could fall, O'Cahan stepped between.

"I am thy father's friend," he said, "and thou my foster-son,
O'Donnell brave, with blood of guest stain not my threshold stone;
Beneath my roof, although, God wot, no friends of mine they be,
Unharmed and safe must they remain, though false to mine and me.

"I pledge my word O'Cahan's clan is true to Erin's cause,
And love not speech of Saxon tongue, or Saxon throne or laws;
And ere to-morrow's sun shall set on Roa's grassy vale,
I'll drive these base marauders hence, back to the English Pale."

"Enough, enough!" O'Donnell said, "I take O'Cahan's word:
In peace or war 'twas ever true, and trusty as his sword.
In freedom and in friendship's name, O'Cahan, here's my hand—
When next we meet, together we shall strike for motherland."

BATTLE OF LIMESTONE RIDGE.

[Fought June 2, 1866, between four hundred of the Irish Republican Army, under General John O'Neill, and sixteen hundred English, under Col. Booker.]

FILL up! fill up! pass round the cup,
Let mirth and joy be seen,
And drink, my gallant comrades,
To Erin's flag of green;

And while the red wine circles round,
Ere yet the feast is done,
I'll tell you, friends, of Limestone Ridge,
And how 'twas fought and won.

We lay around our camp-fires
With our rifles in our hand,
And proudly waved above our heads
The banner of our land.
Our hearts were bounding fast and high
With hope and joy that night,
As resting on our arms we lay,
And watched the morning light.

And as the morning light appeared,
As far as eye could gaze,
In copse and wood, in field and plain,
The foeman's bayonets blaze.
His haughty banners flaunt the breeze,
In pride and power he comes,
And hill and valley echo back
The rolling of his drums

"Fall in ! fall in !" and at the word
In battle-line we form,
With bayonets fixed and hearts prepared
To meet the coming storm.
From rank to rank our general
Is riding fierce and fast—
His voice, amid the din and roar,
Rings like a bugle blast.

And as he paused and gazed with pride
Upon our gallant band,
Who stood unflinching by his side,
For God and fatherland,
We knew well by his haughty look
And by his flashing eye,
The hour of fierce and stern resolve
And dark revenge was nigh.

"Comrades," he said, "the hour is come—
Before you stands the foe:
Strike home, strike deep for fatherland,
And give them blow for blow;
And trample down the scarlet slaves
Who block fair Freedom's way,
And drown the wrongs of centuries
In English blood to-day."

Then from our ranks a deafening cheer
Arose o'er field and wood,
And vengeance burned within our hearts,
And wildly leaped our blood;
And from our rifles' iron throats
A deadly volley sped,
That swept their foremost columns down,
And filled the plain with dead.

And friend and foe in deadly hate
Their fatal volleys pour,
And mingled groans and cheers were heard,
And shriek, and scream, and roar;

And fierce and high rings out the cry,
And loud as thunder peal—
"Charge! every man from rear to van,
And smite them with the steel!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" with ringing cheer
Through copse and wood we dash,
O'er fence and wall, while comrades fall,
And ball and bullet crash.
Away! away! dash on! hurrah!
Like bloodhounds fierce we spring,
And fire and flame in death-shower reign,
And deadly rifles ring.

On, on we pressed, till breast to breast
We stand before the foe,
And vengeance stern nerves every arm
And strikes in every blow.
Down, down we drag their blood-red flag,
And back their columns reel,
As, bathed in gore, they fall before
That avalanche of steel.

In vain! in vain—on field and plain
Like stricken deer they fly;
Our bullets speed, they sink and bleed,
And stagger, fall, and die.
The field is red, and piled with dead,
And, flashing in the sun,
The Sunburst waves above their graves,
And Limestone Ridge is won!

THE CAPTURE OF BALLYMOTE.

Good news ! good news has come at last,
Tyrconnel's mountaineers
From Saimer's waves are hurrying fast,
'Mid forest deep of spears;
Ere rose the sun at early dawn
Their serried lines were seen,
With waving banners, marching on,
Bedecked in garb of green.

Now sound the war-note of our clan
And rouse ye for the strife,
And to the front let every man,
To strike for land and life.
Too long in peace and sluggish ease
We've let the foeman dwell,
Up with your banner to the breeze
And let your slogan swell.

Our Munster clans the vale shall fill,
From Arrow's fertile shore
To old Keshcorran's stately hill
And winding Owenmore :
Collooney's ancient wood shall hear
The sound of clashing steel,
And the fierce Saxon quail with fear
To hear our war-cry peal.

High from the towers and turrets fair
That soar o'er Ballymote,
A crimson blood-spot in the air,
Flames their red flag afloat.
Its blighting shadow darkly falls
And dims our spotless Green,
While mustering on the bristling walls
Their mail-clad men are seen.

Hugh Roe has crossed the Saimer's wave,
And, marching to our aid,
He brings a band of freemen brave
As ere bore battle blade.
From yonder wall our cheers shall swell
In welcome as he comes,
And Sligo's clansmen greet him well
With roll of Irish drums.

McDonough's flag has never quailed
When blast of war was blown,
Though oft by foreign foe assailed
We've bravely held our own;
Against the foeman's boasted might
We've kept it flying free,
From the tall Curlieu's towering height
To heath-clad Carrowkee.

O'Donnell's war-cry soon shall soar
O'er Sligo's verdant vales,
As marching fast from Arrow's shore
Press on his gallant Gaels;

But, clansmen, ere his ringing cheer
One foeman's heart appals,
We'll plant our banner fair and free
On yonder castle walls.

Onward ! and let your slogan peal
Pierce through yon walls of stone,
And, guarded round with flashing steel,
Our bright flag be out thrown.
March on ! there's strength in that brave cry,
Enough to wake the dead,
Enough to flash our banner high
In triumph o'er the red.

O Heavens ! to hear that ringing shout
That rose defiant there—
From every sheath a blade leaped out,
Fierce, gleaming, bright, and bare ;
On with a roar they wildly spring
Towards bastion, tower, and wall,
And sabre, spear, and broad-sword ring,
And friends and foemen fall.

A serried host of mail-clad foes
Spring up to block their way,
And fiercely in the death-grasp close—
No silken soldiers they ;
But dark marauders, rugged, stern,
Of hot and savage mood,
The brave McDonough's Irish kern
Meet foemen just as rude.

On every tower and battlement
They swarm, a living mass,
While, braving all, 'gainst gate and wall,
Leaps forth each gallowglass.
They meet, and backward from their blows
The Saxon spears give way—
That surging sea of Irish foes
No human hand can stay.

Bravely they try to stem the tide,
To breast that foaming flood—
Their ranks are scattered far and wide,
And writhing lie in blood.
McDonough gains the ramparts high
And plants his banner there,
Hark! to that loud triumphant cry
That bursts upon the air.

See! bounding o'er Collooney's plain,
Tyrconnel's host appears,
And hard and fast they ride amain,
'Mid flashing flags and spears.
Now greet him well with welcome cheer,
With trump and rolling drums:
The Saxon's darkest foe is near,
The brave O'Donnell comes.

A shout of welcome boldly swells
From every Irish heart,
Which to Tyconnel's clansmen tells
They've borne the brave man's part.

Up from the rampart's towering height
McDonough's banner flies,
Its green folds stream in freedom's light,
And flutter to the skies.

That night within the castle-hold
The harp was blithly strung,
And tales of Erin's glories told,
By bard and minstrel sung;
And deeply round the chieftain's board
O'Donnell's clansmen swore
To fiercely drive with fire and sword
The foeman from their shore.

THE RIDE OF THE DESMOND.

"By the cross of Kildare, Gerald Condon,
The blood in your veins must run chill,
To lie there a-sleeping and dreaming
And the Desmond away o'er the hill;
His flag fluttered proudly this morning,
His bugles rang clear on the air,
Ere the night-mist had fled from the mountain
Or the sun kissed the hills of Kildare.

"Up, Gerald! our war-steeds are neighing,
They wait in the valley below;
And we'll greet the bright banner of Desmond
Ere it flames on the hills of Dunlow.

I long for one glance of the chieftain
As he stands 'mid a forest of spears,
And see him bear down on the Norman
When the flag of the pirate appears."

To horse, and away o'er the meadows
These comrades ride furious and fast;
Behind is the hill of Knock-Sheey—
The ford of Glan-doran is past.
All breathless they halt by the Dargyle,
Where before them in battle array
Stand the men and the spears of the Desmond,
All eager to leap to the fray.

With bright shining banners and lances
And helmets ablaze in the sun,
And a shout like the roar of the tempest,
The Normans right gallantly come.
St. Bride! what a clashing of corselets
And ringing of sabre and mail
As, in the wild, fierce shock of battle,
They rush on the spears of the Gael.

The Desmond with sabre uplifted,
And vengeance and hate in his eye,
Looked proudly around on his clansmen,
As their steel-plated foemen came nigh.
Then, giving the spur to his charger,
He leaped in the midst of the foe,
And fiercely through vizor and bastnet,
Their leader struck down at a blow.

Then wild rose the war-cry of Desmond,
As his spearmen and Hobilars spring
With a shout on the ranks of the Norman,
And broadsword and battle-axe ring.
Before that rude greeting they falter,
From that fierce, fiery onset they reel,
And they fall, as the leaves fall in autumn,
Borne down by that tempest of steel.

There's weeping to-night by the Dodder,
And sad are the maids of the Pale,
As one who escaped from the slaughter
Returns with his sorrowful tale.
But there's feasting and joy by the Barrow,
And banners wave bright in the sun,
And minstrels and Brehons are singing
Their pæans for victory won.

"Ho! Gerald, look up to our banner,
How its folds flutter proudly and fair—
One cheer for the old flag of Brian
And Desmond the lord of Kildare.
The Norman pent up in his castle
Till death will remember the day
When he came with his lances and spearmen
To make the bold Desmond his prey."

THE FORD OF THE BROSNA.

A LEGEND OF THE KING'S COUNTY.

A DEADLY oath Sir John Delisle, the Norman baron, swore,
That he would hunt O'Coughlan's clan and ravage Tullamore ;
Then called his chiefs and soldiers all, and proudly rode away
To where, beside the Brosna's tide, the Irish chieftain lay.

Within the woods that summer day, as slowly sank the sun,
With ready hand and naked blade lay troopers many a one,
And steed and rider harnessed wait and watch with eager eye
To see if on the evening breeze the Norman banners fly.

On Clara's meads the sunbeams gleam and Durrow's abbey gray,
And sweetly chimes the vesper bell that calls the nuns to pray ;
The Brosna's waves in calm repose lie slumbering and still,
And quiet reigns from Tulla's plains to Clogan's distant hill.

Upon the river's grassy bank in all his pride appears
The fierce and frowning Norman knight, flanked by a thousand spears;
And 'tis a goodly sight to see their banners broad displayed,
And the last parting sunbeam blaze on helm and battle blade.

To reach the Brosna's narrow ford they spur with headlong speed,
And o'er the soft and mossy sward flies fast the willing steed;
They reach the river-side, and now both steed and rider strain
Their utmost strength to breast the tide, the farther shore to gain.

But from the woods that lined the shore came rushing to the strand
Full thrice three hundred armed men, O'Coughlan's Irish band.
And 'gainst the Norman troops they rush, still struggling with the tide,
That, swollen now, o'erflows its banks and bursts from either side.

Fiercely the Irish axes ring on cuirass and on crown,
And, pierced through helmet, brain, and mail, the Norman knights go down;

And beaten backward by the blades that round
them fiercely gleam,
One-half their bravest troopers fall and perish in
the stream.

And they who gain the river's bank in terror and
despair
Spur hard and fast to reach their towers and
strongholds in Kildare;
But fast behind O'Coughlan's clan with sword and
axe pursue,
And rings upon the evening breeze their fierce and
loud aboo!

The river's banks are strewn with dead, and pur-
pled is its tide,
And all around the sward is red with blood of foe-
man dyed:
And far and near lie heaped and strewn upon the
Brosna's shore
The braggart Norman knights who came to plun-
der Tullamore.

THE BREACH OF LIMERICK.

[TIME, 1690.]

On the right bank of the Shannon,
Early at the dawn of day,
Fierce De Ginkle and Dutch William
With their Brandenburghers lay.

Plumes and pennons in the sunshine
Waved by river, rock, and tree,
And their spears and burnished helmets
Were a glorious sight to see.

As the morning bugle sounded,
Circled round by gleaming spears,
Forward rode the haughty William
With his veteran grenadiers;

Pointed to the ancient city,
That in proud defiance stood
'Gainst the tyrant's haughty legions
By the "lordly Shannon's" flood;

Thundered forth his mighty cannon,
Echoing far o'er hill and glen,
And to storm the bristling ramparts
Forward dashed five thousand men.

In the breach stood Patrick Sarsfield,
His good weapon in his hand,
And around him thronged his veterans,
Waiting for their chief's command.

By his side a tall Dalcassian,
Lean and lank, and fierce and bold,
And a blazing, burning pine-torch
Flamed and flickered in his hold.

Sullenly he watched the foemen
As they came in battle-line,
And in smothered accents muttered,
"General, shall I spring the mine?"

"Wait a little, wait a little,
Still the bird is on the bough;
Ha! good Phelim, now or never,
God of freedom! spring it NOW!"

Swift as thought, and fierce as vengeance,
Quickly on his errand sped,
Touched the train, then, wildly cheering,
Waved the torch above his head

Hissed the fuse as serpent hisses,
Rocked the city round and round,
As beam, rafter, rock, and timber
Heavenward went with earthquake sound.

Blood and bones, and limbs and weapons,
Strewed the Shannon's emerald shore,
And five thousand Brandenburghers
Fell to earth to rise no more.

Baffled, beaten, bleeding, wounded,
Quick the foe in fury fled;
Left behind their plumes and pennons,
Half their living, all their dead.

In the breach the gallant Sarsfield
Like a godlike hero towers,
As he cries, "Hurrah for Ireland!
Brave old Limerick still is ours!"

A LEGEND OF THE BLACKWATER.

A.D. 1597.

ADOWN the green valley Lord Ronald he rode,
With spearmen and knights in his train,
Past the black ford of Doon, where the Blackwater flowed,
Then gave to his war-horse the rein,
Nor paused till he gazed on young Dermott's abode,
Then halted his troops on the plain.

Young Ronald was lord of the Blackwater side,
His flag waved from Doon to the Bann.
A Saxon was he, with a heart fall of pride;
His castles were strong, and his lands they were wide;
While Dermott was chief of a clan
Who oft had the Saxon in battle defied
Since Red Hugh had forayed Strabane.

And deeply and deadly Lord Ronald he swore
That Dermott the rebel should die,
And now he has come from the Bann's sunny shore,

With troopers and spearmen a-thirsting for gore,
And his flag streaming proudly on high.
Alas! for thee, Dermott; thy bright hopes are o'er,
And no friendly ally is nigh.

He looked on the foe, as with banner and brand
They came in their fury and pride,
Then proudly he gazed on his own gallant band;
Though few, their brave souls were as fearless and grand
As ever a foeman defied,
Or struck for the right, 'neath the flag of their land,
By Shannon or Blackwater's side.

"Brave comrades," he said, and his eye sparkled bright
As his clansmen sprang up at his call,
"Before us in arms stands a false Saxon knight,
A foe to the cause of our country and right,
Who here to my own castle-hall,
With a legion of slaves in their tyrannous might,
Come to triumph and gloat o'er our fall.

"Afar is the banner of princely Red Hugh;
His hand cannot succor to-day.
Oh! had we tenscore of his warriors true,

We'd splinter the spears of yon Sassanach crew,
And drive them like wild deer away,
As we charged on their ranks with our fearless
'aboo!'
As the eagle sweeps down on his prey.

"How proudly his blood-crimsoned banner appears.
And his cavaliers prance by his side!
O'er helmet and pennon his standard uprears;
But onward! we'll break through yon forest of
spears,
Or die as our brave fathers died.
It is not from weeping or wailing or tears
The false-hearted Saxon will hide."

Then out from the castle in gallant array,
With their fearless young chief at their head,
They came with a cheer and a shout to the fray.
Their green banner shone in the sun's golden ray,
And the valley re-echoed their tread.
Ah! Ronald, look well to your armor to-day;
Guard well your proud banner of red.

They meet, and their lances are shivered in twain,
And banners and pennons are torn,
The axe and the spear crash though helmet and
brain;
In hatred they grapple, they struggle and strain.
And downward to earth they are borne.
Ah! long shall the matrons of fair Innisfane
And the maids by the Blackwater mourn.

Pressed back by the numberless spears of the Pale,
And weakened and wearied his band,
Not once did the heart of the proud chieftain quail,
But, cheering his clansmen, 'gainst corselet and mail,
And buckler and broadsword, they stand,
Determined to die, as befitted the Gael,
'Neath the proud, spotless flag of their land.

They gazed on that flag as its folds fluttered fair,
Then gave one last look to the sky ;
And fiercely they stood, as the wolf in his lair,
Their hearts firmly set, and their weapons all bare,
As the spearmen of Ronald came nigh,
When, startling and stern, there arose on the air
A wild and a fierce ringing cry.

And close on the ranks of the foeman appears,
With his banner right fair to their view,
In the van of his clan, with a legion of spears,
The plume of the dauntless Red Hugh ;
And his mountaineers spring, and the wild echoes ring,
To the cry of "O'Donnell aboo !"

With a roar like the waves when the winter winds blow
And a tempest sweeps over the main,
The clans of Tyrconnell bear down on the foe ;

They meet them—they greet them with sabre and blow,
Till wounded and bleeding their bravest lie low,
And their banners are rent on the plain.

The heart of young Dermott beat wild with delight
As O'Donnell rode close by his side,
And waving his banner in heaven's fair light,
With a wild cry of vengeance he rushed in his might,
And through helmet, and corselet, and armor so bright
Lord Ronald he smote in his pride ;
And not one escaped from that sorrowful fight
To tell how their chieftain had died.

On the banks of Blackwater the Sunburst waves high,
And around it in triumph are seen
Brave hearts and brave hands who have sworn to die
Ere its folds 'neath the standard of England shall fly,
Or bow down to England's proud queen.
'Tis O'Donnell's brave clan, who have sworn to a man,
Like Dermott, to stand for the Green.

IRISH-AMERICAN BALLADS.

DECORATION DAY.

AFAR from Shannon's emerald side,
Or where the crystal Lee
In all its pride and beauty glides
To meet the rushing sea,
Afar beyond the foaming waves
That flow on Erin's strand,
They slumber in their honored graves
In freedom's favored land.

A thousand battle-fields attest,
A thousand victories show,
How well at liberty's behest
They fought our country's foe;
From the Pacific's golden strand
To fair Lake Erie's wave,
In every part of this great land
Is found an Irish grave.

Around the flag of Washington
They mustered side by side,
When the green fields of Lexington
With patriots' blood were dyed.

And oft beneath that banner fair,
On many a gory plain,
They've met the foe with bosoms bare,
Nor spared their hearts' red rain.

Within the pine-clad groves they sleep,
Deep in the woods of Maine;
And where the evening shadows creep
On Abram's gory plain.
The granite walls of grim Quebec
Have heard Montgomery's cheer,
And Barry's flag waved on the deck
When freedom's foes were near.

Thy waves, Potomac, crimson ran,
And heard their cannons' boom,
And saw amid the battle's van
Proud Meagher's waving plume.
The haughty foemen fell before
The flash of Erin's blade,
As through their thick battalions tore
His dashing, bold brigade.

McClellan watched with anxious eye
And weary heart until
He saw their bayonets breasting high
The slopes of Malvern Hill.
And well he might, for backward borne
His best brigades had been,
Till tattered, rent, and battle-torn,
Flashed Meagher's flag of green.

Thy heights, St. Mary, towering high
Above the Rapidan,
Beheld their banner to the sky
When fast their life's blood ran.
They faltered not when Walton's grape
Showered their green ranks upon,
From his fierce guns with jaws agape—
But, scorning death, marched on.

"Steady!" From out the sulphurous smoke
Their weakened ranks enlarge.
"Now!" 'twas the fearless Meagher spoke;
"Forward! Fix bayonets! Charge!"
They leap—they rush—they madly yell—
One charge, one wild hurrah,
And to the earth together fell
The gory green and gray.

"Winchester," "Nashville," "Lexington,"
Beheld their bayonets' gleam,
When Casey, Shields, and Mulligan
Unfurled their flag of green.
At Gaines's Mill their rifles rung,
When Guiney's Irish band,
The "Glorious Ninth," to arms sprung
To battle for their land.

Alone against the foe they stood
To meet his fierce attack;
Alone, with bayonets drenched in blood,
They hurled his legions back.

Again stern Jackson's lines advance
Along the bristling hill;
Before him Guiney's bayonets glance,
Firm and unconquered still.

Again the sloping hill is won,
Their blades its summit crown;
Again, like mist before the sun,
Their lines are trampled down.
Nine times throughout that summer day
Rushed on that tempest blast,
Nine times they fiercely stood at bay,
AND HELD THE HILL AT LAST!

And red Chantilly's crowded graves,
If lit with life, could tell
How fiercely Kearney's matchless braves
Dashed through that smoke of hell;
Leaped through that flaming wall of fire
Old Ireland's fearless sons,
And, shouting "victory," expire
Beside the captured guns.

A hundred dark and bloody fields
Have heard their battle-cry,
When gallant Corcoran and Shields
Went forth to win or die,
When fiery Sheridan fiercely tore
Through the proud ranks of Lee,
And dauntless Sherman's cannons' roar
Gave greeting to the sea.

Strew flowers upon their honored graves,
And deck the soldier's tomb ;
They rose their fair old land to save,
And fell in manhood's noon.
Light be the turf upon each breast,
And fair the flowers of spring,
And their bright spirits with the blest
Their loud hozannas sing.

And while around their graves we stand,
Let's breathe a sigh for those
Who in the strife for life and land
Were numbered as our foes ;
Who freely poured their blood like rain
By many a field and hill ;
Though soiled by dark rebellion's stain,
They were our brothers still.

And braver hearts ne'er smiled at death
Than Clebourne led to fame,
And prouder souls no land on earth
Nor history's page can name.
Peace to the dead ; their souls were free,
And scorned the coward's part ;
Their fame, their name, and memory
Burn in each Southern heart.

And if they erred, oh ! 'tis not ours
To curse or mock them now ;
They failed, but still let laurel flowers
Bedeck each soldier's brow.

True to their cause, they nobly fought,
And, if by us subdued,
'Twas by a brother's hand, and what
No English foeman could.

Calmly they sleep; for them no more
War's dreadful call shall come,
The strife, the shock, the cannon's roar—
'Tis now the muffled drum;
And whether 'tis the Northern blue
Or else the Southern gray,
Fresh flowers upon their graves we'll strew
On Decoration Day.

WASHINGTON.

CÆSAR is dead; his very name
Sounds like the memory of a dream;
Gone his all-conquering sword of fame,
That once flashed bright as meteor beam.
Rome joyed and sorrowed in his fall;
He lived, he died, and—that is all.

Brighter than all the soaring fame
Of proud, imperial pagan Rome,
Greater than Greece or she can claim
From Ilissus' wave to Tiber's foam,
Is he, the great, the glorious one,
Our country's saviour—Washington.

He stood when o'er our drooping land
Dark slavery's murky clouds arose,
And with a fierce, avenging hand
Dealt death and ruin to his foes,
And from his country's bosom hurled
The bloodiest tyrant of the world.

Oppression staggered at his glance,
And slavery withered at his frown;
He bade the Western world advance,
And tumbled king and sceptre down;
And all the "power" that monarchs claim
He dashed to earth in scorn and shame.

A foreign despot dared invade
And trample down our country's right,
Till the brave freeman's shining blade
Met and opposed him in his might;
Oppression and its hireling horde
Defeated fell before his sword.

Not for the conqueror's warlike name,
Not for the wreath his brow to bind,
Strove he and toiled, nor wealth nor fame.
His mighty heart throbbed for mankind;
He saw his country writhe in pain,
He rose and burst her galling chain.

Earth reared no worthier son than he,
Nor slavery met a sterner foe;

Burned his proud breast for liberty,
And shrank not from the foeman's blow.
No king or monarch ever shone
So bright, so fair, as Washington.

Peerless and grand his glorious name,
With love and liberty entwined,
Shall live upon the page of fame,
'Till, wafted by the chainless wind,
O'er the green earth, from sea to sea,
'Twill be the watchword of the free.

BUNKER HILL.

Thrice a thousand English bayonets,
Grasped by stalwart English hands,
March against the earthen breastwork
Where the gallant Putnam stands.
Close beside the stern old veteran,
Warren, Prescott, and Pom'roy
See the hostile lines advancing,
And they pant with eager joy.

Up the hill, with gallant bearing,
In their pride and pomp they come;
Proudly floats their red-cross banner,
Loudly rolls the rattling drum,

Fiercely flash their gleaming weapons,
Steady steps each grenadier,
And from every rank come pealing
Musket-flash and ringing cheer.

Silent, and with beating bosoms,
Stood the patriots on the hill;
Not a whispered word was spoken,
All was silent, calm, and still.
Nearer came the foe, and nearer,
Till they reached the first redoubt;
Then, above the roaring cannon,
Putnam's fiery voice rang out:

"Fire!" and from the frowning breastwork
Leaped a sheet of molten flame;
And against their scarlet columns,
Like a red volcano, came,
Volleyed forth from Putnam's rifles,
Buckshot, slug, and leaden ball;
And defeated, torn, and bleeding,
Back the red battalions fall.

High a shout rose from the breastworks,
As the white smoke rolled away,
Where before them on the hillside
England's dead and dying lay.
Proudly beat each patriot's bosom
As he rammed the cartridge home,
And again upon the rampart
Watched the Britons onward come.

Filled with fury, hate, and vengeance,
Maddened by their first defeat,
Sprang again the foe's battalions
Up the hillside fast and fleet.
Steady still upon the hill-top
Wait the gallant Putnam's band,
Till the dense and massive columns
Breast to breast before them stand.

Quick again the lightning flashes
From the muskets' iron jaws;
Quick and quicker still it rattles,
Without stint and without pause;
Down the vanguard of the British
Rolled upon the greensward dead,
Till at last the shattered army
In wild terror broke and fled.

Close beside the guns of Clinton
At their leader's voice they halt;
And again, with Howe and Pitcairn,
Forward move to the assault.
Up the hill-slope, still undaunted,
On they march in fierce array,
Stepping o'er their fallen comrades,
Who in thousands block the way.

Putnam watches on the ramparts;
Close beside him Warren stands,
And his gallant patriot brothers,
With clubbed muskets in their hands.

Scant of bayonets, scant of bullets,
Not a cartridge for the foe,
Still they stand to meet the onset,
And to give him blow for blow.

Flashes out the deadly rifle
From the foremost British line;
On they rush in serried thousands,
Through the smoke their bayonets shine.
Pitcairn mounts the weakened rampart;
As he leaps the top to gain,
Musket stock and lock and barrel
Crashes fiercely through his brain.

Leaps another, and his sabre
Strikes a struggling patriot down;
Quick as lightning sprang a comrade,
And he clove him through the crown.
Thus they battled, weak and bleeding,
Circled round by flame and fire,
Till at last, but bravely fighting,
Slow and sullen they retire.

Shadows darken on the hillside,
And the summer moon looks down
On a thousand English hirelings
In their pride and strength struck down.
Fiercely came those foes of freedom
Our brave fathers' blood to spill,
But they fell, as should all foemen,
On the slopes of Bunker Hill.

THE SOLDIERS OF MARYLAND.

When the English king, in his power and might,
Waged war and death against truth and right,
And sent o'er the waters his Hessian hordes
To subdue our land with their hireling swords,
They were met, these slaves, as they trod our strand,
And chased by the soldiers of Maryland.

They faltered not from the tyrant's blow,
They craved no boon from the savage foe,
They crawled not down upon bended knee
To crave from a king their liberty,
But they scorned his might, and with torch and brand
They stood for their rights and for Maryland.

O'Carroll's voice, with a trumpet's tone,
Fired the people's hearts against king and throne,
And he pledged his honor, his fortune, all,
In his country's service to stand or fall.
And the people rose at their chief's command,
And swept back the foe from Maryland.

Their muskets rang by the Hudson's tide,
And their rebel banner blazed far and wide;
Their bayonets flashed on Long Island's shore,
And drank of Hessian and English gore;

And oppression shrank from the armèd hand
Of the dauntless soldiers of Maryland.

With Morgan's troops and with Marion's men,
In many a Southern field and glen,
They met King George's red dragoons,
And fiercely smote them in whole platoons.
And never yet lived braver band
Than the Irish soldiers of Maryland.

In the land they loved they have sunk to rest,
And their fame burns bright in each freeman's breast,
And their sons with pride to their children tell
How their fathers fought for the flag, and fell—
For that glorious flag that waves proud and grand
O'er their honored graves in Maryland.

"CAPTAIN MOLLY."

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, FOUGHT JUNE 28, 1778.

"THE battle of Monmouth was one of the bloodiest fought during the Revolution. Twenty thousand men were engaged. Washington, Lafayette, Wayne, Greene, Morgan, Lee, and other distinguished American officers were present. The English were commanded by Sir Henry Clinton. The battle commenced before dawn, and continued all day, ending in the defeat of the English. About two o'clock P.M. a desperate struggle ensued between Greene's brigade and the Hessians and grenadiers commanded by Col. Moncton. It was at this juncture that an Irish girl, seeing her husband fall, rushed up

to the gun, snatched the rammer from his dying grasp, charged and fired the piece right into the faces of the advancing English, and continued to do so until the battle was won. Lossing thus describes the occurrence in his 'Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution,' Vol. II. page 361 :

"'It was during this part of the action that Molly, the wife of a cannonier, displayed great courage and presence of mind. We have already noticed her bravery in firing the last gun at Fort Clinton. She was a sturdy young camp-follower, only twenty-two years old, and in devotion to her husband she illustrated the character of her countrywomen of the Emerald Isle. In the action in question, while her husband was managing one of the field-pieces, she constantly brought him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed him at his post ; and the officer in command, having no one competent to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. Molly saw her husband fall as she came from the spring, and also heard the order. She dropped her bucket, seized the rammer, and vowed she would fill the place of her husband at the gun and avenge his death. She performed the duty with a skill and courage which attracted the attention of all who saw her. On the following morning, covered with blood, General Greene presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant. By his recommendation her name was placed on the list of half-pay officers for life. After leaving the army she retired to Fort Montgomery, among the Hudson highlands, where she died. She usually went by the name of 'Captain Molly.' The venerable widow of General Hamilton, yet living (1852), told me that she had often seen Captain Molly. She described her as a tall, fair-haired young Irishwoman, with a handsome, piercing eye. The French officers, charmed with the story of her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and almost get it filled with crowns.'"

On the bloody field of Monmouth
 Flashed the guns of Greene and Wayne,
Fiercely roared the tide of battle,
 Thick the sward was heaped with slain.

Foremost, facing death and danger,
Hessian, horse, and grenadier,
In the vanguard fiercely fighting,
Stood an Irish cannonier.

Loudly roared his iron cannon,
Mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring,
Stood his faithful Irish wife.
Of her bold contempt of danger
Greene and Lee's brigades could tell;
Every one knew "Captain Molly,"
And the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them,
Swiftly flew the iron hail,
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets
That lone battery to assail.
From the foeman's foremost columns
Swept a furious fusilade,
Mowing down the massed battalions
In the ranks of Greene's brigade.

Fast and faster worked the gunner,
Soiled with powder, blood, and dust,
English bayonets shone before him,
Shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring,
Stood and manned her long and well,
Till at last the gallant fellow
Dead beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow,
And a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots
At their gunner stricken down.
"Fall back, comrades; it is folly
Thus to strive against the foe."
"No! not so," cried Irish Molly;
"We can strike another blow.

"In the bloody breach of Limerick
I have heard my mother tell
How the fairest maids of Ireland
Fought and for their country fell,
And within that breach of danger
Feared not gun or cannon's crack,
And at last in blood and terror
Drove the tyrant William back.

"We fight 'gainst the same red banner,
And the same red hireling band;
George or William, 'tis no matter—
Both hail from the same false land.
Down with tyrants! No surrender!
Here I'll stand beside this gun
Till we beat them and defeat them;
Come, I'll show you how 'tis done."

Quickly leaped she to the cannon
In her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady,
Fired it in the foeman's face.

Flashed another ringing volley,
Roared another from the gun;
"Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly,
"For the flag of Washington."

Greene's brigade, though torn and shattered,
Slain and bleeding half their men,
When they hear that Irish slogan,
Turn and charge the foe again.
Knox, and Wayne, and Morgan rally,
To the front they forward wheel,
And before their rushing onset
Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger
Rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
Till there lay in swarms around it
Mangled heaps of Hessian slain.
"Forward! Charge them with the bayonet!"
'Twas the voice of Washington;
And there burst a fiery greeting
From the Irishwoman's gun.

Moncton falls; against his columns
Leap the troops of Wayne and Lee,
And before their reeking bayonets
Clinton's red battalions flee.
Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing,
Thin the foe's retreating ranks,
And behind them, onward dashing,
Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, these boasting Britons,
Who in all their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings,
To wipe out our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner,
Monmouth's glorious field is won,
And in triumph Irish Molly
Stands beside her smoking gun.

THE BALLAD OF THE *MARGARETTA.*

Well armed and manned by British hands,
At early dawn of day,
The *Margaretta,* sloop-of-war,
Lay anchored in the bay.
Dark, frowning guns stood on her deck,
Manned by a gallant crew,
And from her tallest, towering mast
The flag of England flew.

That morn the stirring tidings
Had come to us in Maine
That on the green of Lexington
Our comrades there were slain·
And that our rebel brothers,
Before the sun went down,
Had chased and beaten back the foe
That day to Boston town.

There was sighing in Machias
For the fate of those who died,
And dark, deep vows of vengeance
Were breathed on every side.
We looked upon the waters
Where lay the ship-of-war,
A-riding safe at anchor
Outside the harbor bar.

'Twas then, while burned each bosom
And blazed each angry eye,
O'Brien and his stalwart sons
With fearless step came nigh.
We quickly gathered round them
To hear what they might say,
And gaze upon the hoary sire
Whose beard was thin and gray.

But ere one word of wisdom
Came from the old man's tongue,
Before us stood his eldest boy,
Who'd just to manhood sprung;
A smile lit up his features
And a flush burned on his cheek,
And then, in solemn silence,
'Twas thus we heard him speak:

"Brave comrades, for your hearthstones,
Your homes, your land, and all
You dearly prize and cherish,
You soon must stand or fall.

The torch of war is kindled,
And blood begins to flow;
Already have our brethren felt
The vengeance of the foe.

"The yawning graves of Lexington
With brothers' blood are red,
And for her lost and murdered ones
The mother's tears are shed.
Shall we, with sighs and whining,
Gaze idly on the foe,
And shrink aside from liberty,
Afraid to strike a blow?

"The strife is ours, and we ourselves
Must fight it out alone;
But freemen's arms and freemen's blades
Are stronger than a throne.
We've not a gun to guard the coast,
A ship upon the sea,
But soon, by Heaven! you'll have them,
If you will follow me!

"Before us lies an English ship,
And, ere one hour goes by,
That ship and all her guns are ours,
If we but dare to try.
Come on! our hearts are bold enough
To brave a tyrant's frown;
We'll board the Briton on his deck,
And drag his colors down.

"A sloop lies in the harbor which
The foe has left behind,
And, when well manned, right speedily
Can sail before the wind;
Now, friends, one cheer for freedom,
And for all who dare to go,
And I and my three brothers
Will lead you to the foe."

A cheer rose o'er the waters
And rolled across the tide,
And twice a score of freemen
Leaped to O'Brien's side;
And some with scythes and hatchets,
And muskets old and brown,
And some with naught but naked hands,
Came rushing from the town.

A rude and antique cannon
Close by the harbor lay;
Its breach was worn and battered,
And rusty, old, and gray.
We placed it near the bulwarks,
And rubbed and scrubbed it well,
And many a vaunting Briton
That day before it fell.

As from the harbor steering
We sailed the waters o'er,
We heard the ringing chorus
Our friends sent from the shore;

O'Brien gazed around him
With a glance of kingly pride,
And the English foe before us
Spread their colors broad and wide.

With his guns he gave us greeting,
And the hissing shot and shell
From his broadsides roared around us,
And on deck among us fell;
But we answered with our cannon,
And with every shot a cheer,
And still hotter grew the battle,
As our ships were drawing near.

Where the shot fell fast and thickest,
And the leaden bullets flew,
There, undaunted, stood O'Brien,
Cheering on his gallant crew;
And with muskets hot and smoking
Bravely stood his brothers three,
While the ringing of their volleys
Echoed high upon the sea.

Sped our gallant vessel onward,
Dashing from her sides the spray,
Till at last beside the Briton,
Lashed and grappled, there we lay.
Fiercely in our faces crashing
Came a volley from the foe;
Quick we answered with our cannon,
And with pike and musket blow.

Then O'Brien's voice came ringing :
"Every man with pike and ball,
Scythe or musket, spring upon him !
Leap ! and board him one and all."
And with fierce and desperate daring
On the English deck he sprang,
While another leaden volley
From his iron cannon rang.

Fast behind our gallant leader
To his side leaped every man,
Down from yard, and spar, and rigging
Fast and quick the rebels ran,
And with hatchet, axe, and musket
Followed where O'Brien led,
Till one-half the English seamen
On the deck lay stark and dead !

Right gallantly they battled,
And met us hand to hand,
But the rushing charge of freemen
Never yet could hireling stand ;
Never yet could king or tyrant,
On the land or on the sea,
Trample down beneath his banner
Brave men who dare be free.

With our rude and rustic weapons
We gave them thrust and blow,
Till, beaten and defeated,
We chased them down below ;

Then rolled across the waters
And echoed to the town
A triumph cheer, as to the deck
We pulled their colors down.

That night the bonfires blazing
Lit up Machias Bay,
And gleamed upon our rebel flag,
As we at anchor lay;
And to the people's greeting
Loud roared our iron guns,
And rose the song of triumph
For freedom's glorious sons.

And thus was fought the battle
That helped to make us free—
THE FIRST FOUGHT BY AMERICA
FOR FREEDOM ON THE SEA.
And while the starry banner waves
Above the pines of Maine,
We'll toast O'Brien's memory,
His Irish pluck and name.

IN THE TRENCHES.

SCENE: BUNKER HILL. *TIME:* MIDNIGHT, 16TH JUNE, 1775.

"STEADY there, men; keep silent and still,"
And the whispered order passed round the hill.
"Hush! there's a stir on the decks below;
And warily watches the English foe;
The sentry pauses upon his beat.
Hark! hear you the rustle of hurrying feet?
Should the sound of our picks reach to the shore,
A hundred cannon would blaze and roar."

'Twas but the sails, as the light breeze passed,
Striking and flapping against the mast.
"All's well!" the sentry's voice rings out.
"Up! lads, to finish our brave redoubt;
Ply shovel and mattock, and pike and spade,
Till layer on layer of earth is laid,
And from out our breastwork of rock and clay
We'll greet the Britons at dawn of day!

"Ha! ha! their troops in the city sleep,
The bay is blocked with their mighty fleet,
And Howe and Gage on their beds of down
Deem themselves secure in old Boston town.
Pile on the earth, boys, high, until
It towers up over Bunker Hill;
When the foeman wakes let him look and see
The work of freemen who *will* be free.

"Who's there in the darkness?" "Hush! 'tis I!"
The veteran Putnam makes reply.
"How goes the work? Brave comrades, tell":
"The men are staunch and the work goes well!
Our pickets watch with listening ear,
The slightest sound from the foe to hear;
Should they heed us not until rise of sun,
Our work will be well and bravely done."

"Here! Mike, this bowlder's too big for me,
Together we'll raise it up, may be.
There!" "Boys, speak lower, in whispers call;
One reckless word may bring death to all.
Strike light; the pick or the mattock's sound
May ring too loud on the rocky ground.
And see! within rifle-shot, the foe
Keeps watch and ward on his decks below."

"Past two! all's well!" and the sentry's cry
From the English decks sounds loud and high;
Faster and faster, by pick and spade,
On the green hill's crest is that rampart made.
Higher and higher, unmindful now
How the sweat pours out from each reddened brow,
They toil and strain with unflagging will,
A thousand rebels on Bunker Hill.

"Three!" in the east there's a speck of gray,
The lights grow dim in the opening bay,
And mast and spar through the haze appear
Plainer and plainer; the dawn is near.

See ! on each deck leaps an eager crowd ;
They climb up rigging and mast and shroud,
And gaze with wild and bewildered stare
On the breastwork frowning above them there.

" Steady !" the sound on the stillness broke,
As the rebel chief to his comrades spoke :
" The musket now and the soldier's blade
Must take the place of the pick and spade !
Fall in ! the Briton may rave and frown ;
Ere night we'll trample his boasting down.
Fall in ! each heart to his country true,
And man the breastworks as men should do."

How that rebel band on the hill's red crest
Met the vaunting Briton breast to breast ;
How they fought and bled on that dreadful day,
And weak, but unconquered, stood at bay ;
How their bullets tore through the ranks of red,
'Till the sward was heaped with a thousand dead,
And fought to the last with unbending will,
Give answer Boston, and Bunker Hill !

MOYLAN'S MEN.

MOYLAN, the Murat of the Revolutionary army, was a native of Ireland, and served in every battle in which Washington was engaged from Boston to Virginia. He was colonel of a troop of horse in the Irish Brigade, or " Pennsylvania Liners," and on many an occasion by a dashing and desperate charge

plucked victory from the flag of the Briton, and hurled upon his ranks disaster and defeat. He was never captured, though leader of a hundred raids and forays, and participator in a score of pitched battles. He lived to see the flag of his adopted country wave in triumph over the enemies of his race.

THE camp-fire's light is flickering low,
The moon peeps out behind a cloud ;
The sentinel flits to and fro,
The soldier's head in sleep is bowed ;
The weary trooper seeks repose
At day's decline within the glen,
And welcome slumbers sweetly close
The weary eyes of Moylan's men.

The camp is hushed ; no sounds awake
The stillness, save the trooper's tread,
Or whip-poor-will within the brake,
That sings its lonely song o'erhead.
The soft winds sigh among the trees,
The night-owl croaks within the fen ;
They cheer the pickets' hours, but these
Are all unheard by Moylan's men.

But see ! the sleepers leap to life,
And loud is heard the bugle-call ;
And hark ! the warning sound of strife ;
" To horse ! and forward, one and all !"
Up from their beds the troopers bound
To where their ready chargers neigh,
And soon their fleet hoofs spurn the ground,
As through the glen they dash away.

Away! away with blithesome speed
We scamper o'er the moonlit plain,
And to each fiery, foam-flecked steed
We freely gave the spur and rein.
Away! past wood and deep lagoon,
By dark morass and murky swamp,
Till, by the bright and beaming moon,
We burst upon the English camp.

The startled sleeper wakes to feel
The foeman's foot upon his breast,
Or find the bright and glittering steel
With vengeance to his bosom pressed;
'Tis vain to strive—the patriot's hand
Smites them with wrath and vengeance fell,
As many a blood-red Tory band
By Schuylkill's reddened waves can tell.

Back to the camp within the woods
Swift as the wind we dash along.
No fear of Moylan being pursued—
Our steeds are fleet, our arms are strong.
Halt! By the camp-fire's dying light
We curb the rein, we've gained the glen.
Such is the way we comrades fight
When Moylan leads his fearless men.

PERRY ON THE LAKES.

Near Put-in-Bay, at anchor lay
 Bold Perry's ships of fame;
To scourge and drive him from the lake
 An English captain came.

The British pennon proudly flew
 O'er Erie's water wide,
Each ship manned by a gallant crew
 Full oft in battle tried.

It was a goodly sight to see,
 As broke the morning's dawn,
The hostile fleets right gallantly
 In line of battle drawn.

The starry flag defiantly
 Streamed out from Perry's mast,
Each man prepared to keep it there
 Defiant to the last.

The English guns the stillness woke
 By Kelly's lonely isle,
And echoed down to Cleveland town,
 Off many a distant mile.

Upon the deck stood Perry then
Beside his gallant crew,
And pointed where the Englishmen
Their royal banner flew.

And thus he spoke, as wreathed in smoke
The waves around him glide:
"That flag or mine ere day's decline
Must sink in Erie's tide.

"But while a man on deck can stand
Or point a Yankee gun,
'Twill never fly in triumph high
O'er that of Washington.

"They'll never brag that freedom's flag
Before a foeman fell.
One cheer, my men, for it, and then
Send home your broadsides well."

Loud rang the cheers from Perry's crew,
And flashed their guns in flame;
Right well his gallant seamen knew
These pirate wolves to tame.

Against his ship with fiendish hate
The English broadsides pour;
Their round-shot fast strike spar and mast,
Her sides are rent and tore.

Still on the deck brave Perry stood
And cheered his sailors on,
Until her planks were red with blood
And her last spar was gone.

Then, grasping in his hand the flag
Ere to the deck it fell,
Sprang to an open boat, amid
A shower of grape and shell.

Between the line-of-battle ships
He bravely bore his way
To where the gallant Elliott's craft,
His faithful consort, lay;

And climbed the vessel's rugged side,
With blood bestained and wet.
"We'll beat them yet, boys," Perry cried;
"We are not conquered yet."

The seamen saw the gallant deed,
And hailed it with a cheer
That rolled away o'er Put-in-Bay
And Erie's waters clear.

Then turned he round the gallant ship
Right in the battle's van,
And to their posts with shout and cheer
Sprang forward every man.

Nearer and nearer to the foe
The dauntless Perry came,
While fiercely from the English deck
Belched death and fiery flame.

"Now!" and his angry voice cried out
Above the hellish din,
"Leap to your guns, in Freedom's name,
And pour your volleys in."

Quick at the word, with deafening yell,
The gallant sailors spring,
And fierce and fast through sail and mast
Their round-shot roar and ring.

A rattling broadside rakes their decks,
Another, mast and spars;
Hurrah! down goes the Union Jack
Below the stripes and stars.

And down below the foemen go—
Down 'neath the seething wave,
In fire and flame, the hordes who came
Our free land to enslave.

And ever thus when England dares
Our land to bend or sway,
May freemen strike as Perry did
That day at Put-in-Bay.

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

Silent and lone in the belfry's tower
A watchman stands at the midnight hour ;
There's a troubled look on his furrowed face,
As he counts the hours in that lonely place.
He can see, if he lists, the waves that glide
And roll on the Delaware's foaming tide,
But he recks not now of their rise or swell,
For his eyes, like his thoughts, are upon the bell.

There's a surging crowd in the streets below,
Who in breathless silence flit to and fro ;
Nor jest nor laughter rise on the air,
But an ominous silence is dwelling there.
Their lips are hushed, and their cheeks are white,
And their eyes flash fierce in the moon's pale light,
As ever with anxious gaze they dwell
On the turret where hangs the old church bell.

Why stand these men at that midnight hour ?
Why gleam these lights from the lofty tower ?
Do they dread the might of some tidal wave
Will engulf the city in one dark grave ?
They move in awe and with light footfall,
And the silence of death is over all.
Listen ! the words of the tale heed well,
And gaze with me at yon tower and bell.

The troops of a king, from a foreign strand,
Have come in their strength to subdue our land,
And the slaves who fear their behests obey,
But the freeman spurns them in wrath away.
The people's voice shall be heard to-night,
Arrayed 'gainst kings and their tyrant might:
Should liberty win, on the breeze shall swell
The joyful chimes from that grand old bell!

Hush! there's a step on the creaking stair;
How painful it sounds on the midnight air!
Men's hearts, to a fearful tension strung,
Scarce dare to throb, while their lips are dumb.
Higher and higher the footsteps ring.
See! the bellman clutches the trembling string;
One moment more, and with musical swell
Sounds the song of freedom from Liberty Bell!

As over the city its wild notes ring,
Up, up from their couches the sleepers spring.
The tall smith grasps in his hand the knife,
And rushes ready to join the strife;
The joiner's adze is flung on the board,
And he grasps a nobler weapon—the sword;
And priest, and poet, and women as well
Are stirred by the sound of that grand old bell.

Out, with a shout, on the streets they run
With ringing of musket and rattle of drum,
With hearts prepared to endure the worst
The foe can do, ere his flag accurst,

With its blood-red folds, shall be raised again
Or flaunt in the faces of freeborn men !
And they swear no tyrant their souls shall quell,
While louder and louder rings Liberty Bell !

Its tones on the night-breeze were wafted away
To where by their camp-fires the patriots lay,
And the soldiers of Greene and of Washington swore
To fight till the foemen were forced from our shore.
It rose on the billows, and burst o'er the sea ;
The slave at the sounds lashed his chains to be free,
Oppression shrank backwards, and bigotry fell,
Struck down by the chiming of Liberty Bell.

The tyrants of England tried fiercely and long
With the strength of their bayonets to stifle its song,
But failed, as all tyrants and foreigners should
Whose hands with the blood of our sires were imbrued.
Despite all their threats, it stands stately and fair,
In the home of the free, by the bright Delaware ;
And soon may its voice o'er the glad waters swell
And Erin re-echo the notes of that bell !

MOYLAN'S CHARGE AT MONMOUTH.

Our banners blaze on Monmouth Plain,
Our steeds all harnessed be,
And as they feel the curbing rein
They struggle to be free.

Steady ! not yet the hour for fight ;
Wait till the foemen come in sight,
With girth and saddle girded tight,
Then burst upon them left and right,
Like billows of the sea !

Hark ! to the rolling of his drums
His vanguard's coming near ;
O'er yonder height stern Clinton comes,
With many a musketeer ;
And Moncton's ringing bugle-swell
To Moylan's willing troopers tell
That hard and fast through dale and dell
His mustering troops appear.

See ! with a rush they gain the glen ;
How fast their horsemen fly !
Now ! forward on their columns, men,
And spur and sabre ply !
Hurrah ! dash on ! Their lines of red
Shall writhe beneath our troopers' tread,
And on the field, in heaps of dead,
Their trampled ranks shall lie.

The woods resound the answering shout
That rises from our ranks ;
We burst, as burst the waters out
From Mississippi's banks.
Upon their lines with ringing blade
Our fierce and furious charge is made,

Till backward, bleeding and dismayed,
Rolls Clinton's grenadier brigade,
Hard pressed from front to flank.

Down from the rough and rugged height
Fierce Moncton's column comes.
Forward! with Moylan on the right,
And charge upon his guns!
Hurrah! 'tis done; with blade and ball
Upon his foremost ranks we fall,
Till, torn and shattered, one and all
Are trampled in the fight.

So perish all whose servile swords
Uphold a despot's sway;
So perish all who kings and lords
With slavish souls obey.
The glorious flag of Washington,
May its bright folds still greet the sun
When kings and tyrants every one
From earth have passed away!

THE OLD COMMODORE, 1782.

AS TOLD BY AN OLD YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

In the brave old ship *Alliance*
We sailed from sea to sea,
Our proud flag in defiance
Still floating fair and free.

We met the foe, and beat him,
As we often did before,
And ne'er afraid to meet him
Was our brave old Commodore.

Upon the ocean sailing
In pride and great renown,
Our Yankee vessel hailing,
A British brig bore down.
Says the Commodore, "We've got 'em;
Boys, up! and blaze away."
And we sunk her to the bottom,
And her consort *Trepassey*.

Next, right against us steering,
Came a saucy "seventy-four,"
In all her pride careering
To thrash the Commodore.
But each gunner plied his rammer
And a ringing broadside poured,
And we brought the British banner
With the mainmast to the board.

Thus o'er the ocean sailing
We roamed from day to day,
In battle never failing
To make the foe a prey.
In storm or sunshine never slack
Our Commodore was he
To trample down the Union Jack,
And sink it in the sea.

One eve, as day was dying
And sinking into night,
With the British ensign flying
The *Sibyl* came in sight.
The English captain hailed us
As he down upon us bore,
And proudly answered Barry,
Our brave old Commodore :

"This is the ship *Alliance*,
From Philadelphia town,
And proudly bids defiance
To England's king and crown.
As captain on the deck I stand
To guard her banner true,
Half Yankee and half Irishman ;
What tyrant's slave are you ?"

Then with a voice of thunder
Our guns began the fight,
Though battling against numbers,
And the foeman's fleet in sight :
For the Hudson and the Shannon
'Gainst the minions of the crown,
We fought them till our cannon
Brought the British ensign down.

Says the Commodore, "We'll take her
From before their very eyes,
With another broadside rake her,
And we'll bear her off a prize."

Then our round-shot went careering
Through their rigging and their spars,
And our crew began a cheering
For the Yankee stripes and stars.

And streaming on the breeze aloft,
It waved in all its pride,
And on the foeman's captured crafts,
Now sailing side by side.
Oh ! how our gallant seamen cheered
Just as the sun went down,
And our good vessel homeward steered
For Philadelphia town.

There are gallant hearts whose glory
Columbia loves to name,
Whose deeds shall live in story
And everlasting fame.
But never yet one braver
Our starry banner bore
Than saucy old Jack Barry,
The Irish Commodore.

END OF VOL. I.